

☆ B O N I B O O K S ☆

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD

*A Collection of Complete Tales Chosen
from the Literatures of All
Periods and Countries*

BY
BARRETT H CLARK

VOLUME ONE



☆ ALBERT & CHARLES BONI ☆

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GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD, VOLUME ONE

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A Note for Critics

THE FEW lines that follow are not for the general reader. He will open this book for the sake of the stories, without bothering to discover the reasons why I put in this one instead of that, or to understand the difficulties and embarrassments that beset me throughout my work. He will also not care very greatly why I choose to call the book *Great Short Novels*, rather than *Great Long Short Stories*, or *Great Novelettes*. And he will be quite right. These matters are not of vast importance.

The volume comprises as many good tales of a certain kind, or certain kinds, as I could find and use. For convenience' sake, and in order to satisfy a pardonable instinct for order which is easier to describe than to explain, I have tried to select stories that fall, more or less, into a very general category. This I have rather arbitrarily called the "short novel." I am opposed to hard-and-fast methods of classification in matters of art, and I can see no use in trying to define once and for all any esthetic manifestation as to its content or form. Yet for purposes of convenience I find it necessary in compiling a volume like *Great Short Stories of the World* or the present companion collection, to adopt my own standards of measurement and appraisal. In a word, it is my purpose to bring together within a single volume a number of prose narratives of a somewhat longer and more elaborate character than the so called short stories that were included in the earlier volume.

The short novels in this collection are so designated not because they are for the most part longer than the average "short story" and shorter than the average novel, but because they are *usually* concerned with the development of character, and therefore are akin to the novel, which is not an anecdote or episode, but a series of scenes and episodes combined and expanded in order to lay bare the hearts and minds of human beings.

As a general rule (and here I am dealing, unacademically, in generalities), your writer of short stories like Maupassant or O. Henry, is intent upon describing a single crisis, a stirring or surprising situ-

ation which at most suggests a larger and more developed situation, with human beings as actors in it, whereas the novelist is generally concerned with showing us many situations, and characters more or less carefully developed

The "short novel" — or long short story, or *nouvelle*, or *Erzählung*, or whatever you may care to call it — is a kind of novel in embryo, a miniature novel *Carmen* is, I think, a very good example of what I mean, and so is *Rip Van Winkle*, the shortest in my book. ✓

I am well aware that you to whom I address this note will have no difficulty in quarrelling with my choice of material, it is easy to ask why I took this story and not that, and I know you will occasionally disagree with my admittedly arbitrary method of classification

However, it is not my intention to erect any elaborate defence against possible adverse criticism, except on one point Let me explain briefly the difficulties I have encountered in trying to secure the rights from authors, agents, publishers — ~~and~~ sometimes from all three combined — to reprint copyright material While nearly everyone controlling such material has made it possible for me to print what I liked on reasonable terms, I must in justice to myself and my publishers state that I have been unable to reprint certain stories that I should have liked to put into this volume I should, for instance, have liked to put in tales by Conrad, Kipling, and Edith Wharton, certain standard translations from the classics, and a number of new translations of old stories Unfortunately, I was not able to convince those who held the rights that the sums I could offer were a reasonable compensation for any loss that might be incurred

On the other hand, I have been especially fortunate in enlisting the services of a number of scholars and specialists, who have made new translations for me, and in some instances made invaluable suggestions Thus I was able to offer English readers tales that have never before been translated such are the examples by Dandin, Gide, Raymond, Aho, Gjaliski, and Bang

To the authors, agents, publishers, translators, and others who have helped me, I wish to express my deepest gratitude Particular mention is made throughout the book to these persons But I must here refer more specifically to the following, whose advice and encouragement have been of inestimable value to me First to my wife, Cecile S Clark, upon whom the burden of reading hundreds of volumes has fallen, and whose modesty forbade my putting her name as co-editor on the title page Professor George R. Noyes has supplied

me with many facts about Yugoslav and Polish fiction that would otherwise have escaped me, Professor Frank W Chandler has rendered help of various kinds, while Professor Ryder was kind enough to allow me to use a new translation in this volume before it appeared in a book of his own

BARRETT H CLARK

Publisher's Note

EVERY care has been taken to discover the owners of all copyright stories, but if any necessary acknowledgments have been omitted, or any stories included without the permission, we trust the copyright-holders will accept our apologies

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GREAT
SHORT NOVELS
OF THE WORLD

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Biblical Literature

INTRODUCTION

THE literature of the ancient Hebrews is particularly rich and varied. The canonical *Old Testament* of the *Bible*, and the writings now included in the non canonical *Apocrypha*, are full of stirring accounts of love and adventure.

The literary history of the Hebrew people begins about the time of their going into the land of Canaan somewhere in the Eighth Century before the Christian era. Most of the legends and historical chronicles were recorded at a rather later date, in particular the more finished literary stories like *Ruth*, *Esther*, and *Judith*. The *Old Testament* and *Apocrypha* stories were written originally for the purpose of recording the history of the Hebrews, glorifying the exploits of their heroes, and exhorting them to cling to their religion and traditions. The earlier historical and legendary narratives are naturally based to a certain extent upon Assyrian and Babylonian tales and myths, but in later times and in the hands of more skilful writers, they were developed into highly imaginative works of art.

The tales of the *New Testament* are rather less epic in conception and far less extensive than those I have just referred to. The parables of Jesus — incidents for the most part — are among the great short stories of all time. But the Gospels, quite aside from their historical and theological significance, are actually short novels. In view of their easy accessibility to the reading public, I have not thought it necessary to include one of them here. I have therefore chosen one of the less well known narratives from the *Apocrypha*.

JUDITH

(From *The Apocrypha*)

Anonymous 4th-2nd Century, B C ?)

THE story of *Judith* is the oldest narrative in this volume. Very little is known of its composition, and nothing of its author. It was originally written in Hebrew though the text itself is no longer in existence. One authority ascribes it to the time of Alexander the Great (356-323 B C). Another declares that it may have been written to inflame patriotic feeling at the time of some invasion.

The Apocrypha in which the story is found is a collection of old Hebrew writings which have been rejected from the books of the *Old and New Testaments*.

The text here used is reprinted with modernised spelling and punctuation, from *The Holy Bible, Containing the Old Testament and the New, Newly Translated out of the Original Tongues* [London] 1701.

JUDITH

IN THE twelfth year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, who reigned in Ninevah, the great city, in the days of Arphaxad, which reigned over Medes in Ecbatana, and built in Ecbatana walls round about of stones hewn three cubits broad and six cubits long, and made the height of the wall seventy cubits, and the breadth thereof fifty cubits, and set the towers thereof upon the gates of it, an hundred cubits high, and the breadth thereof in the foundation threescore cubits, and he made the gates thereof, even gates that were raised to the height of seventy cubits, and the breadth of them was forty cubits, for the going forth of his mighty armies, and for the setting in array of his footmen. even in those days king Nebuchadnezzar made war with king Arphaxad in the great plain, which is the plain in the borders of Ragau. And there came unto him all they that dwelt in the hill country, and all that dwelt by Euphrates, and Tigris, and Hydaspes, and the plain of Arioch the king of the Elymeans, and very many nations of the sons of Chelod, assembled themselves to the battle.

Then Nebuchadnezzar king of the Assyrians sent unto all that dwelt in Persia, and to all that dwelt westward, and to those that dwelt in Cilicia, and Damascus, and Libanus, and Antilibanus, and to all that dwelt upon the sea coast, and to those among the nations that were of Carmel, and

Gilead, and the higher Galilee, and the great plain of Esdraelon, and to all that were in Samaria and the cities thereof, and beyond Jordan unto Jerusalem, and Betane, and Chellus, and Kadesh, and the river of Egypt, and Taphnes, and Rameses, and all the land of Goshen, until ye come beyond Tanis and Memphis, and to all the inhabitants of Egypt, until ye come to the borders of Ethiopia. But all the inhabitants of the land made light of the commandment of Nebuchadnezzar king of the Assyrians, neither went they with him to the battle, for they were not afraid of him. yea, he was before them as one man, and they sent away his ambassadors from them without effect, and with disgrace. Therefore Nebuchadnezzar was very angry with all this country, and swore by his throne and kingdom that he would surely be avenged upon all those coasts of Cilicia, and Damascus, and Syria, and that he would slay with the sword all the inhabitants of the land of Moab, and the children of Ammon, and all Judea, and all that were in Egypt, till ye come to the borders of the two seas. Then he marched in battle array with his power against king Arphaxad in the seventeenth year, and he prevailed in his battle, for he overthrew all the power of Arphaxad, and all his horsemen, and all his chariots, and became lord of his cities, and came unto Ecbatana, and took the towers, and spoiled the streets thereof, and turned the beauty thereof into shame. He took also Arphaxad in the mountains of Ragau, and smote him through with his darts, and destroyed him utterly that day. So he returned afterward to Ninevah, both he and all his company of sundry nations, being a very great multitude of men of war, and there he took his ease, and banqueted, both he and his army, an hundred and twenty days.

And in the eighteenth year, the two and twentieth day of the first month, there was talk in the house of Nebuchadnezzar king of the Assyrians, that he should, as he said, avenge himself on all the earth. So he called unto him all his officers, and all his nobles, and communicated with them his secret counsel, and concluded the afflicting of the whole earth out of his own mouth. Then they decreed to destroy all flesh, that did not obey the commandment of his mouth. And when he had ended his counsel, Nebuchadnezzar king of the Assyrians called Holofernes the chief captain of his army, which was next unto him, and said unto him:

“Thus saith the great king, the lord of the whole earth, Behold, thou shalt go forth from my presence, and take with thee men that trust in their own strength, of footmen an hundred and twenty thousand, and the number of horses with their riders twelve thousand. And thou shalt go against all the west country, because they disobeyed my commandment. And thou shalt declare unto them that they prepare for me earth and water, for I will go forth in my wrath against them, and will cover the whole face of the earth with the feet of mine army, and I will give them for a spoil unto them, so that their slain shall fill their valleys and brooks,

and the river shall be filled with their dead, till it overflow and I will lead them captives to the utmost parts of all the earth Thou therefore shalt go forth, and take beforehand for me all their coasts and if they will yield themselves unto thee, thou shalt reserve them for me till the day of their punishment But concerning them that rebel, let not thine eye spare them, but put them to the slaughter, and spoil them wheresoever thou goest For as I live, and by the power of my kingdom, whatsoever I have spoken, that will I do by mine hand And take thou heed that thou transgress none of the commandments of thy lord, but accomplish them fully, as I have commanded thee, and defer not to do them'

Then Holofernes went forth from the presence of his lord, and called all the governors and captains, and the officers of the army of Assur, and he mustered the chosen men for the battle, as his lord had commanded him, unto an hundred and twenty thousand, and twelve thousand archers on horseback, and he ranged them, as a great army is ordered for the war And he took camels and asses for their baggage, a very great number, and sheep and oxen and goats without number for their provision and plenty of victual for every man of the army, and very much gold and silver out of the king's house Then he went forth and all his power to go before king Nebuchadnezzar in the voyage, and to cover all the face of the earth westward with their chariots, and horsemen, and their chosen footmen A great number also of sundry countries came with them like locusts, and like the sand of the earth for the multitude was without number

And they went forth of Ninevah three days' journey toward the plain of Bectleth, and pitched from Bectleth near the mountain which is at the left hand of the upper Cilicia Then he took all his army, his footmen, and horsemen, and chariots, and went from thence into the hill country, and destroyed Phud and Lud, and spoiled all the children of Rasses, and the children of Ismael, which were toward the wilderness at the south of the land of the Chellians Then he went over Euphrates, and went through Mesopotamia, and destroyed all the high cities that were upon the river Arbonai, till ye come to the sea And he took the borders of Cilicia, and killed all that resisted him, and came to the borders of Japheth, which were toward the south, over against Arabia He compassed also all the children of Midian, and burnt up their tents, and spoiled their sheepcotes Then he went down into the plain of Damascus in the time of wheat harvest, and burnt up all their fields, and destroyed their flocks and herds, also he spoiled their cities, and utterly wasted their countries, and smote all their young men with the edge of the sword Therefore the fear and dread of him fell upon all the inhabitants of the sea coasts, which were in Sidon and Tyre, and them that dwelt in Sur and Ocina, and all that dwelt in Jemnaan, and they that dwelt in Azotus and Ascalon feared him greatly

So they sent ambassadors unto him to treat of peace, saying — "Be-

hold, we the servants of Nebuchadnezzar the great king lie before thee, use us as shall be good in thy sight Behold, our houses, and all our places, and all our fields of wheat, and flocks, and herds, and all the lodges of our tents, lie before thy face, use them as it pleaseth thee Behold, even our cities and the inhabitants thereof are thy servants, come and deal with them as seemeth good unto thee " So the men came to Holofernes, and declared unto him after this manner

Then came he down toward the sea coast, both he and his army, and set garrisons in the high cities, and took out of them chosen men for aid So they and all the country round about received them with garlands, with dances, and with timbrels Yet he did cast down their frontiers, and cut down their groves for he had decreed to destroy all the gods of the land, that all nations should worship Nebuchadnezzar only, and that all tongues and tribes should call upon him as god Also he came over against Esdraelon near unto Judea, over against the great strait of Judea And he pitched between Geba and Scythopolis, and there he tarried a whole month, that he might gather together all the baggage of his host

Now the children of Israel, that dwelt in Judea, heard all that Holofernes the chief captain of Nebuchadnezzar king of the Assyrians had done to the nations, and after what manner he had spoiled all their temples, and brought them to nought Therefore they were exceedingly afraid of him, and were troubled for Jerusalem, and for the temple of the Lord their God for they were newly returned from the captivity, and all the people of Judea were lately gathered together and the vessels, and the altar and the house, were sanctified after the profanation Therefore they sent into all the coasts of Samaria, and the villages, and to Bethoron, and Belmen, and Jericho, and to Choba, and Esora, and to the valley of Salem and possessed themselves beforehand of all the tops of the high mountains, and fortified the villages that were in them, and laid up victuals for the provision of war for their fields were of late reaped Also Joakim the high priest, which was in those days in Jerusalem, wrote to them that dwelt in Bethulia, and Betomestham, which is over against Esdraelon toward the open country, near to Dothaim, charging them to keep the passages of the hill country for by them there was an entrance into Judea, and it was easy to stop them that would come up, because the passage was strait, for two men at the most And the children of Israel did as Joakim the high priest had commanded them, with the ancients of all the people of Israel, which dwelt at Jerusalem

Then every man of Israel cried to God with great fervency, and with great vehemency did they humble their souls both they, and their wives, and their children, and their cattle, and every stranger and hireling, and their servants bought with money, put sackcloth upon their loins Thus every man and woman, and the little children, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, fell before the temple, and cast ashes upon their heads, and

spread out their sackcloth before the face of the Lord also they put sackcloth about the altar, and cried to the God of Israel all with one consent earnestly, that He would not give their children for a prey, and their wives for a spoil, and the cities of their inheritance to destruction, and the sanctuary to profanation and reproach, and for the nations to rejoice at So God heard their prayers, and looked upon their afflictions for the people fasted many days in all Judea and Jerusalem before the sanctuary of the Lord Almighty And Joakim the high priest, and all the priests that stood before the Lord, and they which ministered unto the Lord, had their loins girt with sackcloth, and offered the daily burnt offerings, with the vows and free gifts of the people, and had ashes on their mitres, and cried unto the Lord with all their power, that He would look upon all the house of Israel graciously

Then was it declared to Holofernes, the chief captain of the army of Assur, that the children of Israel had prepared for war, and had shut up the passages of the hill country, and had fortified all the tops of the high hills, and had laid impediments in the champaign countries wherewith he was very angry, and called all the princes of Moab, and the captains of Ammon, and all the governors of the sea coast, and he said unto them "Tell me now, ye sons of Canaan, who this people is, that dwelleth in the hill country, and what are the cities that they inhabit, and what is the multitude of their army, and wherein is their power and strength and what king is set over them, or captain of their army, and why have they determined not to come and meet me, more than all the inhabitants of the west "

Then said Achior, the captain of all the sons of Ammon "Let my lord now hear a word from the mouth of thy servant, and I will declare unto thee the truth concerning this people, which dwelleth near thee, and inhabiteth the hill countries and there shall no lie come out of the mouth of thy servant This people are descended of the Chaldeans and they sojourned heretofore in Mesopotamia, because they would not follow the gods of their fathers, which were in the land of Chaldea For they left the way of their ancestors, and worshipped the God of heaven, the God whom they knew so they cast them out from the face of their gods, and they fled into Mesopotamia, and sojourned there many days Then their God commanded them to depart from the place where they sojourned, and to go into the land of Canaan where they dwelt, and were increased with gold and silver, and with very much cattle But when a famine covered all the land of Canaan, they went down into Egypt, and sojourned there, while they were nourished, and became there a great multitude, so that one could not number their nation Therefore the king of Egypt rose up against them, and dealt subtilly with them, and brought them low with labouring in brick, and made them slaves Then they cried unto their God, and He smote all the land of Egypt with incurable plagues so the

Egyptians cast them out of their sight And God dried the Red Sea before them, and brought them to mount Sinai, and Kadesh Barnea, and cast forth all that dwelt in the wilderness So they dwelt in the land of the Amorites, and they destroyed by their strength all them of Heshbon, and passing over Jordan they possessed all the hill country And they cast forth before them the Canaanite, the Perizzite, the Jebusite, and the Shechemite, and all the Gergashites, and they dwelt in that country many days And whilst they sinned not before their God, they prospered, because the God that hateth iniquity was with them But when they departed from the way which He appointed them, they were destroyed in many battles very sore, and were led captives into a land that was not theirs, and the temple of their God was cast to the ground, and their cities were taken by the enemies But now are they returned to their God, and are come up from the places where they were scattered, and have possessed Jerusalem, where their sanctuary is, and are seated in the hill country, for it was desolate Now therefore, my lord and governor, if there be any error in this people, and they sin against their God, let us consider that this shall be their ruin, and let us go up, and we shall overcome them But if there be no iniquity in their nation, let my lord now pass by, lest their Lord defend them, and their God be for them, and we become a reproach before all the world ”

And when Achior had finished these sayings, all the people standing round about the tent murmured, and the chief men of Holofernes, and all that dwelt by the sea side, and Moab, spake that he should kill him “For,” say they, “we will not be afraid of the face of the children of Israel for, lo, it is a people that have no strength nor power for a strong battle Now therefore, lord Holofernes, we will go up, and they shall be a prey to be devoured of all thine army ”

And when the tumult of men that were about the council was ceased, Holofernes the chief captain of the army of Assur said unto Achior and all the Moabites before all the company of other nations “And who art thou, Achior, and the hirelings of Ephraim, that thou hast prophesied among us as to day, and hast said, that we should not make war with the people of Israel, because their God will defend them? and who is God but Nebuchadnezzar? He will send his power, and will destroy them from the face of the earth, and their God shall not deliver them but we his servants will destroy them as one man, for they are not able to sustain the power of our horses For with them we will tread them under foot, and their mountains shall be drunken with their blood, and their fields shall be filled with their dead bodies, and their footsteps shall not be able to stand before us, for they shall utterly perish, saith king Nebuchadnezzar, lord of all the earth for he said, None of my words shall be in vain And thou, Achior, an hireling of Ammon, which hast spoken these words in the day of thine iniquity, shalt see my face no more from this day, until I take

vengeance of this nation that came out of Egypt And then shall the sword of mine army, and the multitude of them that serve me, pass through thy sides, and thou shalt fall among their slain, when I return Now therefore my servants shall bring thee back into the hill country, and shall set thee in one of the cities of the passages and thou shalt not perish, till thou be destroyed with them And if thou persuade thyself in thy mind that they shall not be taken, let not thy countenance fall I have spoken it, and none of my words shall be in vain "

Then Holofernes commanded his servants, that waited in his tent, to take Achior, and bring him to Bethulia, and deliver him into the hands of the children of Israel So his servants took him, and brought him out of the camp into the plain, and they went from the midst of the plain into the hill country, and came unto the fountains that were under Bethulia And when the men of the city saw them, they took up their weapons, and went out of the city to the top of the hill and every man that used a sling kept them from coming up by casting of stones against them Nevertheless having gotten privily under the hill, they bound Achior, and cast him down, and left him at the foot of the hill, and returned to their lord But the Israelites descended from their city, and came unto him, and loosed him, and brought him into Bethulia, and presented him to the governors of the city which were in those days Ozias the son of Micha, of the tribe of Simeon, and Chabris the son of Gothoniel, and Charmus the son of Melchiel And they called together all the ancients of the city, and all their youth ran together, and their women, to the assembly, and they set Achior in the midst of all their people Then Ozias asked him of that which was done And he answered and declared unto them the words of the council of Holofernes, and all the words that he had spoken in the midst of the princes of Assur, and whatsoever Holofernes had spoken proudly against the house of Israel Then the people fell down and worshipped God, and cried unto God, saying "O Lord God of heaven, behold their pride, and pity the low estate of our nation, and look upon the face of those that are sanctified unto Thee this day" Then they comforted Achior, and praised him greatly And Ozias took him out of the assembly unto his house, and made a feast to the elders, and they called on the God of Israel all that night for help

The next day Holofernes commanded all his army, and all his people which were come to take his part, that they should remove their camp against Bethulia, to take aforehand the ascents of the hill country, and to make war against the children of Israel Then their strong men removed their camps in that day, and the army of the men of war was an hundred and seventy thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen, beside the baggage, and other men that were afoot among them, a very great multitude And they camped in the valley near unto Bethulia, by the fountain, and they spread themselves in breadth over Dothaim even

to Belman, and in length from Bethulia unto Cyamon, which is over against Fsdraelon. Now the children of Israel, when they saw the multitude of them, were greatly troubled, and said every one to his neighbor, "Now will these men lick up the face of the earth, for neither the high mountains, nor the valleys, nor the hills, are able to bear their weight." Then every man took up his weapons of war, and when they had kindled fires upon their towers, they remained and watched all that night.

But in the second day Holofernes brought forth all his horsemen in the sight of the children of Israel which were in Bethulia, and viewed the passages up to the city, and came to the fountains of their waters, and took them and set garrisons of men of war over them, and he himself removed toward his people. Then came unto him all the chief of the children of Esau, and all the governors of the people of Moab, and the captains of the sea coast, and said, "Let our lord now hear a word, that there be not an overthrow in thine army. For this people of the children of Israel do not trust in their spears, but in the height of the mountains wherein they dwell, because it is not easy to come up to the tops of their mountains. Now therefore, my lord, fight not against them in battle array, and there shall not so much as one man of thy people perish. Remain in thy camp, and keep all the men of thine army, and let thy servants get into their hands the fountain of water, which issueth forth of the foot of the mountain for all the inhabitants of Bethulia have their water thence, so shall thirst kill them, and they shall give up their city, and we and our people shall go up to the tops of the mountains that are near, and will camp upon them, to watch that none go out of the city. So they and their wives and their children shall be consumed with famine, and before the sword come against them, they shall be overthrown in the streets where they dwell. Thus shalt thou render them an evil reward, because they rebelled, and met not thy person peaceably."

And these words pleased Holofernes and all his servants, and he appointed to do as they had spoken. So the camp of the children of Ammon departed, and with them five thousand of the Assyrians, and they pitched in the valley, and took the waters, and the fountains of the waters of the children of Israel. Then the children of Esau went up with the children of Ammon, and camped in the hill country over against Dothaim, and they sent some of them toward the south, and toward the east, over against Ekrebel, which is near unto Chusi, that is upon the brook Mochmur, and the rest of the army of the Assyrians camped in the plain, and covered the face of the whole land, and their tents and carriages were pitched to a very great multitude.

Then the children of Israel cried unto the Lord their God, because their heart failed, for all their enemies had compassed them round about, and there was no way to escape out from among them. Thus all the company of Assur remained about them, both their footmen, chariots, and

horsemen, four and thirty days, so that all their vessels of water failed all the inhabitants of Bethulia. And the cisterns were emptied, and they had not water to drink their fill for one day, for they gave them drink by measure. Therefore their young children were out of heart, and their women and young men fainted for thirst, and fell down in the streets of the city, and by the passages of the gates, and there was no longer any strength in them. Then all the people assembled to Ozias, and to the chief of the city, both young men, and women, and children, and cried with a loud voice, and said before all the elders: "God be judge between us and you: for ye have done us great injury, in that ye have not required peace of the children of Assur. For now we have no helper: but God hath sold us into their hands, that we should be thrown down before them with thirst and great destruction. Now therefore call them unto you, and deliver the whole city for a spoil to the people of Holofernes, and to all his army. For it is better for us to be made a spoil unto them, than to die for thirst: for we will be his servants, that our souls may live, and not see the death of our infants before our eyes, nor our wives nor our children to die. We take to witness against you the heaven and the earth, and our God and Lord of our fathers, which punisheth us according to our sins and the sins of our fathers, that He do not according as we have said this day."

Then there was great weeping with one consent in the midst of the assembly, and they cried unto the Lord God with a loud voice. Then said Ozias to them: "Brethren, be of good courage, let us yet endure five days, in the which space the Lord our God may turn His mercy toward us, for He will not forsake us utterly. And if these days pass, and there come no help unto us, I will do according to your word." And he dispersed the people, every one to their own charge, and they went unto the walls and towers of their city, and sent the women and children into their houses: and they were very low brought in the city.

Now at that time Judith heard thereof, which was the daughter of Merari, the son of Ox, the son of Joseph, the son of Oziel, the son of Elcia, the son of Ananias, the son of Gedeon, the son of Raphaim, the son of Acitho, the son of Elu, the son of Ehab, the son of Nathanael, the son of Samael, the son of Salasadaï, the son of Israel. And Manasses was her husband, of her tribe and kindred, who died in the barley harvest. For as he stood overseeing them that bound sheaves in the field, the heat came upon his head, and he fell on his bed, and died in the city of Bethulia: and they buried him with his fathers in the field between Dothaim and Balamo. So Judith was a widow in her house three years and four months. And she made her a tent upon the top of her house, and put on sackcloth upon her loins, and wore her widow's apparel. And she fasted all the days of her widowhood, save the eves of the sabbaths, and the sabbaths, and the eves of the new moons, and the new moons, and the feasts and solemn

days of the house of Israel She was also of a goodly countenance, and very beautiful to behold and her husband Manasses had left her gold and silver, and menservants, and maidservants, and cattle, and lands and she remained upon them And there was none that gave her an ill word, for she feared God greatly Now when she heard the evil words of the people against the governor, that they fainted for lack of water, for Judith had heard all the words that Ozias had spoken unto them, and that he had sworn to deliver the city unto the Assyrians after five days, then she sent her waitingwoman, that had the government of all things that she had, to call Ozias and Chabris and Charmis, the ancients of the city And they came unto her, and she said unto them

‘ Hear me now O ye governors of the inhabitants of Bethulia for your words that ye have spoken before the people this day are not right, touching this oath which ye made and pronounced between God and you, and have promised to deliver the city to our enemies, unless within these days the Lord turn to help you And now who are ye that have tempted God this day, and stand instead of God among the children of men? And now try the Lord Almighty, but ye shall never know any thing For ye cannot find the depth of the heart of man, neither can ye perceive the things that he thinketh then how can ye search out God, that hath made all these things, and know His mind, or comprehend His purpose? Nay, my brethren provoke not the Lord our God to anger For if He will not help us within these five days, He hath power to defend us when He will, even every day or to destroy us before our enemies Do not bind the counsels of the Lord our God for God is not as man, that He may be threatened, neither is He as the son of man, that He should be wavering Therefore let us wait for salvation of Him, and call upon Him to help us, and He will hear our voice, if it please Him For there arose none in our age, neither is there any now in these days, neither tribe, nor family, nor people, nor city, among us, which worship gods made with hands, as hath been aforetime For the which cause our fathers were given to the sword, and for a spoil, and had a great fall before our enemies But we know none other god, therefore we trust that He will not despise us, nor any of our nation For if we be taken so, all Judea shall lie waste, and our sanctuary shall be spoiled, and He will require the profanation thereof at our mouth And the slaughter of our brethren, and the captivity of the country, and the desolation of our inheritance, will He turn upon our heads among the Gentiles, wheresoever we shall be in bondage, and we shall be an offence and a reproach to all them that possess us For our servitude shall not be directed to favour but the Lord our God shall turn it to dishonour Now therefore, O brethren, let us shew an example to our brethren, because their hearts depend upon us, and the sanctuary, and the house, and the altar, rest upon us Moreover let us give thanks to the Lord our God, which trieth us, even as He did our fathers Remember what things He

did to Abraham, and how He tried Isaac, and what happened to Jacob in Mesopotamia of Syria, when he kept the sheep of Laban his mother's brother For He hath not tried us in the fire, as He did them, for the examination of their hearts, neither hath He taken vengeance on us but the Lord doth scourge them that come near unto Him, to admonish them "

Then said Ozias to her "All that thou hast spoken hast thou spoken with a good heart, and there is none that may gainsay thy words For this is not the first day wherein thy wisdom is manifested, but from the beginning of thy days all the people have known thy understanding, because the disposition of thine heart is good But the people were very thirsty, and compelled us to do unto them as we have spoken, and to bring an oath upon ourselves, which we will not break Therefore now pray thou for us, because thou art a godly woman, and the Lord will send us rain to fill our cisterns, and we shall faint no more " Then said Judith unto them "Hear me, and I will do a thing, which shall go throughout all generations to the children of our nation Ye shall stand this night in the gate, and I will go forth with my waitingwoman and within the days that ye have promised to deliver the city to our enemies the Lord will visit Israel by mine hand But enquire not ye of mine act for I will not declare it unto you, till the things be finished that I do " Then said Ozias and the princes unto her "Go in peace, and the Lord God be before thee, to take vengeance on our enemies " So they returned from the tent, and went to their wards

Then Judith fell upon her face, and put ashes upon her head, and uncovered the sackcloth wherewith she was clothed, and about the time that the incense of that evening was offered in Jerusalem in the house of the Lord Judith cried with a loud voice, and said "O Lord God of my father Simeon, to whom Thou gavest a sword to take vengeance of the strangers, who loosened the girdle of a maid to defile her, and discovered the thigh to her shame, and polluted her virginity to her reproach, for Thou saidst, It shall not be so, and yet they did so wherefore Thou gavest their rulers to be slain, so that they dyed their bed in blood, being deceived, and smotest the servants with their lords, and the lords upon their thrones, and hast given their wives for a prey, and their daughters to be captives, and all their spoils to be divided among Thy dear children, which were moved with Thy zeal, and abhorred the pollution of their blood, and called upon Thee for aid O God, O my God, hear me also a widow For Thou hast wrought not only those things, but also the things which fell out before, and which ensued after, Thou hast thought upon the things which are now, and which are to come Yea, what things Thou didst determine were ready at hand, and said, Lo, we are here for all Thy ways are prepared, and Thy judgments are in Thy foreknowledge For, behold, the Assyrians are multiplied in their power, they are exalted with horse and

men, they glory in the strength of their footmen, they trust in shield, and spear, and bow, and sling, and know not that Thou art the Lord that breakest the battles the Lord is Thy name Throw down their strength in Thy power, and bring down their force in Thy wrath for they have purposed to defile Thy sanctuary, and to pollute the tabernacle where Thy glorious name resteth, and to cast down with sword the horn of Thy altar Behold their pride, and send Thy wrath upon their heads give into mine hand, which am a widow, the power that I have conceived Smite by the deceit of my lips the servant with the prince, and the prince with the servant break down their stateliness by the hand of a woman For Thy power standeth not in multitude, nor Thy might in strong men for Thou art a God of the afflicted, an helper of the oppressed, an upholder of the weak, a protector of the forlorn, a saviour of them that are without hope I pray Thee, I pray Thee, O God of my father, and God of the inheritance of Israel, Lord of the heavens and earth, Creator of the waters, King of every creature, hear Thou my prayer and make my speech and deceit to be their wound and stripe, who have purposed cruel things against Thy covenant and Thy hallowed house, and against the top of Sion, and against the house of the possession of Thy children And make every nation and tribe to acknowledge that Thou art the God of all power and might, and that there is none other that protecteth the people of Israel but Thou ”

Now after that she had ceased to cry unto the God of Israel, and had made an end of all these words, she rose where she had fallen down, and called her maid, and went down into the house, in the which she abode in the sabbath days, and in her feast days, and pulled off the sackcloth which she had on, and put off the garments of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tre upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses her husband And she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to allure the eyes of all men that should see her Then she gave her maid a bottle of wine, and a cruse of oil, and filled a bag with parched corn, and lumps of figs, and with fine bread, so she folded all these things together, and laid them upon her Thus they went forth to the gate of the city of Bethulia, and found standing there Ozias, and the ancients of the city, Chabris and Charmis And when they saw her, that her countenance was altered, and her apparel was changed, they wondered at her beauty very greatly, and said unto her “The God, the God of our fathers, give thee favor, and accomplish thine enterprises to the glory of the children of Israel, and to the exaltation of Jerusalem ” Then they worshipped God And she said unto them “Command the gates of the city to be opened unto me, that I may go

forth to accomplish the things whereof ye have spoken with me ” So they commanded the young men to open unto her, as she had spoken

And when they had done so, Judith went out, she, and her maid with her, and the men of the city looked after her, until she was gone down the mountain, and till she had passed the valley, and could see her no more Thus they went straight forth in the valley and the first watch of the Assyrians met her, and took her, and asked her “Of what people art thou? and whence comest thou? and whither goest thou?” And she said “I am a woman of the Hebrews, and am fled from them for they shall be given you to be consumed and I am coming before Holofernes the chief captain of your army, to declare words of truth, and I will shew him a way, whereby he shall go, and win all the hill country, without losing the body or life of any one of his men ” Now when the men heard her words, and beheld her countenance, they wondered greatly at her beauty, and said unto her “Thou hast saved thy life, in that thou hast hasted to come down to the presence of our lord now therefore come to his tent, and some of us shall conduct thee, until they have delivered thee to his hands And when thou standest before him, be not afraid in thine heart, but shew unto him according to thy word, and he will intreat thee well ” Then they chose out of them an hundred men to accompany her and her maid, and they brought her to the tent of Holofernes

Then was there a concourse throughout all the camp for her coming was noised among the tents, and they came about her, as she stood with out the tent of Holofernes, till they told him of her And they wondered at her beauty, and admired the children of Israel because of her, and every one said to his neighbor “Who would despise this people, that have among them such women? surely it is not good that one man of them be left, who being let go might deceive the whole earth ” And they that lay near Holofernes went out, and all his servants, and they brought her into the tent Now Holofernes rested upon his bed under a canopy, which was woven with purple, and gold, and emeralds, and precious stones So they shewed him of her, and he came out before his tent with silver lamps going before him And when Judith was come before him and his servants, they all marvelled at the beauty of her countenance, and she fell down upon her face, and did reverence unto him and his servants took her up

Then said Holofernes unto her “Woman, be of good comfort, fear not in thine heart for I never hurt any that was willing to serve Nebuchadnezzar, the king of all the earth Now therefore, if thy people that dwel leth in the mountains had not set light by me, I would not have lifted up my spear against them but they have done these things to themselves But now tell me wherefore thou art fled from them, and art come unto us for thou art come for safeguard, be of good comfort, thou shalt live this night, and hereafter for none shall hurt thee, but intreat thee well, as they do the servants of king Nebuchadnezzar my lord ”

Then Judith said unto him "Receive the words of thy servant, and suffer thine handmaid to speak in thy presence, and I will declare no lie to my lord this night. And if thou wilt follow the words of thine handmaid, God will bring the thing perfectly to pass by thee, and my lord shall not fail of his purposes. As Nebuchadnezzar king of all the earth liveth, and as his power liveth, who hath sent thee for the upholding of every living thing for not only men shall serve him by thee, but also the beasts of the field, and the cattle, and the fowls of the air, shall live by thy power under Nebuchadnezzar and all his house. For we have heard of thy wisdom and thy policies, and it is reported in all the earth, that thou only art excellent in all the kingdom, and mighty in knowledge, and wonderful in feats of war. Now as concerning the matter, which Achior did speak in thy council, we have heard his words, for the men of Bethulia saved him, and he declared unto them all that he had spoken unto thee. Therefore, O lord and governor, reject not his word, but lay it up in thine heart, for it is true for our nation shall not be punished, neither can the sword prevail against them, except they sin against their God. And now, that my lord be not defeated and frustrate of his purpose, even death is now fallen upon them, and their sin hath overtaken them, wherewith they will provoke their God to anger, whensoever they shall do that which is not fit to be done for their victuals fail them, and all their water is scant, and they have determined to lay hands upon their cattle, and purposed to consume all those things, that God hath forbidden them to eat by His laws and are resolved to spend the firstfruits of the corn, and the tenths of wine and oil, which they had sanctified, and reserved for the priests that serve in Jerusalem before the face of our God, the which things it is not lawful for any of the people so much as to touch with their hands. For they have sent some to Jerusalem, because they also that dwell there have done the like, to bring them a licence from the senate. Now when they shall bring them word, they will forthwith do it and they shall be given thee to be destroyed the same day. Wherefore I thine handmaid, knowing all this, am fled from their presence, and God hath sent me to work things with thee, wherewith all the earth shall be astonished, and whosoever shall hear it. For thy servant is religious, and serveth the God of heaven day and night now therefore, my lord, I will remain with thee, and thy servant will go out by night into the valley, and I will pray unto God, and He will tell me when they have committed their sins and I will come and shew it unto thee then thou shalt go forth with all thine army, and there shall be none of them that shall resist thee. And I will lead thee through the midst of Judea, until thou come before Jerusalem, and I will set thy throne in the midst thereof, and thou shalt drive them as sheep that have no shepherd, and a dog shall not so much as open its mouth at thee for these things were told me according to my foreknowledge, and they were declared unto me, and I am sent to tell thee."

Then her words pleased Holofernes and all his servants, and they marvelled at her wisdom, and said "There is not such a woman from one end of the earth to the other, both for beauty of face, and wisdom of words" Likewise Holofernes said unto her "God hath done well to send thee before the people, that strength might be in our hands and destruction upon them that lightly regard my lord And now thou art both beautiful in thy countenance, and witty in thy words surely if thou do as thou hast spoken, thy God shall be my God, and thou shalt dwell in the house of king Nebuchadnezzar, and shalt be renowned through the whole earth"

Then he commanded to bring her in where his plate was set, and bade that they should prepare for her of his own meats, and that she should drink of his own wine And Judith said "I will not eat thereof, lest there be an offence but provision shall be made for me of the things that I have brought" Then Holofernes said unto her "If thy provision should fail, how should we give thee the like? for there be none with us of thy nation" Then said Judith unto him "As thy soul liveth, my lord, thine handmaid shall not spend those things that I have, before the Lord work by mine hand the things that He hath determined" Then the servants of Holofernes brought her into the tent, and she slept till midnight, and she arose when it was toward the morning watch, and sent to Holofernes, saying "Let my lord now command that thine handmaid may go forth unto prayer" Then Holofernes commanded his guard that they should not stay her thus she abode in the camp three days, and went out in the night into the valley of Bethulia, and washed herself in a fountain of water by the camp And when she came out, she besought the Lord God of Israel to direct her way to the raising up of the children of her people So she came in clean, and remained in the tent, until she did eat her meat at evening

And in the fourth day Holofernes made a feast to his own servants only, and called none of the officers to the banquet Then said he to Bagoas the eunuch, who had charge over all that he had "Go now, and persuade this Hebrew woman which is with thee, that she come unto us, and eat and drink with us For, lo, it will be a shame for our person, if we shall let such a woman go, not having had her company, for if we draw her not unto us, she will laugh us to scorn" Then went Bagoas from the presence of Holofernes, and came to her, and he said "Let not this fair damsel fear to come to my lord, and to be honoured in his presence, and drink wine, and be merry with us, and be made this day as one of the daughters of the Assyrians, which serve in the house of Nebuchadnezzar" Then said Judith unto him "Who am I now, that I should gainsay my lord? surely whatsoever pleaseth him I will do speedily, and it shall be my joy unto the day of my death" So she arose, and decked herself with her apparel and all her woman's attire, and her maid went and laid soft

skins on the ground for her over against Holofernes, which she had received of Bagoas for her daily use, that she might sit and eat upon them. Now when Judith came in and sat down, Holofernes' heart was ravished with her, and his mind was moved, and he desired greatly her company, for he waited a time to deceive her, from the day that he had seen her. Then said Holofernes unto her "Drink now, and be merry with us." So Judith said "I will drink now, my lord, because my life is magnified in me this day more than all the days since I was born." Then she took and ate and drank before him what her maid had prepared. And Holofernes took great delight in her, and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born.

Now when the evening was come, his servants made haste to depart, and Bagoas shut his tent without, and dismissed the waiters from the presence of his lord, and they went to their beds for they were all weary, because the feast had been long. And Judith was left alone in the tent, and Holofernes lying along upon his bed for he was filled with wine. Now Judith had commanded her maid to stand without her bedchamber, and to wait for her coming forth, as she did daily for she said she would go forth to her prayers, and she spake to Bagoas according to the same purpose. So all went forth, and none was left in the bedchamber, neither little nor great. Then Judith, standing by his bed, said in her heart "O Lord God of all power, look at this present upon the works of mine hands for the exaltation of Jerusalem. For now is the time to help Thine inheritance, and to execute mine enterprizes to the destruction of the enemies which are risen against us." Then she came to the pillar of the bed, which was at Holofernes' head, and took down his scimitar from thence, and approached to his bed, and took hold of the hair of his head, and said "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day." And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him, and tumbled his body down from the bed, and pulled down the canopy from the pillars, and anon after she went forth, and gave Holofernes' head to her maid, and she put it in her bag of meat so they twain went together according to their custom unto prayer and when they passed the camp, they compassed the valley, and went up the mountain of Bethulia, and came to the gates thereof.

Then said Judith afar off to the watchmen at the gate "Open, open now the gate. God, even our God, is with us, to shew His power yet in Jerusalem, and His forces against the enemy, as He hath even done this day." Now when the men of her city heard her voice, they made haste to go down to the gate of their city, and they called the elders of the city. And then they ran all together, both small and great, for it was strange unto them that she was come so they opened the gate, and received them and made a fire for a light, and stood round about them. Then she said to them with a loud voice "Praise, praise God, praise God, I say, for He

hath not taken away His mercy from the house of Israel, but hath destroyed our enemies by mine hands this night" So she took the head out of the bag, and shewed it, and said unto them "Behold the head of Holofernes, the chief captain of the army of Assur, and behold the canopy, wherein he did lie in his drunkenness, and the Lord hath smitten him by the hand of a woman As the Lord liveth, who hath kept me in my way that I went, my countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me" Then all the people were wonderfully astonished, and bowed themselves, and worshipped God, and said with one accord "Blessed be Thou, O our God, which hast this day brought to nought the enemies of Thy people" Then said Ozias unto her "O daughter, blessed art thou of the Most High God above all the women upon the earth, and blessed be the Lord God, which hath created the heavens and the earth, which hath directed thee to the cutting off of the head of the chief of our enemies For thus thy confidence shall not depart from the heart of men, which remember the power of God for ever And God turn these things to thee for a perpetual praise, to visit thee in good things, because thou hast not spared thy life for the affliction of our nation, but hast revenged our ruin, walking a straight way before our God" And all the people said "So be it, so be it"

Then said Judith unto them "Hear me now, my brethren, and take this head, and hang it upon the highest place of your walls And so soon as the morning shall appear, and the sun shall come forth upon the earth, take ye every one his weapons, and go forth every valiant man out of the city, and set ye a captain over them, as though ye would go down into the field toward the watch of the Assyrians, but go not down Then they shall take their armor, and shall go into their camp, and rouse up the captains of the army of Assur, and they shall run to the tent of Holofernes, but shall not find him then fear shall fall upon them, and they shall flee before your face So ye, and all that inhabit the coast of Israel, shall pursue them, and overthrow them as they go But before ye do these things, call me Achior the Ammonite, that he may see and know him that despised the house of Israel, and that sent him to us, as it were to his death"

Then they called Achior out of the house of Ozias, and when he was come, and saw the head of Holofernes in a man's hand in the assembly of the people, he fell down on his face, and his spirit failed But when they had recovered him, he fell at Judith's feet, and revered her, and said "Blessed art thou in every tent of Juda, and in all nations, which hearing thy name shall be astonished Now therefore tell me all the things that thou hast done in these days" Then Judith declared unto him in the midst of the people all that she had done, from the day that she went forth unto that hour she spake unto them And when she had left off speaking, the people shouted with a loud voice, and made a joyful noise

in their city And when Achior had seen all that the God of Israel had done, he believed in God greatly, and circumcised the flesh of his foreskin, and was joined unto the house of Israel unto this day

And as soon as the morning arose, they hanged the head of Holofernes upon the wall, and every man took his weapons, and they went forth by bands unto the ascents of the mountain But when the Assyrians saw them, they sent to their leaders, which came to their captains and tribunes, and to every one of their rulers So they came to Holofernes' tent, and said to him that had the charge of all his things "Waken now our lord for the slaves have been bold to come down against us to battle, that they may be utterly destroyed" Then went in Bagoas, and knocked at the door of the tent, for he thought that he had slept with Judith But because none answered, he opened it, and went into the bedchamber, and found him cast upon the floor dead, and his head was taken from him Therefore he cried with a loud voice, with weeping, and sighing, and a mighty cry, and rent his garments After he went into the tent where Judith lodged and when he found her not, he leaped out to the people, and cried "These slaves have dealt treacherously, one woman of the Hebrews hath brought shame upon the house of king Nebuchadnezzar for, behold, Holofernes lieth upon the ground without a head" When the captains of the Assyrians' army heard these words, they rent their coats and their minds were wonderfully troubled, and there was a cry and a very great noise throughout the camp

And when they that were in the tents heard, they were astonished at the thing that was done And fear and trembling fell upon them, so that there was no man that durst abide in the sight of his neighbor, but rushing out all together, they fled into every way of the plain, and of the hill country They also that had camped in the mountains round about Bethulia fled away Then the children of Israel, every one that was a warrior among them, rushed out upon them Then sent Ozias to Beto masthem, and to Bebai, and Chobai, and Cola, and to all the coasts of Israel, such as should tell the things that were done, and that all should rush forth upon their enemies to destroy them Now when the children of Israel heard it, they all fell upon them with one consent, and slew them unto Chobai likewise also they that came from Jerusalem, and from all the hill country, (for men had told them what things were done in the camp of their enemies,) and they that were in Gilead, and in Galilee, chased them with a great slaughter, until they were past Damascus and the borders thereof And the residue, that dwelt at Bethulia, fell upon the camp of Assur, and spoiled them, and were greatly enriched And the children of Israel that returned from the slaughter had that which remained, and the villages and the cities, that were in the mountains and in the plain, gat many spoils for the multitude was very great

Then Joakim the high priest, and the ancients of the children of Israel

that dwelt in Jerusalem, came to behold the good things that God had shewed to Israel, and to see Judith, and to salute her And when they came unto her, they blessed her with one accord, and said unto her "Thou art the exaltation of Jerusalem, thou art the great glory of Israel, thou art the great rejoicing of our nation thou hast done all these things by thine hand thou hast done much good to Israel, and God is pleased therewith blessed be thou of the Almighty Lord for evermore " And all the people said "So be it " And the people spoiled the camp the space of thirty days and they gave unto Judith Holofernes' tent and all his plate, and beds, and vessels, and all his stuff and she took it, and laid it on her mule, and made ready her carts, and laid them thereon

Then all the women of Israel ran together to see her, and blessed her, and made a dance among them for her and she took branches in her hand, and gave also to the women that were with her And they put a garland of olive upon her and her maid that was with her, and she went before all the people in the dance, leading all the women and all the men of Israel followed in their armor with garlands, and with songs in their mouths Then Judith began to sing this thanksgiving in all Israel, and all the people sang after her this Song of praise And Judith said,

*Begin unto my God with timbrels,
Sing unto my Lord with cymbals
Tune unto Him a new psalm
Exalt Him, and call upon His name
For God breaketh the battles
For among the camps in the midst of the people
He hath delivered me out of the hands of them that persecuted me
Assur came out of the mountains from the north,
He came with ten thousands of his army,
The multitude whereof stopped the torrents,
And their horsemen have covered the hills
He bragged that he would burn up my borders,
And kill my young men with the sword
And dash the sucking children against the ground,
And make mine infants as a prey,
And my virgins as a spoil
But the Almighty Lord hath disappointed them by the hand of a woman
For the mighty one did not fall by the young men,
Neither did the sons of the Titans smite him,
Nor high giants set upon him
But Judith the daughter of Merari weakened him
With the beauty of her countenance
For she put off the garment of her widowhood
For the exaltation of those that were oppressed in Israel,*

*And anointed her face with ointment,
 And bound her hair in a tire,
 And took a linen garment to deceive him
 Her sandals ravished his eyes,
 Her beauty took his mind prisoner,
 And the scimitar passed through his neck
 The Persians quaked at her boldness,
 And the Medes were daunted at her hardness
 Then my afflicted shouted for joy,
 And my weak ones cried aloud
 But they were astonished
 These lifted up their voices, but they were overthrown
 The sons of the damsels have pierced them through,
 And wounded them as fugitives children
 They perished by the battle of the Lord
 I will sing unto the Lord a new song
 O Lord, Thou art great and glorious,
 Wonderful in strength, and invincible
 Let all creatures serve Thee
 For Thou spakest, and they were made,
 Thou didst send forth Thy spirit, and it created them,
 And there is none that can resist Thy voice
 For the mountains shall be moved from their foundations with the waters,
 The rocks shall melt as wax at Thy presence
 Yet Thou art merciful to them that fear Thee
 For all sacrifice is too little for a sweet savour unto Thee,
 And all the fat is not sufficient for Thy burnt offering
 But he that feareth the Lord is great at all times
 Woe to the nations that rise up against my kindred!
 The Lord Almighty will take vengeance of them in the day of judgment,
 In putting fire and worms in their flesh
 And they shall feel them, and weep for ever*

Now as soon as they entered into Jerusalem, they worshipped the Lord, and as soon as the people were purified, they offered their burnt offerings, and their free offerings, and their gifts. Judith also dedicated all the stuff of Holofernes, which the people had given her, and gave the canopy, which she had taken out of his bedchamber, for a gift unto the Lord. So the people continued feasting in Jerusalem before the sanctuary for the space of three months, and Judith remained with them. After this time every one returned to his own inheritance, and Judith went to Bethulia, and remained in her own possession, and was in her time honourable in all the country. And many desired her, but none knew her all the days of her life, after that Manasses her husband was dead, and was gathered to

his people But she increased more and more in honour, and waxed old in her husband's house, being an hundred and five years old, and made her maid free, so she died in Bethulia and they buried her in the cave of her husband Manasses And the house of Israel lamented her seven days and before she died, she did distribute her goods to all them that were nearest of kindred to Manasses her husband, and to them that were the nearest of her kindred And there was none that made the children of Israel any more afraid in the days of Judith, nor a long time after her death

Ancient Greece

INTRODUCTION

THE Greek novel, or romance, as an independent literary entity, was a late development. The most celebrated, and surely the best of the few surviving specimens is the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus, written at least five hundred years after the close of the great period of Greek literature.

Stories and tales of many kinds are, of course, to be found in all periods of Greek civilisation: in the work of Homer and Hesiod in the form of legends about gods and heroes, in Herodotus and the other writers of history, and here and there in the works of the philosophers and poets. But what we usually designate as tales or novels, narratives written in prose for the purpose of amusing and interesting readers, developed during and after the period when Greece was in full decadence.

We are told by the authorities that the Greek novel is of Oriental origin. Mr Gaselee (in the Loeb edition of *Daphnis and Chloe*) states "The most significant feature of the Greek novels is their un-Greek character." This is observable even in Herodotus' *History* and in the *Cyropedia* of Xenophon.

It is not necessary here to discuss the Milesian Tales of Asia Minor (they have all been lost except two, and these are retellings in Latin), since they were probably only short and episodic, nor to speculate on their possible influence over the writers of the longer romances. The earliest of these longer novels that survives belongs probably to the Second Century, A.D., and the latest (an imitation), to the Twelfth. Chariton, Xenophon of Ephesus, Antonius Diogenes, Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius, all belong to the Second and Third Centuries. The Byzantine imitators persisted in working over the old material of their predecessors far into the Middle Ages.

Except for *Daphnis and Chloe*, the Greek romances are rather long-winded affairs, involved, affected in style, and showing little skill in the development of plot.

LONGUS

(Second Century A D ?)

THE latest writer on the subject states that nothing is known of the author of *Daphnis and Chloe*. It is thought that he wrote some time toward the end of the Second Century after Christ and probably not much later than the beginning of the following Century. He may someone guesses have been a native of the Island of Lesbos. *Daphnis and Chloe* the only so called pastoral romance that has come down to us is one of the most charming little novels written in ancient times. For modern readers its charm lies in its descriptions and its love scenes. There are human touches here and there sufficient to explain its popularity with Europeans ever since the discovery of the MS some centuries ago.

The novel was first published by Jacques Amyot in his French translation in 1559. The original Greek did not appear until 1598. The first English version appeared in 1587. The present translation was published in London in 1657. On the original title page we read 'Daphnis and Chloe a Most Sweet and Pleasant Pastoral Romance for Young Ladies by Geo Thornley Gent'. In deference however to the tastes of most modern readers (though not to my own) I follow precedent in omitting a very few passages which the editor of Thornley's translation has permitted to stand in a Latin version. I have instead made use of the conventional asterisks.

The present text is reprinted by permission of the publisher, from *Daphnis and Chloe* by Longus, with the English translation by George Thornley Revised and Augmented by J. M. Edmonds, etc [Loeb Library] William Heinemann London, 1924

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

THE FIRST BOOK

MYTILENE is a city in Lesbos, and by ancient titles of honor it is the great and fair Mytilene. For it is distinguished and divided (the sea flowing in) by a various euripus, and is adorned with bridges built of white polished marble. You would not think you saw a city, but an island. From this Mytilene some two hundred furlongs there lay a manor of a certain rich lord, the most sweet and pleasant prospect under all the eyes of heaven. There were mountains stored with wild beasts for game, there were hills and banks that were spread with vines, the fields abounded with all sorts of corn, the valleys with orchards and gardens and purls from the hills, the pastures with sheep and goats and kine, the sea-billows, swelling and gushing upon a shore which lay extended along in an open horizon, made a soft magic and enchantment.

In this sweet country, the field and farm of Mytilene, a goatherd dwelling, by name Lamo, found one of his goats suckling an infant-boy, by such a chance, it seems, as this There was a lawn, and in it a dell, and in the nethermost part of the dell a place all lined with wandering ivy, the ground furred over with a finer sort of grass, and on that the infant lay The goat coming often hither, disappeared very much, neglecting still her own kid to attend the wretched child Lamo observes her frequent outs and discursations, and pitying that the kid should be so forsaken, follows her even at high noon And anon he sees the goat bestriding the child carefully, lest she should chance to hurt it with her hooves, and the infant drawing milk as from the breast of a kind mother And wondering at it, as well he might, he comes nearer and finds it a man child, a lusty boy and beautiful, and wrapped in richer clothes than you should find upon a foundling His mantle or little cloak was purple, fastened with a golden brooch, and by his side a little dagger, the handle polished ivory

He thought at first to take away the tokens and take no thought about the child But afterwards conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindness and philanthropy he had seen even in that goat, waiting till the night came on he brings all to Myrtale his wife, the boy, his precious trinkets, and the goat But Myrtale, all amazed at this, "What?" quoth she, "do goats cast boys?" Then he fell to tell her all, namely how he had found him exposed, how suckled, how overcome by mere shame he could not leave the sweet child to die in that forsaken thicket And therefore, when he discerned Myrtale was of his mind, the things exposed together with him are laid up carefully and hid, they say the boy's their own child, and put him to the goat to nurse And that his name might be indeed a shepherd's name, they agreed to call him Daphnis

And now, when two years' time was past, a shepherd of the neighboring fields, Dryas by name, had the luck, watching his flock, to see such sights and find such rarities as Lamo did There was a solitary sacred cave of the Nymphs, a huge rock, hollow and vaulted within, but round without The statues or images of the Nymphs were cut out most curiously in stone, their feet unshod, their arms bare to the shoulder, their hair loose over their necks, their eyes sweetly smiling, their lawnly petticoats tucked up at the waist The whole presence made a figure as of a divine amusing dance or masque The mouth of the cave was in the midst of that great rock, and from it gushed up a strong crystal fountain, and running off in a fair current or brook, made before the holy cave a fresh, green, and flowery mead There were hanging up and consecrated there milking pails, pipes, and hautboys, whistles, and reeds, the offerings of the ancient shepherds

To this cave the often gadding of a sheep newly delivered of young,

made the shepherd often think that she undoubtedly was lost Desiring therefore to correct the straggler and reduce her to her rule, of a green wither he made a snare, and looked to catch her in the cave But when he came there he saw things he never dreamed of For he saw her giving suck from her dugs in a very human manner to an infant, which, without crying, greedily did lay, first to one dug then the tother, a most neat and fair mouth, for when the child had sucked enough, the careful nurse licked it still and trimmed it up That infant was a girl, and in such manner as before, there lay tokens beside her, a girdle embroidered with gold, a pair of shoes gilded, and ankle bands all of gold

Wherefore Dryas, thinking with himself that this could not come about without the providence of the Gods, and learning mercy and love from the sheep, takes her up into his arms, puts her monuments into his scrip, and prays to the Nymphs they may have happily preserved and brought up their suppliant and votary Now therefore, when it was time to drive home his flocks, he comes to his cottage and tells all that he had seen to his wife, shews her what he had found, bids her think she is her daughter, and, however, nurse her up, all unbeknown, as her child Nape, that was her name, began presently to be a mother, and with a kind of jealousy would appear to love the child lest that ewe should get more praise, and, like Myrtales before, gives her the pastoral name of Chloe to assure us it's their own

These infants grew up apace, and still their beauty appeared too excellent to suit with rustics or derive at all from clowns And Daphnis now is fifteen and Chloe younger two years, when upon one night Lamo and Dryas had their visions in their sleep They thought they saw those Nymphs, the Goddesses of the cave out of which the fountain gushed out into a stream, and where Dryas found Chloe, that they delivered Daphnis and Chloe to a certain young boy, very disdainful, very fair, one that had wings at his shoulders, wore a bow and little darts, and that this boy did touch them both with the very selfsame dart, and commanded it from thenceforth one should feed his flock of goats, the other keep her flock of sheep

This dream being dreamed by both, they could not but conceive grief to think that those should be nothing but shepherds or goatherds to whom they had read better fortune from their monuments, and indeed for that cause had both allowed them a finer sort of meat, and bin at charge to teach them letters and whatsoever other things were passing brave among the rural swains and girls Yet nevertheless it seemed fit that the mandates of the Gods concerning them who by their providence were saved, should be attended and obeyed

And having told their dreams one to another and sacrificed in the cave of the Nymphs to that winged boy (for his name they knew not), they sent them out shepherds with their flocks, and to everything instructed how

to feed before high noon and drive them to fresh pasture when the scorching glare declined, when to lead them to water, when to bring them to the folds, what cattle was disciplined with the crook, what commanded by the voice alone And now this pretty pair of shepherds are as jocund in themselves as if they had got some great empire while they sit looking over their goodly flocks, and with more than usual kindness treated both the sheep and goats For Chloe thankfully referred her preservation to a sheep, and Daphnis had not forgot to acknowledge his to a goat

It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers of the lawns, meadows, valleys and hills were now blowing All was fresh and green Now was there humming of bees, and chanting of melodious birds, and skipping of newborn lambs, the bees hummed in the meadows, the birds warbled in the groves, the lambs skipt on the hills And now, when such a careless joy had filled those blest and happy fields, Daphnis and Chloe, as delicate and young folks will, would imitate the pleasant things they heard and saw Hearing how the birds did chant it, they began to carol too, and seeing how the lambs skipt, tript their light and nimbly measures Then, to emulate the bees, they fall to cull the fairest flowers, some of which in toysome sport they cast in one another's bosoms, and of some platted garlands for the Nymphs, and always keeping near together, had and did all things in common, for Daphnis often gathered in the straggling sheep, and Chloe often drove the bolder venturous goats from the crags and precipices, and sometimes to one of them the care of both the flocks was left while the other did intend some pretty knack or toysome play

For all their sports were sports of children and of shepherds Chloe, scudding up and down and here and there picking up the whindlestraws, would make in plats a cage for a grasshopper, and be so wholly bent on that, that she was careless of her flocks Daphnis on the other side, having cut the slender reeds and bored the quills or intervals between the joints, and with his soft wax joined and fitted one to another, took no care but to practise or devise some tune even from morning to the twilight Their wine and their milk and whatsoever was brought from home to the fields, they had still in common And a man might sooner see all the cattle separate from one another than he should Chloe and Daphnis asunder

But while they are thus playing away their time to sweeten pleasure, afterwards Love in good earnest kindled up this fire A wolf that had a kennel of whelps was come often ravenous upon the neighboring fields, and had borne away from other flocks many cattle, because she needed much prey to keep herself and those cubs The villagers therefore meet together, and in the night they dig ditches a fathom wide and four fathom deep, of the earth flung up they scatter the more part all abroad at a

good distance, and laying over cross the chasm long, dry, and rotten sticks, they strow them over with the earth that did remain, to make the ground like it was before, that if a hare do but offer to run there, she can not choose but break those rods that were as brittle as the stubble, and then does easily make it known that that indeed was not true, but only counterfeited soil Many such trap ditches were now digged in the mountains and the fields, yet they could not take this wolf (for she could perceive them because of the sophistic and commentitious ground), but many of their sheep and goats were there destroyed, and there wanted but a little that Daphnis too was not slain And it was on this chance

Two he goats were exasperated to fight, and the shock was furious One of them, by the violence of the very first butt, had one of his horns broke Upon the pain and grief of that, all in a fret and mighty chafe he betakes himself to flight, but the victor, pursuing him close, would not let him take breath Daphnis was vexed to see the horn broke and that kind of malapertness of the goat Up he catches a cudgel, and pursues the pursuer But as it frequently happens when one hastes away as fast as possibly he can and the other with ardency pursues, there was no certain prospect of the things before them, but into the trap ditch both fall, first the goat, then Daphnis And indeed it was only this that served to save poor Daphnis, that he flundered down to the bottom a cockhorse on the rough goat There in a lamentable case he lay, waiting if perchance it might be somebody to draw him out Chloe seeing the accident, away she flies to the ditch, and finding he was alive, calls for help to a herdsman of the adjoining fields When he was come, he bustled about for a long cord, which holding, Daphnis might be drawn up, but finding none, Chloe in a tearing haste pulls off her stomacher or breastband, gives him it to let down, and standing on the pitbrim, they both began to draw and hale, and Daphnis, holding fast by it, nimbly followed Chloe's line, and so ascended to the top They drew up too the wretched goat, which now had both his horns broke (so fiercely did the revenge of the vanquished pursue him), and they gave him to the herdsman to sacrifice, as a reward of the rescue and redemption of their lives And if anybody missed him at home, they would say it was an invasion of wolves And so returned to see after their sheep and goats

And when they had found that all were feeding orderly, both goats and sheep, sitting down upon the trunk of an oak they began curiously to search whether he had hurt any limb in that terrible fall But nothing was hurt, nothing bloodied, only his hair and the rest of his body were dirtied by mud and the soil which covered over and hid the trap And therefore they thought it best before the accident was made known to Lamo and Myrtale, that he should wash himself in the cave of the Nymphs

And coming there together with Chloe, he gave her his scrip and his shurt to hold, and standing by the spring fell to washing himself from top

to toe Now his hair was long and black, and his body all brown and sunburnt, insomuch that the one seemed to have taken color from the shadow of the tother, and to Chloe's eye he seemed of a sweet and beautiful aspect, and when she wondered that she had not deemed him such before, she thought it must be the washing that was the cause of it And when she washed his back and shoulders the flesh yielded so softly and gently to her hand, that again and again she privily touched herself to see if hers were more delicate than his Sunset now coming on, they drove home their flocks, and that night there was but one thing in Chloe's mind, and that the wish she might see Daphnis at his washing again

When they came out to pasture in the morning, and Daphnis, sitting down under the oak where they were wont, played his pipe and watched the flocks that lay around as if to listen to the music of it, Chloe, sitting close by, although she looked well after her sheep, looked better after Daphnis And piping there, he seemed again to her goodly and beautiful to look to, and wondering again, she thought the cause must be the music, and so, when he was done, took the pipe from him and played, if haply she herself might be as beautiful Then she asked him if he would come again to the bath, and when she persuaded him, watched him at it, and as she watched, put out her hand and touched him, and before she went home had praised his beauty, and that praise was the beginning of love

What her passion was she knew not, for she was but a young girl and bred up among clowns, and as for love, had never so much as heard the name of it But her heart was vexed within her, her eyes, whether she would or no, wandered hither and thither, and her speaking was ever Daphnis this and Daphnis that She could neither eat nor take her rest, she neglected her flock, now she would laugh and now would weep, now would be sleeping and then again up and doing, and if her cheek was pale, in a twink it was flaming red In sum, no heifer stung with a breese was so resty and changeable as the poor Chloe

And one day when she was alone she made such lamentation as this "I am sick now, but of what disease? I know not, save that I feel pain and there is no wound I mourn, though none of my sheep is dead I burn, and here I sit in the deepest shade How many the briers have torn me, and I have not wept! How many the bees have stung me, and I have not squeaked But this that pricks my heart is worse to bear than any of those Daphnis is fair, but so are the flowers, and fair the sound of his pipe, but so is the voice of the nightingales and yet I care nothing for those Would to God I might have been his pipe that his mouth might inspirit me, or a goat that he might be my keeper! Thou cruel water! thou hast made Daphnis beautiful, but I for all my washing am still the same Alas! sweet Nymphs, I am undone, and you will not lift a hand to save your fosterling Whence shall you get garlands when I am gone? or

who shall bring up my poor lambs, and tend the prattling locust I was at such pains to catch? I used to set him before the cave to lull me to sleep with his pretty song, but now long of Daphnis I am fain to watch, and my locust prattles on in vain ”

In such case was Chloe, and with such words she spoke, in her seeking after the name of love. But the oxherd Dorco (he that had drawn Daphnis and the he-goat out of the pit), a stripling of the first down, acquainted alike with the name and the works of love, not only on that day was straightway struck with love of Chloe, but every day that followed it he was the more inflamed, till at last, despising Daphnis for a child, he determined either by gifts or force to have his way

For a beginning he brought them gifts, to Daphnis a pastoral pipe of nine quills bound with brass for wax, and to Chloe a fawnskin of the sort that Bacchae use, the color of it like the colors of a painted picture. Soon they believed him their friend, and he by little and little neglecting Daphnis came to bring Chloe every day either a dainty cheese or a garland of flowers or two or three early apples. And one day he brought her a young calf, a gilded tankard, and a nest of mountain birds. The simple girl, that knew nothing of lovers' tricks and wiles, accepts the gifts with joy, for now she herself had something to give Daphnis

And thus (for Daphnis too must then know the works of love) one day there arises between him and Dorco a strife and contention of beauty, and the judge was Chloe, and the prize to kiss Chloe. Dorco spoke first “I, sweet girl, am taller than Daphnis, and an oxherd. He is but a goatherd, and therefore, as goats are of less account than oxen, so much the worse man. I am as white as milk, and my hair as ruddy as the fields before harvest, and what is more, I had a mother, not a beast, to my nurse. But this fellow is of little stature, he has no more beard than a woman, and is as black as a wolf. Moreover he tends he goats, as any may know by his rankness. And he's so poor that he could not keep a dog. And if what they say is true, that he was suckled and nursed up by a she goat, he is every whit as much a kid as any in these fields ”

This and the like said Dorco, when Daphnis began thus “As for me, my foster mother was a goat, and so was Jove's, and if I tend he goats, yet are they finer than this fellow's cows, and I carry no taint of them neither, for even Pan himself, for all he is more goat than man, is as sweet company as can be. And as for my living, I have plenty cheese and rye-bread to eat, and good store of white wine to drink, and indeed all that makes a rustic rich is ready to my hand. If I have no beard to my chin, neither has Bacchus, if I am black, so is the hyacinth, and yet Bacchus is better than a Satyr and the hyacinth than a lily. But this man, look you, is red as a fox, bearded as a goat, and white and pale as a city wench. And if kissing is toward, you may come at my lips, but his kiss is a thing of hairs and bristles. And lastly, sweet girl, I pray you remember

that you too had a mother of the flock, and yet you are of sweet and beautiful aspect”

This said, Chloe tarried no longer, but what with his praise of her beauty and her long desiring to kiss him, she started up and gave him a kiss, and though it were the kiss of a novice, 'twas enough to heat and inflame a lover's heart. With that, Dorco in an agony betakes himself off to seek other means to win his end. But Daphnis, more like one that is bitten than kissed, was suddenly downcast and sad. He went often cold, and laid hand to his panting heart. He was fain to look upon Chloe, and yet looking was all on a blush. Then too for the first time he marvelled at her hair golden as fire, and her eyes great and gentle like the kine's, and bethought him that her face was truly as white as the milk of his goats. Indeed 'twas as if hitherto he had no eyes. And he would none of his meat but a taste in the mouth, nor yet of his drink, if drink he must, save so much as to wet his lips. He that prattled aforetime like a locust, opened not his mouth, he that used to be as resty and gadabout as a goat, sate ever still. His flock was neglected, his pipe flung aside, his cheeks grew paler than grass in season. For Chloe only he found his tongue.

And if ever she left him alone, he fell to mutter with himself such fancies as these: “Whither in the name of the Nymphs will that kiss of Chloe drive me? Her lips are softer than roses, and her mouth sweeter than the honeycombs, but her kiss stings sharper than a bee. I have often kissed the young kids, I have kissed a pretty whippet and that calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss is a new thing. My heart leaps up to my lips, my spirit sparkles and my soul melts, and yet I am mad to kiss her again. Oh what a mischievous victory is this! Oh what a strange disease, whose very name I know not! Did Chloe take poison before she kissed me? How then is she not dead? How sweetly sing the nightingales, while my pipe is silent! How wantonly the kids skip, and I lie still upon the ground! How sweetly do the flowers grow, and I neglect to make garlands! So it is, the violet and the hyacinth flourish, but alas! Daphnis, Daphnis withers. And will it come at length to this, that Dorco shall appear hereafter handsomer than I?”

These passions and complaints the good Daphnis felt and murmured to himself, as now first beginning to taste of the works and language of love. But Dorco, the herdsman that loved Chloe, waiting till Dryas was planting the scions of his vines near by, came to him with certain fine cheeses and presented him wthal, as one who had long been his acquaintance and friend when he himself tended cattle. And taking his rise from thence, he cast in words about the marrying of Chloe, and, if he might have her to his wife, promised many and great gifts according to the estate of herdsmen: a yoke of oxen for the plough, four hives of bees, fifty choice young apple trees, a good bull-hide to make shoes, every year a weaned calf. So that it wanted but a little that allured by these gifts Dryas did not

promise Chloe But when he had recollected himself and found the maid deserved a better husband, and likewise that he had reason to fear, lest at any time, being reprehended to have given her to a clown, he should fall into a mischief from which he could no way then escape, he desires to be excused, denies the marriage, rejects the gifts

But Dorco, falling again from his hope and losing his good cheeses, resolves with himself to lay his clutches upon Chloe if ever he could catch her alone And having observed that by turns one day Daphnis, the next the girl, drove the flocks to watering, he practised a trick not unbecoming one that tended a herd of cattle He took the skin of a huge wolf, which formerly a bull fighting for the herd had killed with his horns, and flung it o'er his back, and it dangled down to his feet, so that the fore feet were drawn on his hands, the hinder over his thighs to his heels, and the gaping of the mouth covered his head like the helmet of an armed man When he was got into this lycanthropy as well as possibly he could, he makes to the fountain where the flocks a'fter their feeding used to drink But that fountain lay in a bottom, and about it all the place was rough with bushes, thorns, brakes, thistles, and the brush juniper, so that indeed a true wolf might very well be lurking there

Therefore, when he had hid himself, he waited the time when the cattle were driven thither to drink, and conceived no small hope that in that habit he should affray and so snap the poor Chloe After a while she left Daphnis shaking down green leaves for the kids, and drove the flocks down to the fountain But the flockdogs of the sheep and the goats, following Chloe and (so busy upon the scent are dogs wont to be) catching Dorco in the act to go to set upon the girl, barked furiously and made at him as at a wolf, and before he could wholly rise from the lurk because of the sudden consternation, were all about the wolf Dorco and biting at his skin However, fearing lest he should be manifestly discovered, blamed, and shamed, guarding himself as he could with the skin he lay close and still in the thicket But when Chloe was feared at the first sight and cried out to Daphnis for help, the dogs soon tore his vizard off, tattered the skin, and bit him soundly Then he roared and cried out again, and begged for help of Chloe and of Daphnis who was now come up They rated off the dogs with their usual known recalls, and quickly made them quiet, and they led Dorco, who was torn in the shoulder and the thigh, to the fountain, and where they found the dogs had left the print of their teeth, there they gently washed, and chawing in their mouths the green rime of the elm, applied it softly to his wounds

Now because of their unskilfulness in amorous adventures, they thought Dorco's disguising and hiding of himself was nothing else but a pastoral prank, and were not at all moved at it But endeavoring rather to cheer him, and leading him by the hand some part of his way, they bid him farewell and dismissed him Thus came Dorco out of great danger, and

he that was saved from the jaws, not of the wolf in the adage, but of the dog, went home and dressed his wounds. But Daphnis and Chloe had much ado to get together, before it was late in the evening, their scattered straggling sheep and goats. For they were terrified with the wolfskin and the fierce barking and baying of the dogs, and some ran up the steep crags, some ran on rucks and hurried down to the seashore, although they were taught not only to obey the voice and be quieted by the pipe, but to be driven up together even by the clapping of the hands. But fear had cast in an oblivion of all, so that at length with much str, following their steps like hares by the foot, they drave them home to their own folds.

That night alone Daphnis and Chloe slept soundly, and found that weariness was some kind of remedy for the passion of love. But as soon as the day appeared they fell again to these fits. When they saw one another they were passing joyful, and sad if it chanced that they were parted. They desired, and yet they knew not what they would have. Only this one thing they knew, that kissing had destroyed Daphnis and bathing had undone Chloe.

Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them. For now the cooler spring was ended and the summer was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing, the trees with their fruits, the fields with standing corn. Sweet then was the singing of the grasshoppers, sweet was the odour of the fruits, and not unpleasant the very blating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers, by their gentle gliding away, did sing, and that the softer gales of wind did play and whistle on the pines, that the apples, as languishing with love, fell down upon the ground, and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty unveiled, did strive to undress and turn the rurals all naked. By all these was Daphnis inflamed, and therefore often he goes to the rivers and brooks, there to bathe and cool himself, or to chase the fish that went to and fro in the water. And often he drinks of the clear purls, as thinking by that to quench his inward caum and scorching.

When Chloe had milked the sheep and most of the goats and had spent much time and labor (because the flies were importune and vexatious, and would sting if one chased them) to curdle and press the milk into cheeses, she would wash herself and crown her head with pine twigs, and when she had girt her fawnskin about her, take her piggyn and with wine and milk make a sillibub for her dear Daphnis and herself.

When it grew towards noon they would fall to their catching of one another by their eyes. For Chloe, seeing Daphnis naked, was all eyes for his beauty to view it every whit, and therefore could not choose but melt, as being not able to find in him the least moment to dislike or blame Daphnis again, if he saw Chloe, in her fawnskin and her pine coronet, give him the sillibub to drink, thought he saw one of the Nymphs

of the holy cave Therefore taking off her pine and kissing it o'er and o'er, he would put it on his own head, and Chloe, when he was naked and bathing, would in her turn take up his vest, and when she kissed it, put it on upon herself Sometimes now they flung apples at one another, and dressed and distinguished one another's hair into curious trammels and locks And Chloe likened Daphnis his hair to the myrtle because it was black, Daphnis, again, because her face was white and ruddy, compared it to the fairest apple He taught her too to play on the pipe, and always when she began to blow would catch the pipe away from her lips and run it presently o'er with his He seemed to teach her when she was out, but with that specious pretext, by the pipe, he kissed Chloe

But it happened, when he played on his pipe at noon and the cattle took shade, that Chloe fell unawares asleep Daphnis observed it and laid down his pipe, and without any shame or fear was bold to view her, all over and every limb, insatiably, and withal spoke softly thus "What sweet eyes are those that sleep! How sweetly breathes that rosy mouth! The apples smell not like to it, nor the flowery lawns and thickets But I am afraid to kiss her For her kiss stings to my heart and makes me mad like new honey Besides, I fear lest a kiss should chance to wake her Oh the prating grasshoppers! they make a noise to break her sleep And the goats beside are fighting, and they clatter with their horns Oh the wolves, worse dastards than the foxes, that they have not ravished them away!"

While he was muttering this passion, a grasshopper that fled from a swallow took sanctuary in Chloe's bosom And the pursuer could not take her, but her wing by reason of her close pursuit slapped the girl upon the cheek And she not knowing what was done cried out, and started from her sleep But when she saw the swallow flying near by and Daphnis laughing at her fear, she began to give it over and rub her eyes that yet would be sleeping The grasshopper sang out of her bosom, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection Therefore Chloe again squeaked out, but Daphnis could not hold laughing, nor pass the opportunity to put his hand into her bosom and draw forth friend Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand When Chloe saw it she was pleased and kissed it, and took and put it in her bosom again, and it prattled all the way

But besides these the stock dove did delight them too, and sang from the woods her country song But Chloe, desiring to know, asked Daphnis what that complaint of the stock dove meant And he told her the tradition of the ancient shepherds "There was once, maiden, a very fair maid who kept many cattle in the woods She was skilful in music, and her herds were so taken with her voice and pipe, that they needed not the discipline of the staff or goad, but sitting under a pine and wearing a coronet of the same she would sing of Pan and the Pine, and her cows would

never wander out of her voice. There was a youth that kept his herd not far off, and he also was fair and musical, but as he tried with all his skill to emulate her notes and tones, he played a louder strain as a male, and yet sweet as being young, and so allured from the maid's herd eight of her best cows to his own. She took it ill that her herd was so diminished and in very deep disdain that she was his inferior at the art, and presently prayed to the Gods that she might be transformed to a bird before she did return home. The Gods consent, and turned her thus into a mountain bird, because the maid did haunt there, and musical, as she had been. And singing still to this day she publishes her heavy chance and demands her truant cows again."

Such delights and pleasures as these the summer time entertained them withal. But when autumn was coming in and the grapes were ripening, some Tyrian pirates, in a Carian vessel lest perchance they should seem to be barbarians, sailed up to the fields, and coming ashore armed with swords and half-corslets, fell to rifle, plunder, and carry away all that came to hand, the fragrant wines, great store of grain, honey in the comb. Some oxen too they drove away from Dorco's herd, and took Daphnis as he wandered by the sea. For Chloe, as a maid, was fearful of the fierce and surly shepherds, and therefore, till it was somewhat later, drove not out the flocks of Dryas. And when they saw the young man was proper and handsome and of a higher price than any of their other prey, they thought it not worth their staying longer about the goats or other fields, and hauled him aboard lamenting and not knowing what to do, and calling loud and often on the name of Chloe. And so, waiting only till they had loosed from the shore and cast in their oars, they made in haste away to sea.

Meanwhile Chloe had brought out her sheep, and with her a new pipe that was to be a gift to Daphnis. When Chloe saw the goats in a hurry, and heard Daphnis louder and louder call "Chloe," she presently casts off all care of her flocks, flings the pipe on the ground, and runs amain for help to Dorco. But he, being cruelly wounded by the thieves and breathing yet a little, his blood gushing out, was laid along upon the ground. Yet seeing Chloe, and a little spark of his former love being awakened in him, "Chloe," said he, "I shall now presently die, for alas! those cursed thieves, as I fought for my herd, have killed me like an ox. But do thou preserve Daphnis for thyself, and in their sudden destruction take vengeance on the rogues for me. I have accustomed my herd to follow the sound of a pipe, and to obey the charm of it although they feed a good way off me. Come hither then and take this pipe, and blow that tune which I heretofore taught Daphnis and Daphnis thee. Leave the care of what shall follow to the pipe and to the cows which are yonder. And to thee, Chloe, I give the pipe, this pipe by which I have often conquered many herdsmen, many goatherds. But, for this, come and kiss me, sweet

Chloe, while I am yet awhile alive, and when I am dead, weep a tear or two o'er me, and if thou seest some other tending my herd upon these hills, I pray thee then remember Dorco." Thus spake Dorco and received his last kiss, and together with the kiss and his voice, breathed out his soul.

But Chloe, taking the pipe and putting it to her lips, began to play and whistle as loud as possibly she could. The cows aboard the pirates presently hear and acknowledge the music, and with one bounce and a huge bellowing shoot themselves impetuously into the sea. By that violent bounding on one of her sides the pinnace toppled, and the sea gaping from the bottom by the fall of the cows in, the surges on a sudden return and sink her down and all that were in her, but with unequal hope of escape. For the thieves had their swords on with their scaled and nailed corslets, and greaves up to the middle of their shins. But Daphnis was barefoot because he was tending his flocks in the plain, and half naked, it being yet the heat of summer. Wherefore they, when they had swum a little while, were carried by their arms to the bottom. Daphnis on the other side, easily got off his clothes, and yet was much puzzled to swim because he had been used before only to the brooks and rivers. But at length, being taught by necessity what was best for him to do, he rushes into the midst of the cows and on his right and left laid hold on two of their horns, and so without trouble or pain was carried between them to the land as if he had driven a chariot. Now an ox or cow swim so well that no man can do the like, and they are exceeded only by water fowl and fish, nor do they ever drown and perish unless the nails upon their hooves be thorough drenched with wet and fall. Witness to this those several places of the sea to this day called *Bospori*, the trajects or the narrow seas swum over by oxen.

And thus poor Daphnis was preserved, escaping beyond hope two dangers at once, shipwreck and latrociny. When he was out, he found Chloe on the shore laughing and crying, and casting himself into her arms asked her what she meant when she piped and whistled so loud. Then she told him all that had happened, how she scuttled up to Dorco, how the cows had been accustomed, how she was bidden to play on the pipe, and that their friend Dorco was dead, only for shame she told him not of that kiss.

They thought then it was their duty to honor their great benefactor, and therefore they went with his kinsfolk to bury the unfortunate Dorco. They laid good store of earth upon the corse, and on his grave they set abundance of the most fragrant lasting sative plants and flowers, and made a suspension to him of some of the first fruits of their labor. Besides they poured on the ground a libation of milk, and pressed with their hands the fairest bunches of the grapes, and then broke many shepherd's pipes o'er him. There were heard miserable groans and bellowings of the

cows and oxen, and together with them certain incomposed cursations and freaks were seen. The cattle amongst themselves (so the goatherds and the shepherds thought) had a kind of lamentation for the death and loss of their keeper.

When the funeral of Dorco was done, Chloe brought Daphnis to the cave of the Nymphs and washed him with her own hands. And she herself, Daphnis then first of all looking and gazing on her, washed her naked limbs before him, her limbs which for their perfect and most excellent beauty needed neither wash nor dress. And when they had done, they gathered of all the flowers of the season to crown the statues of the Nymphs, and hanged up Dorco's charming pipe for an offering in the fane. Then coming away they looked what became of their sheep and goats, and found that they neither fed nor blated, but were all laid upon the ground, peradventure as wanting Daphnis and Chloe that had been so long out of their sight. Certainly when they appeared and had called and whistled as they were wont, the sheep rose up presently and fell to feed, and the mantling goats skipped and leapt as rejoicing at the safety of their familiar goatherd.

But Daphnis for his life could not be merry, because he had seen Chloe naked and that beauty which before was not unveiled. His heart ached as though it were gnawed with a secret poison, insomuch that sometimes he puffed and blowed thick and short as if somebody had been in a close pursuit of him, sometimes again he breathed so faintly as if his breath had bin quite spent in the late incursions. That washing seemed to him more dangerous and formidable than the sea, and he thought his life was still in the hands and at the dispose of the Tyrian pirates, as being a young rustic and yet unskilled in the assassinations and robberies of Love.

THE SECOND BOOK

THE autumn now being grown to its height and the vintage at hand, every rural began to stir and be busy in the fields, some to repair the wine presses, some to scour the tuns and hogsheads, others were making baskets, skeps, and panniers, and others providing little hooks to catch and cut the bunches of the grapes. Here one was looking busily about to find a stone that would serve him to bruise the stones of grapes, there another furnishing himself with dry willow wood brayed in a mortar, to carry away the must in the night with light before him. Wherefore Daphnis and Chloe for this time laid aside the care of the flocks, and put their helping hands to the work. Daphnis in his basket carried grapes, cast them into the press and trod them there, and then anon tunned the wine into the butts. Chloe dressed meat for the vintagers and served them with drink of the old wine, or gathered grapes of the lower vines. For all the vines about Lesbos, being neither high grown nor propped with

trees, incline themselves and protend their palmitis towards the ground, and creep like the ivy, so that indeed a very infant, if that his hands be loose from his swathes, may easily reach and pull a bunch

Now as they were wont in the feast of Bacchus and the solemnisation of the birth of wine, the women that came from the neighboring fields to help, cast their eyes all upon Daphnis, gave him prick and praise for beauty, and said he was like to Bacchus himself And now and then one of the bolder strapping girls would catch him in her arms and kiss him Those wanton praises and expressions did animate the modest youth, but vexed and grieved the poor Chloe

But the men that were treading in the press cast out various voices upon Chloe, and leapt wildly before her like so many Satyrs before a young Bacchant, and wished that they themselves were sheep, that such a shepherdess might tend them And thus the girl in her turn was pleased, and Daphnis stung with pain But they wished the vintage might soon be done that they might return to their haunts in the fields, that instead of that wild untuned noise of the clowns they might hear again the sweet pipe or the blating of the cattle

And when after a few days the grapes were gathered and the must tunned into the vessels, and there needed no longer many hands to help, they drove again their flocks to the plain, and with great joy and exultation worshipped and adored the Nymphs, offering to them the first-fruits of the vintage, clusters hanging on their branches Nor did they in former time with negligence ever pass by the Nymphs, but always when they came forth to feed would sit them down reverentially in the cave, and when they went home would first adore and beg their grace, and brought to them always something, either a flower or an apple or an apronful of green leaves or a sacrifice of milk And for this they afterwards received no small rewards and favors from the Goddesses And now, like dogs let slip, as the saying is, they skip and dance and sing and pipe, and wrestle playfully with their flocks

While they thus delight themselves, there comes up to them an old man, clad in his rug and mantle of skins, his carbatins or clouted shoes, his scrip hanging at his back, and that indeed a very old one When he was sate down by them, thus he spoke and told his story "I, my children, am that old Philetas who have often sung to these Nymphs and often piped to yonder Pan, and have led many a herd by the art of music alone And I come to shew you what I have seen and to tell you what I have heard I have a garden which my own hands and labour planted, and ever since by my old age I gave over fields and herds, to dress and trim it has been my care and entertainment What flowers or fruits the season of the year teems, there they are at every season In the spring there are roses and lilies, the hyacinths and both the forms of violets, in the summer, poppies, pears, and all sorts of apples And now in the autumn, vines and figtrees,

pomegranates, and the green myrtles Into this garden flocks of birds come every morning, some to feed, some to sing For it is thick, opacous, and shady, and watered all by three fountains, and if you took the wall away you would think you saw a wood

“As I went in there to-day about noon, a boy appeared in the pomegranate and myrtle grove, with myrtles and pomegranates in his hand, white as milk, and his hair shining with the glance of fire, clean and bright as if he had newly washed himself Naked he was, alone he was, he played and wantoned it about, and culled and pulled, as if it had bin his own garden Therefore I ran at him as fast as I could, thinking to get him in my clutches For indeed I was afraid lest by that wanton, unto-ward, malapert ramping and hoity toity which he kept in the grove, he would at length break my pomegranates and myrtles But he, with a soft and easy sleight, as he listed, gave me the slip, sometimes running under roses, sometimes hiding himself in the poppies, like a cunning, huddling chick of a partridge I have often had enough to do to run after the sucking kids, and often tired myself off my legs to catch a giddy young calf, but this was a cunning piece and a thing that could not be caught

“Being then wearied, as an old man, and leaning upon my staff, and withal looking to him lest he should escape away, I asked what neighbour’s child he was, and what he meant to rob another man’s orchard so But he answered me not a word, but coming nearer, laughed most sweetly and flung the myrtle-berries at me, and pleased me so, I know not how, that all my anger vanished quite I asked him therefore that he would give himself without fear into my hands, and swore to him by the myrtles that I would not only send him away with apples and pomegranates to boot, but give him leave whensoever he pleased to pull the finest fruits and flowers, if he would but give me one kiss

“With that, setting up a loud laughter, he sent forth a voice such as neither the swallow nor the nightingale has, nor yet the swan when he is grown old like to me ‘Philetas,’ said he, ‘I grudge not at all to give thee a kiss, for it is more pleasure for me to be kissed than for thee to be young again But consider with thyself whether such a gift as that be of use to thy age For thy old age cannot help thee that thou shalt not follow me, after that one kiss But I cannot be taken, though a hawk or an eagle or any other swifter bird were flown at me I am not a boy though I seem to be so, but am older then Saturn and all this universe I know that when thou wast yet a boy thou didst keep a great herd on yonder water meadow, and I was present to thee when under those oak-trees thou didst sing and play on the pipe for the dear love of Amaryllis But thou didst not see me although I stood close by the maid It was I that gave her thee in marriage, and thou hast had sons by her, jolly herdsmen and husbandmen And now I take care of Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come hither to

thy garden and take my pleasure among these groves and flowers of thine, and wash myself also in these fountains And this is the cause why thy roses, violets, lilies, hyacinths, and poppies, all thy flowers and thy plants, are still so fair and beautiful, because they are watered with my wash Cast thy eyes round about, and look whether there be any one stem of a flower, any twig of a tree, broken, whether any of thy fruits be pulled or any flower trodden down, whether any fountain be troubled and mudded, and rejoice, Philetas, that thou alone of all mortals hast seen this boy in thy old age'

"This said, the sweet boy sprang into the myrtle grove, and like a young nightingale, from bough to bough under the green leaves, skipped to the top of the myrtles Then I saw his wings hanging at his shoulders, and at his back between his wings a little bow with darts, and since that moment never saw either them or him any more If therefore I wear not now these gray hairs of mine in vain, and by my age have not got a trivial mind, you two, O Daphnis and Chloe, are destined to Love, and Love himself takes care of you "

With this they were both hugely delighted, and thought they heard a tale, not a true discourse, and therefore they would ask him questions "And what is Love? is he a boy or is he a bird? and what can he do I pray you, gaffer?" Therefore again thus Philetas "Love, my children, is a God, a young youth and very fair, and winged to fly And therefore he delights in youth, follows beauty, and gives our fantasy her wings His power's so vast that that of Jove is not so great He governs in the elements, rules in the stars, and domineers even o'er the Gods that are his peers Nay, you have not such dominion o'er your sheep and goats All flowers are the work of Love Those plants are his creations and poems By him it is that the rivers flow, and by him the winds blow I have known a bull that has been in love and run bellowing through the meadows as if he had been stung by a breese, a he goat too so in love with a virgin-she that he has followed her up and down through the woods, through the lawns

"And I myself once was young, and fell in love with Amaryllis, and forgot to eat my meat and drink my drink, and never could compose to sleep My panting heart was very sad and anxious, and my body shook with cold I cried out oft, as if I had bin thwacked and basted back and sides, and then again was still and mute, as if I had layen among the dead I cast myself into the rivers as if I had bin all on a fire I called on Pan that he would help me, as having sometimes bin himself catched with the love of peevish Pitys I praised Echo that with kindness she restored and trebled to me the dear name of Amaryllis I broke my pipes because they could delight the kine, but could not draw me Amaryllis For there is no medicine for love, neither meat, nor drink, nor any charm, but only kissing and embracing and lying side by side "

Philetas, when he had thus instructed the unskilful lovers, and was presented with certain cheeses and a young goat of the first horns, went his way. But when they were alone, having then first heard of the name of Love, their minds were struck with a kind of madness, and returning home with the fall of night, they began each to compare those things which they had suffered in themselves with the doctrine of Philetas concerning lovers and love. "The lover has his grief and sadness, and we have had our share of that. They are languishing and careless in just such things as we. They cannot sleep, and we still watch for the early day. They think they are burnt, and we too are afire. They desire nothing more than to see one another, and for that cause we pray the day to come quickly. This undoubtedly is love, and we, it seems, are in love without knowing whether or no this be love or ourself a lover. And so if we ask why we have this grief and why this seeking each after the other, the answer is clear. Philetas did not lie a tittle. That boy in the garden was seen too by our fathers Lamo and Dryas in that dream, and 'twas he that commanded us to the field. How is it possible for one to catch him? He's small and slim, and so will slip and steal away. And how should one escape and get away from him by flight? He has wings to overtake us. We must fly to the Nymphs our patronesses, but Pan, alas! did not help his servant Philetas when he was mad on Amaryllis. Therefore those remedies which he taught us are before all things to be tried, kissing, embracing, and lying together on the ground. It's cold indeed, but after Philetas we'll endure it."

Of this sort then was their nocturnal schooling. When it was day and their flocks were driven to the field, they ran, as soon as they saw one another, to kiss and embrace, which before they never did. Yet of that third remedy which the old Philetas taught, they durst not make experiment, for that was not only an enterprise too bold for maids, but too high for young goatherds. Therefore still, as before, came night without sleep, and with remembrance of what was done and with complaint of what was not. "We have kissed one another and are never the better, we have clipped and embraced, and that's as good as nothing too. Therefore to lie together is certainly the only remaining remedy of love. That must be tried by all means. There's something in it, without doubt, more efficacious than in a kiss."

While they indulged these kind of thoughts, they had, as it was like, their amorous dreams, kissing and clipping, and what they did not in the day, that they acted in the night, and lay together. But the next day they rose up still the more possessed, and drive their flocks with a whistling to the fields, hasting to their kisses again, and when they saw one another, smiling sweetly ran together. Kisses passed, embraces passed, but that third remedy was slow to come, for Daphnis durst not mention it, and Chloe too would not begin, till at length even by chance they made this essay of it.

They sate both close together upon the trunk of an old oak, and having tasted the sweetness of kisses they were engulfed insatiably in pleasure, and there arose a mutual contention and striving with their clasping arms which made a close compression of their lips. And when Daphnis hugged her to him with a more violent desire, it came about that Chloe inclined a little on her side, and Daphnis, following his kiss, fell beside her. And remembering that they had an image of this in their dreams the night before, they lay a long while clinging together. But being ignorant as yet, and thinking that this was the end of love, they parted, most part of the day spent in vain, and drove their flocks home from the fields with a kind of hate to the oppression of the night. And perchance something that was real had then bin done, but that this tumult and noise filled all that rural tract.

Some young gallants of Methymna, thinking to keep the vintage holidays and choosing to take the pleasure abroad, drew a small vessel into the water, and putting in their own domestic servants to row, sailed about those pleasant farms of Mytilene that were near by the seashore. For the maritum coast has many good and safe harbors, and all along is adorned with many stately buildings. There are besides many baths, gardens, and groves, these by art, those by nature, all brave for a man to take his pastime there.

The ship therefore passing along and from time to time putting in at the bays, they did no harm or injury to any, but recreated themselves with divers pleasures, sometimes with angles, rods, and lines taking fish from this or the other prominent rock, sometimes with dogs or toils hunting the hares that fled from the noise of the vineyards, then anon they would go a fowling, and take the wild goose, duck, and mallard, and the bustard of the field, and so by their pleasure furnished themselves with a plenteous table. If they needed anything else they paid the villagers above the price. But there was nothing else wanting but only bread and wine and house room. For they thought it unsafe, the autumn now in its declination, to quit the land and lie all night aboard at sea, and therefore drew the vessel ashore for fear of a tempestuous night.

Now it happened that a country fellow wanting a rope, his own being broke, to haul up the stone wherewith he was grinding grape stones, sneaked down to the sea, and finding the ship with nobody in her, loosed the cable that held her and brought it away to serve his business. In the morning the young men of Methymna began to enquire after the rope, and (nobody owning the thievery) when they had a little blamed the unkindness and injury of their hosts, they loosed from thence, and sailing on thirty furlongs arrived at the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, those fields seeming the likeliest for hunting the hare. Therefore being destitute of a rope to use for their cable, they made a withe of green and long sallow-twigs, and with that tied her by her stern to the shore. Then slipping their

dogs to hunt, they cast their toils in those paths that seemed fittest for game

The deep mouthed dogs opened loud, and running about with much barking, scared the goats, that all hurried down from the mountains towards the sea, and finding nothing there in the sand to eat, coming up to that ship some of the bolder mischievous goats gnawed in pieces the green sallow withe that made her fast. At the same moment there began to be a bluster at sea, the wind blowing from the mountains. On a sudden therefore the backwash of the waves set the loose pinnace adrift and carried her off to the main.

As soon as the Methymnaeans heard the news, some of them posted to the sea, some stayed to take up the dogs, all made a hubbub through the fields, and brought the neighboring rurals in. But all was to no purpose, all was lost, all was gone. For the wind freshening, the ship with an irrevocable pernicity and swiftness was carried away.

Therefore the Methymnaeans, having a great loss by this, looked for the goatherd, and lighting on Daphnis, fell to cuff him, and tore off his clothes, and one offered to bind his hands behind him with a dog-slip. But Daphnis, when he was miserably beaten, cried out and implored the help of the country lads, and chiefly of all called for rescue to Lamo and Dryas. They presently came in, and opposed themselves, brawny old fellows and such as by their country labor had hands of steel, and required of the funous youths concerning those things that had happened a fair legal debate and decision. And the others desiring the same thing, they made Philetas the herdsman judge. For he was oldest of all that were there present, and famous for uprightness among the villagers.

The Methymnaeans therefore began first, and laid their accusation against Daphnis, in very short and perspicuous words as before a herdsman judge. "We came into these fields to hunt. Wherefore with a green sallow-withe we left our ship tied to the shore while our dogs were hunting the grounds. Meanwhile his goats strayed from the mountains down to the sea, gnawed the green cable in pieces, set her at liberty, and let her fly. You saw her tossing in the sea, but with what choice and rich good laden! what fine clothes are lost! what rare harness and ornaments for dogs are there! what a treasury of precious silver! He that had all might easily purchase these fields. For this damage we think it but right and reason to carry him away our captive, him that is such a mischievous goatherd to feed his goats upon those other goats, to wit, the waves of the sea."

This was the accusation of the Methymnaeans. Daphnis on the other side, although his bones were sore with basting, yet seeing his dear Chloe there, set it at naught and spoke thus in his own defence. "I, in keeping my goats, have done my office well. For never so much as one of all the neighbors of the vale has blamed me yet, that any kid or goat of mine has broke into and eaten up his garden or browsed a young or sprout.

ing vine But those are wicked cursed hunters, and have dogs that have no manners, such as with their furious coursing and most vehement barking have, like wolves, scared my goats and tossed them down from the mountains through the valleys to the sea But they have eaten the green withe For they could find nothing else upon the sand, neither arbut, wilding, shrub, nor thyme But the ships lost by wind and wave That's not my goats, but the fault of seas and tempests But there were rich clothes and silver aboard her And who that has any wit can believe that a ship that is so richly laden should have nothing for her cable but a withe?"

With that Daphnis began to weep, and made the rustics commiserate him and his cause, so that Philetas the judge called Pan and the Nymphs to witness that neither Daphnis nor his goats had done any wrong, but that it was the wind and sea, and that of those there were other judges Yet by this sentence Philetas could not persuade and bind the Methymnaeans, but again in a fury they fell to towse Daphnis, and offered to bind him With which the villagers being moved, fell upon them like flocks of starlings or jackdaws, and carried him away as he was bustling amongst them, never ceasing till with their clubs they had driven them from the ground, and beaten them from their coasts into other fields

While thus they pursued the Methymnaeans, Chloe had time without disturbance to bring Daphnis to the fountain of the Nymphs, and there to wash his bloody face, and entertain him with bread and cheese out of her own scrip, and (what served to restore him most of all) give him with her soft lips a kiss sweet as honey For it wanted but a little that then her dear Daphnis had bin slain

But these commotions could not thus be laid and at an end For those gallants of Methymna, having been softly and delicately bred, and every man his wounds about him, travelling now by land, with miserable labor and pain got into their own country, and procuring a council to be called, humbly petitioned that their cause might be revenged, without reporting a word of those things which indeed had happened, lest perchance over and above their wounds they should be laughed at for what they had suffered at the hands of clowns, but accused the Mytilenaeans that they had taken their ship and goods in open warfare

The citizens easily believed their story because they saw they were all wounded, and knowing them to be of the best of their families, thought it just to revenge the injury And therefore they decreed a war against the Mytilenaeans without denouncing it by any herald, and commanded Bryaxis their general with ten sail to infest the maritime coast of Mytilene For the winter now approaching, they thought it dangerous to trust a greater squadron at sea

At dawn of the next day the general sets sail with his soldiers at the oars, and putting to the main comes up to the maritims of Mytilene, and

hostilely invades them, plundering and raping away their flocks, their corn, their wines (the vintage now but lately over), with many of those that were employed in such business. They sailed up, too, to the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, and coming suddenly down upon them, preyed upon all that they could light on.

It happened that Daphnis was not then with his goats, but was gone to the wood, and there was cutting green leaves to give them for fodder in the winter. Therefore, this incursion being seen from the higher ground, he hid himself in an hollow beech tree. But his Chloe was with her flocks, and the enemies invading her and them, she fled away to the cave of the Nymphs, and begged of the enemies that they would spare her and her flocks for those holy Goddesses' sakes. But that did not help her at all. For the Methymnaeans did not only mock at and rail upon the statues of the Nymphs but drove away her flocks and her before them, thumping her along with their battons as if she had bin a sheep or a goat. But now their ships being laden with all manner of prey, they thought it not convenient to sail any further but rather to make home, for fear of the winter no less than of their enemies. Therefore they sailed back again, and were hard put to it to row because there wanted wind to drive them.

The tumults and hubbubs ceasing, Daphnis came out of the wood into the field they used to feed in, and when he could find neither the goats, the sheep, nor Chloe, but only a deep silence and solitude and the pipe flung away wherewith she entertained herself, setting up a piteous cry and lamenting miserably, sometimes he ran to the oak where they sate, sometimes to the sea to try if there he could set his eyes on her, then to the Nymphs whither she fled when she was taken, and there flinging himself upon the ground began to accuse the Nymphs as her betrayers.

"It was from your statues that Chloe was drawn and ravished away! and how could you endure to see it? she that made the garlands for you, she that every morning poured out before you and sacrificed her first milk, and she whose pipe hangs up there a sweet offering and donary! The wolf indeed has taken from me never a goat, but the enemy has my whole flock together with my sweet companion of the field, and they will kill and slay the sheep and goats, and Chloe now must live in a city. With what face can I now come into the sight of my father and my mother, without my goats, without Chloe, there to stand a quit work and runaway? For now I have nothing left to feed, and Daphnis is no more a goatherd. Here I'll fling myself on the ground, and there I'll lie expecting my death or else a second war to help me. And dost thou, sweet Chloe, suffer now in thyself heavy things as these? Dost thou remember and think of this field, the Nymphs and me? Or takest thou some comfort from thy sheep and those goats of mine which are carried away with thee into captivity?"

While he was thus lamenting his condition, by his weeping so much and

the heaviness of his grief he fell into a deep sleep, and those three Nymphs appeared to him, ladies of a tall stature, very fair, half naked, and bare footed, their hair dishevelled, and in all things like their statues. At first they appeared very much to pity his cause, and then the eldest, to erect him, spoke thus "Blame not us at all, Daphnis, we have greater care of Chloe than thou thyself hast. We took pity on her when she was yet but an infant, and when she lay in this cave took her ourselves and saw her nursed. She does not at all belong to the fields, nor to the flocks of Dryas. And even now we have provided, as to her, that she shall not be carried a slave to Methymna, nor be any part of the enemies' prey. We have begged of Pan, Pan that stands under yonder pine, whom you have never honoured so much as with flowers, that he would bring back thy Chloe and our votary. For Pan is more accustomed to camps than we are, and leaving the countryside has made many wars, and the Methymnaeans shall find him an infesting enemy. Trouble not thyself any longer, but get thee up and shew thyself to Myrtale and Lamo, who now themselves lie cast on the ground thinking thee too to be part of the rapine. For Chloe shall certainly come to thee to-morrow, accompanied with the sheep and the goats. You shall feed together as before and play together on the pipe. For other things concerning you, Love himself will take the care."

Now when Daphnis had seen and heard these things, he started up out of his sleep, and with tears in his eyes both of pleasure and of grief, adored the statues of the Nymphs, and vowed to sacrifice to them the best of all his she-goats if Chloe should return safe. And running to the pine where the statue of Pan was placed, the head horned, the legs a goat's, one hand holding a pipe, the other a he-goat leaping, that too he adored, and made a vow for the safety of Chloe and promised Pan a he-goat.

Scarce now with the setting of the sun he made a pause of his weeping, his wailing, and his prayers, and taking up the boughs he had cut in the wood, returned to the cottage, comforted Lamo and his household and made them merry, refreshed himself with meat and wine, and fell into a deep sleep, yet not that without tears, praying to see the Nymphs again and calling for an early day, the day that they had promised Chloe.

That night seemed the longest of nights, but in it these wonders were done. The general of the Methymnaeans, when he had borne off to sea about ten furlongs, would refresh his wearied soldiers after the incursion and plunder. Coming up therefore to a promontore which ran into the sea, winding itself into a half moon within which the sea made a calmer station than in a port — in this place when he had cast anchor (lest the rustics should mischieve him from the land), he permitted them securely to rant and be jovial as in peace. The Methymnaeans, because by this direption they abounded with all things, feasted, caroused, and danced, and celebrated victorials.

But the day being now spent and their mirth protracted to the night, on a sudden all the land seemed to be on a light fire, then anon their ears were struck with an impetuous clattering of oars as if a great navy were a coming. Some cried out the general must arm, some called this and others that, here some thought they were wounded, there others lay like dead men. A man would have thought he had seen a kind of nocturnal battle, when yet there was no enemy there.

The night thus past in these spectres, the day arose far more terrible than the night. For on the horns of all Daphnis his goats there grew up on a sudden the berried ivy, and Chloe's sheep were heard to howl like wolves in the woods. Chloe herself in the midst of her flocks appeared crowned with a most fresh and shady pine. In the sea itself too there happened many wonders, paradoxes, and prodigies. For when they labored to weigh their anchors and be gone, their anchors stuck as fast as the earth, and when they cast their oars to row, they snapped and broke, leaping dolphins with the thumping of their tails loosened the planks of the barges. From that crag which lifted up itself over the promontore, was heard a strange sound of a pipe, yet it was not pleasing as a pipe, but like a trumpet or a terrible cornet, which made them run to their arms and call those enemies whom they saw not at all. Insomuch that they wished it might again, as if they should have a truce by that.

Yet those things which then happened might very well be understood by such as were wise, namely that those spectres, phantasms, and sounds proceeded from Pan, shewing himself angry at the voyagers. Yet the cause they could not conjecture (for nothing sacred to Pan was robbed), until about high noon, their grand captain not without the impulse of some deity fallen into a sleep, Pan himself appeared to him and rated him thus: "O ye most unholy and wickedest of mortals! What made you so bold as madly to attempt and do such outrages as these? You have not only filled with war these fields that are so dear to me, but also you have driven away herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats that were my care. Besides, you have taken sacrilegiously from the altars of the Nymphs a maid of whom Love himself will write a story. Nor did you at all revere the Nymphs that looked upon you when you did it, nor yet me whom very you knew to be Pan. Therefore you shall never see Methymna, sailing away with those spoils, nor shall you escape that terrible pipe from the promontore, but I will drown you every man and make you food for the fish, unless thou speedily restore to the Nymphs as well Chloe as Chloe's herds and flocks. Rise therefore and send the maid ashore, send her with all that I command thee, and I shall be as well to thee a convey in thy voyage home as to her a conduct on her way to the fields."

Bryaxis, being astonished at this, started up, and calling together the captains of the ships, commanded that Chloe should be quickly sought for among the captives. They found her presently and brought her before

him, for she sate crowned with the pine. The general, remembering that the pine was the mark and signal distinction which he had in his dream, carried the maid ashore in the admiral with no small observance and ceremonious fear. Now as soon as Chloe was set on shore, the sound of the pipe from the promontore began to be heard again, not martial and terrible as before, but perfectly pastoral such as is used to lead the cattle to feed in the fields. The sheep ran down the scale of the ship, slipping and sliding on their horny hooves, the goats more boldly, for they were used to climb the crags and steeps of the hills. The whole flock encircled Chloe, moving as in a dance about her, and with their skipping and their blating shewed a kind of joyfulness and exultation. But the goats of other goatherds, as also the sheep and the herds, stirred not a foot, but remained still in the holds of the ships as if the music of that pipe did not at all call for them.

When therefore they were all struck with admiration at these things and celebrated the praises of Pan, there were yet seen in both the elements things more wonderful than those before. For the ships of the Methymnaeans before they had weighed their anchors ran amain, and a huge dolphin bouncing still out of the sea went before and led their admiral. On the land a most sweet melodious pipe led the goats and the sheep, and yet nobody saw the piper, only all the cattle went along together and fed rejoicing at his music.

It was now the time of the second pasturing, when Daphnis having spied from a high stand Chloe coming with the flocks, crying out mainly, "O ye Nymphs, O blessed Pan!" made down to the plain, and rushing into the embraces of Chloe, in a swoon fell to the ground. With much ado when he was come to himself with Chloe's kisses and embraces in her close and warm arms, he got to the oak where they were wont, and when he was sate down on the trunk he asked her how she had escaped such a dangerous captivity as that. Then she told him everything one after another, how the fresh and berried ivy appeared on the horns of all the goats, how her sheep howled like wolves, how a pine sprung up upon her head, how all the land seemed on a fire, what horrible fragors and clashings were heard from the sea, with the two tones of that pipe from the crag of the promontore, the one to war, the other to peace, the terrible spectres of the night, how she not knowing her way had for her companion and guide the sweet music of that strange invisible pipe.

Daphnis then acknowledged the vision of the Nymphs and the works of Pan, and storied to her what he himself had seen, and what he had heard, and how when he was ready to die for grief his life was saved by the providence and kindness of the holy Nymphs. And then presently he sent her away to bring Dryas and Lamo and their wives to the sacrifice, and all things necessary for such a devotion to Pan and the Nymphs. In the meantime he caught the fairest of all his she goats, and when he

had crowned it with ivy in that manner as the whole flock had appeared to the enemy, and had poured milk on the horns, in the name of the Nymphs he struck and killed it, and sacrificed it to them. He hanged it up, took off the skin, consecrated that, and made it an offering.

When Chloe with her company was come, he made a fire, and some of the flesh being boiled and some roasted, he offered the first and chiefest parts of both to the Nymphs, and filling a bowl with new wine, made a libation, then, having made several beds of green leaves, every man gave himself wholly to eating, drinking, and playing, only they looked out now and then lest the irruption of a wolf upon the flocks should chance to do something like an enemy. They sung too certain songs in the praise of the Nymphs, the solemn carmens of the ancient shepherds. All that night they lay in the fields, and the next day they were not unmindful of the wonder-working Pan, but took the he goat that was captain and leader of the flock, and when they had crowned him with pine garlands they brought him to the pine, and pouring wine upon his head, with benedictions and thankful praise they sacrificed him to Pan the preserver. Then hanging him up they flayed him, and the flesh, part roasted, part boiled, they set upon banks of green leaves hard by in the meadow. The skin, horns and all, they pegged to the pine close to the statue, to a pastoral God a pastoral offering. They offered too the first carvings of the flesh, and made him a libation with a greater bowl than to the Nymphs. Chloe sang and Daphnis played upon the pipe.

These rites performed, they sate down and fell to feast. And it hapened that Philetas the herdsman came up to them bringing with him certain garlands to honor Pan, together with grapes hanging still among the leaves and branches. His youngest son Tityrus came along with him, a ruddy lad, grey eyed and fair skinned, stout and fierce, and of a nimble bounding pace like a kid. When they saw what the intention of the good old Philetas was, they started up, and all together crowned the statue of Pan with garlands, and hanged the palmits with their grapes upon the leaves of the pine, and then they make Philetas sit down to the feast and be their guest, to eat and drink and celebrate. Then, as old men use to do when they are a little whittled with wine, they had various discourses and chats amongst them, how bravely in their youth they had administered the pasturing of their flocks and herds, how in their time they had escaped very many invasions and inroads of pirates and thieves. Here one bragged that he had killed a wolf, here another that he had bin second to Pan alone in the skill and art of piping. And this was the crack of Philetas, and therefore Daphnis and Chloe used all manner of supplications to him, that he would communicate with them that art of piping, and play upon the pipe at the feast of that God whom he knew to delight so much in the pipe.

Philetas promised to do it, although he blamed old age for his short

breath, and so took Daphnis his pipe. But that being too little for so great an art, as being made to be inspired by the mouth of a boy, he sent his son Tityrus for his own, the cottage lying distance from thence but ten furlongs. Tityrus, flinging off his jacket, ran swift as a hind. But Lamo promised to tell them that tale of the pipe which a Sicilian goatherd, hired by him for a goat and a pipe, had sung to him.

"This pipe was heretofore no organ, but a very fair maid, who had a sweet and musical voice. She fed goats, played together with the Nymphs, and sang as now Pan, while she in this manner was tending her goats, playing and singing, came to her and endeavoured to persuade her to what he desired, and promised her that he would make all her goats bring forth twins every year. But she disdained and derided his love, and denied to take him to be her sweetheart who was neither perfect man nor perfect goat. Pan follows her with violence and thinks to force her. Syrinx fled Pan and his force. Being now weary with her flight, she shot herself into a grove of reeds, sunk in the fen, and disappeared. Pan for anger cut up the reeds and finding not the maid there, and then reflecting upon what had happened, joined together unequal quills, because their love was so unequal, and thus invented this organ. So she who then was a fair maid is now become a musical pipe."

Lamo had now done his tale and Philetas praised him for it as one that had told them a story far sweeter than any song, when Tityrus came in and brought his father's pipe, a large organ and made of great quills, and where it was joined together with wax there too it was set and varied with brass. Insomuch that one would have thought that this had bin that very pipe which Pan the inventor made first. When therefore Philetas was got up and had set himself upright on a bench, first he tried the quills whether they sounded clear and sweet, then, finding never a cane was stopped, he played a loud and lusty tune. One would not have thought that he had heard but one pipe, the sound was so high, the consort so full. But by little and little remitting that vehemence, he changed it to a soft and sweeter tone, and displaying all the art of pastoral music, he shewed upon the pipe what notes were fit for the herds of cows and oxen, what agreed with the flocks of goats, what were pleasing to the sheep. The tones for the sheep were soft and sweet, those of the herds were vehement, and for the goats were sharp and shrill. In sum, that single pipe of his expressed even all the shepherd's pipes.

Therefore the rest in deep silence sate still, delighted and charmed with that music. But Dryas, rising and bidding him strike up a Dionysiac tune, fell to dance before them the dance of the wine press. And now he acted to the life the cutting and gathering of the grapes, now the carrying of the baskets, then the treading of the grapes in the press, then presently the tunning of the wine into the butts, and then again their joyful and hearty carousing the must. All these things he represented so aptly and clearly

in his dancing, that they all thought they verily saw before their face the vines, the grapes, the press, the butts, and that Dryas did drink indeed

This third old man when he had pleased them so well with his dance, embraced and kissed Daphnis and Chloe Therefore they two, rising quickly, fell to dancing Lamo's tale Daphnis played Pan, and Chloe Syrinx He woos and prays to persuade and win her, she shews her disdain, laughs at his love, and flies him Daphnis follows as to force her, and running on his tiptoes, imitates the hooves of Pan Chloe on the other side, acts Syrinx wearied with her flight, and throws herself into the wood as she had done into the fen But Daphnis, catching up that great pipe of Philetas, plays at first something that was doleful and bewailing, as a lover, then something that made love and was persuasive to relenting, then a recall from the wood, as from one that dearly sought her Inasmuch that Philetas, struck with admiration and joy, could not hold from leaping up and kissing Daphnis Then he gave him that pipe of his and commanded him to leave it to a successor like himself Daphnis hanged up his own small one to Pan, and when he had kissed his Chloe, as returning from a true unfeigned flight, he began to drive home his flocks (for night was fallen), piping all the way Chloe too by the same music gathered together her flocks and drove them home, the goats strutting along with the sheep, and Daphnis walking close by Chloe Thus till it was night they filled themselves the one with the other, and agreed to drive out their flocks sooner the next morning

And so they did For as soon as it was day they went out to pasture, and when they had first saluted the Nymphs and then Pan, afterwards sitting down under the oak they had the music of the pipe After that, they kissed, embraced, and hugged one another, and lay down together on the ground, and so rose up again Nor were they incurious of their meat, and for their drink they drank wine mingled with milk With all which incentives being more heated and made more lively and forward, they practised between them an amorous controversy about their love to one another, and by little and little came to bind themselves by the faith of oaths For Daphnis coming up to the pine, swore by Pan that he would not live alone in this world without Chloe so much as the space of one day And Chloe swore in the cave of the Nymphs that she would have the same death and life with Daphnis

Yet such was the simplicity of Chloe, as being but a girl, that when she came out of the cave she demanded another oath of Daphnis "Daphnis," quoth she, "Pan is a wanton, faithless God, for he loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx too Besides, he never ceases to trouble and vex the Dryads and to solicit the Nymphs the president Goddesses of our flocks Therefore he, if by thy faithlessness shouldst neglect him, would not take care to punish thee, although thou shouldst go to more maids than there are quills in that pipe But do thou swear to me by this flock of goats, and by that

goat which was thy nurse, that thou wilt never forsake Chloe so long as she is faithful to thee, and when she is false and injurious to thee and the Nymphs, then fly her, then hate her, and kill her, like a wolf " Daphnis was pleased with this pretty jealousy, and standing in the midst of his flocks, with one hand laying hold on a she goat and the other on a he, swore that he would love Chloe that loved him, and that if she preferred any other to Daphnis, then he would slay, not her, but him that she preferred Of this Chloe was glad, and believed him as a poor harmless maid, one that was bred a shepherdess and thought that flocks of sheep and goats were proper deities of the shepherds

THE THIRD BOOK

BUT the Mytilenaeans, when they heard of the expedition of those ten ships, and some of the countrymen coming up from the farms had told them what a plundering and rapine there had bin, thought it too disgraceful to be borne, and therefore decreed to raise arms against Methymna with all speed And having chosen out three thousand targettees and five hundred horse, they sent away their general Hippasus by land, not daring to trust the sea in winter

He did not as he marched depopulate the fields of Methymna, nor did he rob the farms of the husbandmen or the pastures of the shepherds, counting such actions as those to suit better with a larron than the grand captain of an army, but hasted up to the town itself to surprize it But while he was yet an hundred furlongs off from the town an herald met him with articles For after that the Methymnaeans were informed by the captives that the Mytilenaeans knew nothing of those things that had happened, and that ploughmen and shepherds provoked by the young gentlemen were they that were the causes of it all, it repented them of that expedition of Bryaxis against a neighbouring city, as of an action more precipitant than moderate and wise, and they were eager to return all the prey and spoil that was taken and carried away, and to have commerce and trade securely with them by land and by sea

Therefore Hippasus dispatches away that herald to Mytilene, although he had bin created the general of the war and so had power to sign as he listed, and pitching his camp about ten furlongs from Methymna, there he attended mandates from the city Two days after, the messenger returned, and brought a command that they should receive the plundered goods and all the captives, and march home without doing the least harm, because Methymna, when war or peace were offered to be chosen, found peace to be more profitable And this quarrel betwixt Methymna and Mytilene, which was of an unexpected beginning and end, was thus taken up and composed

And now winter was come on, a winter more bitter than war to Daphnis

and Chloe For on a sudden there fell a great snow, which blinded all the paths, stopped up all the ways, and shut up all the shepherds and husbandmen The torrents rushed down in flood, and the lakes were frozen and glazed with crystal The hedges and trees looked as if they had bin breaking down All the ground was hoodwinked up but that which lay upon the fountains and the rills And therefore no man drove out his flocks to pasture or did so much as come out of the door, but about the cock's crowing made their fires nose high, and some spun flax, some wove tarpaulin for the sea, others with all their sophistry made gins and nets and traps for birds At that time their care was employed about the oxen and cows that were foddered with chaff in the stalls, about the goats and about the sheep which fed on green leaves in the shepcotes and the folds, or else about fattening their hogs in the sties with acorns and other mast

When all was thus taken up perforce with their domestic affairs, the other husbandmen and shepherds were very jovial and merry, as being for a while discharged of their labors and able to have their breakfast in the morning after sleeping long winter nights, so that the winter was to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or the very spring But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered what a sweet conversation they had held before, how they had kissed, how they had embraced and hugged one another, how they had lived at a common scrip, all which were now as pleasures lost, now they had long and sleepless nights, now they had sad and pensive days, and desired nothing so much as a quick return of the spring, to become their regeneration and return from death

Besides this, it was their grief and complaint if but a scrip came to their hands out of which they had eaten together, or a sillibub piggin out of which they had used both to drink, or if they chanced to see a pipe laid aside and neglected such as had bin not long before a lover's gift from one to the other And therefore they prayed severally to Pan and the Nymphs that they would deliver them from these as from the other evils and miseries, and shew to them and their flocks the Sun again And while they prayed, they laboured too and cast about to find a way by which they might come to see one another Poor Chloe was void of all counsel and had no device nor plot For the old woman her reputed mother was by her continually, and taught her to card the fine wool and twirl the spindle, or else was still a clocking for her, and ever and anon casting in words and twattling to her about her marriage But Daphnis, who was now at leisure enough and was of a more projecting wit than a maid, devised this sophism to see her

Before Dryas his cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself, there grew two tall myrtles and an ivy bush The myrtles stood not far off from one another, and between them the ivy ran, and so that it made a kind of arbor by clasping the arms about them both and by the order, the thickness, and interweaving of its branches and leaves, many and great

clusters of berries hanging from it like those of the vines from the palmitis And therefore it was, that great store of winter birds haunted the bush, for want, it seems, of food abroad, many blackbirds, many thrushes, stock-doves and starlings, with other birds that feed on berries

Under pretext of birding there, Daphnis came out, his scrip furnished indeed with sweet country dainties, but bringing with him, to persuade and affirm his meaning, snares and lime twigs for the purpose The place lay off but ten furlongs, and yet the snow that lay unmelted found him somewhat to do to pass through it But all things are pervious to love, even fire, water, and Scythian snows Therefore plodding through, he came up to the cottage, and when he had shook off the snow from his thighs, he set his snares and pricked his lime twigs Then he sate down and waited for Chloe and the birds

There flew to the bushes many birds, and a sufficient number was taken to busy Daphnis a thousand ways, in running up and down, in gathering, killing, and pluming his game But nobody stirred out of the cottage, not a man or woman to be seen, not so much as a hen at the door, but all were shut up in the warm house, so that poor Daphnis knew not what in the world to do, but was at a stand as if his luck had bin less fair than fowl And assuredly he would have ventured to intrude himself, if he could but have found out some specious cause and plausible enough, and so deliberated with himself what was the likeliest to be said "I'll say I came to fetch fire, And was there no neighbor, they will say, within a furlong, let alone ten? I came to borrow bread, But thy scrip is stuffed with cakes I wanted wine, Thy vintage was but tother day A wolf pursued me, Where are the tracings of a wolf? I came hither to catch birds, And when thou hast caught them why gettest thou not thyself home? I have a mind to see Chloe, But who art thou to confess such a thing as that to the father and mother of a maid? — and then, on every side vanquished, I shall stand mum But enough, there is not one of all these things that carries not suspicion with it Therefore it's better to go presently away in silence, and I shall see Chloe at the first peeping of the spring, since, as it seems, the Fates prohibit it in winter"

These thoughts cast up and down in his anxious mind and his prey taken up, he was thinking to be gone and was making away, when, as if Love himself had pitied his cause, it happened thus Dryas and his family were at table, the meat was taken up and divided to messes, the bread was laid out, the wine bowl set and trimmed But one of the flock dogs took his time while they were busy, and ran out adoors with a shoulder of mutton Dryas was vexed (for that belonged to his mess), and snatching up a club, followed at his heels as if it had bin another dog This pursuit brought him up to the ivy, where he espied the young Daphnis with his birds on his back, and about to pack away With that, forgetting the dog and the flesh, he cries out amain, "Hail, boy! hail, boy!" and fell on his

neck to kiss him, and catching him by the hand, led him along into the house

And then it wanted but a little that Daphnis and Chloe fell not both to the ground when at first they saw one another Yet while they strove with themselves to stand upright, there passed salutations and kisses between them, and those to them were as pillars and sustentations to hold them from toppling into swoons Daphnis having now got, beyond all hope, not only a kiss but Chloe herself too, sate down by the fire and laid upon the table his blackbirds and stock-doves, and fell to tell them how tedious the business of the house and keeping within had bin to him, and that therefore he was come to recreate himself and, as they saw, to catch birds, how he had taken some with lime twigs, some with snares, as they were feeding greedily upon the ivy and the myrtle berries

They, on the other side, fell to commend and praise Daphnis his diligence, and bade him eat of that which the dog had left, and commanded Chloe to wait on them and fill their wine She with a merry countenance filled to the rest, and after them to Daphnis, for she feigned a pretty anger because that when he was there he would offer to go away in such a manner and not see her Yet before she gave it to him she kissed the cup and sipped a little, and so gave it Daphnis, although he was almost choked for want of drink, drank slowly, tickling himself, by that delay, with longer pleasure

Dinner was quickly done and the table voided of bread and meat, and when they were sate down everybody began to ask how Lamo and Myrtale had done a great while, and so went on to pronounce them happy folks who had got such a stay and cherisher of their old age And it was no small pleasure to Daphnis to be praised so in the hearing of Chloe And when, besides, they said that he must and should tarry with them the next day because it was their sacrifice to Bacchus, it wanted but a little that for very pleasure the ravished lover had worshipped them instead of Bacchus himself, and therefore presently he drew out of his scrip good store of sweet cakes and the birds he had caught, and these were ordered to be made ready for supper

A fresh bowl of wine was set, a new fire kindled up, and night soon coming on they fell to eat again When supper was done and part of their time was spent in telling of old tales, part in singing some of the ditties of the fields, they went to bed, Chloe with her mother, Daphnis with Drvas But then nothing was sweet and pleasing to poor Chloe but that the next morning she should see her Daphnis again, and Daphnis entertained the night himself with a fantastic, empty pleasure, for it was sweet to his imagination to lie but with the father of Chloe, and he often embraced and kissed him, dreaming to himself that it was she

In the morning it was a sharp frost and the north wind was very nipping, when they all rose and prepared to celebrate A young ram was sac

rificed to Bacchus and a huge fire built up to cook the meat While Nape was making the bread and Dryas boiling the ram, Daphnis and Chloe had time to go forth as far as the ivy bush, and when he had set his snares again and pricked his lime twigs, they not only caught good store of birds, but had a sweet collation of kisses without intermission, and a dear conversation in the language of love "Chloe, I came for thy sake" "I know it, Daphnis" "'Tis long of thee that I destroy the poor birds" "What wilt thou with me?" "Remember me" "I remember thee, by the Nymphs by whom heretofore I have sworn in yonder cave, whither we will go as soon as ever the snow melts" "But it lies very deep, Chloe, and I fear I shall melt before the snow" "Courage, man, the Sun burns hot" "I would it burnt like that fire which now burns my very heart" "You do but gibe and cozen me!" "I do not, by the goats by which thou didst once bid me to swear to thee"

While Chloe, like another Echo, was holding her antiphona to Daphnis, Nape called and in they ran, with even more birds than had bin taken the day before Now when they had made a libation from the bowl to Dionysus, they fell to their meat, with ivy crowns upon their heads And when it was time, having cried the Jacchus and Eueo, they sent away Daphnis, his scrip first crammed with flesh and bread They gave him too the stock-doves and thrushes to carry Lamo and Myrtale, as being like to catch themselves more while the frost and ivy lasted And so Daphnis went his way when he had kissed the rest first and then Chloe, that he might carry along with him her kiss untouched and entire And now by that device and now by this he came often thither, insomuch that the winter escaped not away wholly without some fruition of the sweets of love

It was now the beginning of spring, the snow melting, the earth uncovering herself, and the grass growing green, when the other shepherds drove out their flocks to pasture, and Chloe and Daphnis before the rest, as being servants to a greater shepherd And forthwith they took their course up to the Nymphs and that cave, and thence to Pan and his pine, afterwards to their own oak, where they sate down to look to their flocks and kiss each other They sought about for flowers too to crown the statues of the Gods The soft breath of Zephyrus, and the warm Sun, had but now brought them forth, but there were then to be found the violet, the daffodil, the anagall, with the other primes and dawnings of the spring And when they had crowned the statues of the Gods with them, they made a libation with new milk, Chloe from the sheep and Daphnis from the goats They paid too the first-fruits of the pipe, as it were to provoke and challenge the nightingales with their music and song The nightingales answered softly from the groves, and as if they remembered their long intermitted song, began by little and little to jug and warble their Tereus and Itys again

Here and there the blating of the flocks was heard, and the lambs came

skipping and inclined themselves obliquely under the dams to wriggle and nussle at their dugs But those which had not yet teemed, the rams pursued, and had their will of them There were seen too the more ardent chases of the he goats, which sometimes had battles for the she's, and everyone had his own wives and kept them solicitously Even old men, seeing such sights as these, had bin pricked to love, but the young and lusty were wholly inflamed with what they heard and melted away with what they saw, and amongst them was Daphnis chief For he, as having spent his time in keeping tediously at home all the winter, was carried furiously to kissing and embracing, and in what he did was now more vehement than ever before

But there was a certain neighbor of his, a landed man, Chromis his name, and was now by his age somewhat declining He married out of the city a young, fair, and buxom girl, one that was too fine and delicate for the country and a clown Her name was Lycaenum, and she, observing Daphnis as every day early in the morning he drove his goats by to the fields and home again at the first twilight, had a great mind to beguile the youth by gifts to become her sweetheart And therefore once when she had skulked for her opportunity and caught him alone, she had given him a curious fine pipe, some precious honeycombs, and a new scrip of stag-skin, but durst not break her mind to him because she could easily conjecture at that dear love he bore to Chloe, for she saw him wholly addicted to the girl

So much then she had perceived before by the winking, nodding, laughing, and tittering that was between them But that morning she had made Chromis believe that she was to go to a woman's labor, and had followed softly behind them two at some distance, and then slipped away into a thicket and hid herself, and so had heard all that they said and seen too all that they did, and even the tears of the untaught Daphnis had bin perfectly within her sight Wherefore she began to condole the condition of the wretched lovers, and finding that she had light upon a double opportunity, she projected to accomplish both her desires by this device

The next day, making as if she went to that woman again, she came up openly to the oak where Daphnis and Chloe were sitting together, and skilfully counterfeiting that she was scared, "Help, Daphnis, help me," quoth she, "an eagle has carried clean away from me the goodliest goose of twenty in a flock, which yet by reason of the great weight she was not able to carry to the top of that her wonted high crag, but is fallen down with her into yonder copse For the Nymphs' sake and this Pan's, do thou, Daphnis, come in the wood with me and rescue my goose For I dare not go in myself alone Let me not thus lose the tale of my geese And it may be thou mayst kill the eagle too, and then she will scarce come hither any more to prey upon the kids and lambs Chloe for so long will look to the flock, the goats know her as thy perpetual companion in the fields "

Now Daphnis, suspecting nothing of that that was to come, gets up quickly, and taking his staff, followed Lycaenum, who led him as far from Chloe as possibly she could. And when they were come into the thickest part of the wood and she had bid him sit down by a fountain, "Daphnis," quoth she, "thou dost love Chloe, and that I learnt last night of the Nymphs. Those tears which yesterday thou didst pour down were shewn to me in a dream by them, and they commanded me that I should save thee by teaching thee all that thou shouldst know. If then thou wouldst be rid of thy misery, come on, deliver thyself to me a sweet scholar, and I, to gratify the Nymphs, will be thy mistress."

At this, Daphnis, as being a rustic goatherd and a sanguine youth, could not contain himself for mere pleasure, but throws himself at the foot of Lycaenum and begs her that she would teach him that lesson quickly, and as if he were about to accept some rare and brave thing sent from the Gods, for her kindness he promised he would give her too a young kid, some of the finest beastings, nay, besides, he promised her the dam herself. Wherefore Lycaenum, now she had found a rustic simplicity beyond her expectation, gave the lad all his instruction.

These advertisements given, Lycaenum went away through another glade of the wood, as if still she would look for her goose.

And so he comes out of the wood up to the place where Chloe sate plattung a garland of violets, and tells her he had rescued the goose from the claws of the eagle, then flung his arms about her and clasping her to him, kissed her as he had Lycaenum. But Chloe fits the chaplet to his head, and then kisses his locks as fairer and sweeter than the violets, and out of her scrip she gave him of her cakes and simnels to eat, and snatched it by stealth from his mouth again as he was eating, and fed like a young bird in a nest.

While thus they eat and take more kisses than bits, they saw a fisher man's boat come by. The wind was down, the sea was smooth, and there was a great calm. Wherefore when they saw there was need of rowing, they fell to ply the oars stoutly. For they made haste to bring in some fish fresh from the sea to fit the palate of one of the richer citizens of Mytilene. That therefore which other mariners use to elude the tediousness of labour, these began, and held on as they rowed along. There was one amongst them that was the boatswain, and he had certain sea-songs. The rest, like a chorus all together, strained their throats to a loud holla, and caught his voice at certain intervals. While they did thus in the open sea, their voices vanished, as being diffused in the vast air. But when they came under a promontore into a flexuous, horned, hollow bay, there, as the voices of the rowers were heard stronger, so the songs of the boatswain to the answering mariners fell clearer to the land. For a hollow valley below received into itself that shrill sound as into an organ, and by an imitating voice rendered from itself all that was said, all that was done,

and everything distinctly by itself, by itself the clattering of the oars, by itself the whooping of the seamen, and certainly it was a most pleasant hearing. The sound coming first from the sea, the sound from the land ended so much the later by how much it was slower to begin.

Daphnis, therefore, knowing what it was, attended wholly to the sea, and was sweetly affected with the pinnace gliding by like a bird in the air, endeavouring the while to preserve to himself some of those tones to play afterwards upon his pipe. But Chloe, having then her first experience of that which is called echo, now cast her eyes towards the sea, minding the loud songs of the mariners, now to the woods, seeking for those who answered from thence with such a clamor. And when because the pinnace was passed away there was in the valley too a deep silence, she asked of Daphnis whether there were sea beyond the promontore and another ship did pass by there, and whether there were other mariners that had sung the same songs and all now were whist and kept silence together. At this, Daphnis laughed a sweet laugh, and giving her a sweeter kiss, put the violet chaplet upon her head, and began to tell her the tale of Echo, requiring first that when he had taught her that, he should have of her for his wages ten kisses more.

“There are of the Nymphs, my dear girl, more kinds than one. There are the Meliæ of the Ash, there are the Dryades of the Oak, there are the Heleæ of the Fen. All are beautiful, all are musical. To one of these Echo was daughter, and she mortal because she came of a mortal father, but a rare beauty, deriving from a beauteous mother. She was educated by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the hautboy and the pipe, to strike the lyre, to touch the lute, and in sum, all music. And therefore when she was grown up and in the flower of her virgin beauty, she danced together with the Nymphs and sung in consort with the Muses, but fled from all males, whether men or Gods, because she loved virginity. Pan sees that, and takes occasion to be angry at the maid, and to envy her music because he could not come at her beauty. Therefore he sends a madness among the shepherds and goatherds, and they in a desperate fury, like so many dogs and wolves, tore her all to pieces and flung about them all over the earth her yet singing limbs. The Earth in observance of the Nymphs buried them all, preserving to them still their music property, and they by an everlasting sentence and decree of the Muses breathe out a voice. And they imitate all things now as the maid did before, the Gods, men, organs, beasts. Pan himself they imitate too when he plays on the pipe, which when he hears he bounces out and begins to post over the mountains, not so much to catch and hold as to know what clandestine imitator that is that he has got.” When Daphnis thus had told his tale, Chloe gave him not only ten more kisses but innumerable. For Echo said almost the same, as if to bear him witness that he did not lie.

But now, when the Sun grew every day more burning, the spring going out and summer coming in, they were invited to new and summer pleasure Daphnis he swam in the rivers, Chloe she bathed in the springs, he with his pipe contended with the pines, she with her voice strove with the nightingales Sometimes they hunted the prattling locusts, sometimes they caught the chirping grasshoppers They gathered flowers together, together they shook the trees for mellow fruits And now and then they lay side by side with a goatskin to their common coverlet

That summer Chloe had many suitors, and many came from many places, and came often, to Dryas, to get his goodwill to have her Some brought their gifts along with them, others promised great matters if they should get her Nape was tempted by her hope, and began to persuade him that the girl should be bestowed, and to urge that a maid of her age should not longer be kept at home, for who knows whether one time or other she may not for an apple or a rose, as she keeps the field, make some unworthy shepherd a man, and therefore it was better she should now be made the dame of a house, and that they getting much by her, it should be laid up for their own son, for of late they had born a jolly boy

But Dryas was variously affected with what was said Sometimes he was ready to give way, for greater gifts were named to him by everyone than suited with a rural girl, a shepherdess Sometimes again he thought the maid deserved better than to be married to a clown, and that if ever she should find her true parents she might make him and his family happy Then he defers his answer to the wooers and puts them off from day to day, and in the interim has many presents

When Chloe came to the knowledge of this, she was very sad, and hid it long from Daphnis because she would not give him a cause of grief But when he was importunate and urged her to tell him what the matter was, and seemed to be more troubled when he knew it not, than he should be when he knew it, then, poor girl, she told him all, as well of the wooers that were so many and so rich, as of the words by which Nape incited Dryas to marry her speedily, and how Dryas had not denied it but only had put it off to the vintage Daphnis with this is at his wit's end, and sitting down he wept bitterly, and said that if Chloe were no longer to tend sheep with him he would die, and not only he, but all the flocks that lost so sweet a shepherdess

After this passion Daphnis came to himself again and took courage, thinking he should persuade Dryas in his own behalf, and resolved to put himself among the wooers with hope that his desert would say for him, "Room for your betters" There was one thing troubled him worst of all, and that was, his father Lamo was not rich That disheartened him, that allayed his hope much Nevertheless it seemed best that he should come in for a sutor, and that was Chloe's sentence too To Lamo he durst not

venture to speak, but put on a good face and spoke to Myrtale, and did not only shew her his love, but talked to her of marrying the girl. And in the night, when they were in bed, she acquainted Lamo with it. But Lamo entertaining what she said in that case very harshly, and chiding her that she should offer to make a match between a shepherd's daughter and such a youth as he, whose tokens did declare him a great fortune and of high extraction, and one that if his true parents were found would not only make them free but possessors of larger lands, Myrtale, considering the power of love, and therefore fearing, if he should altogether despair of the marriage, lest he should attempt something upon his life, returned him other causes than Lamo had, to contradict.

"My son, we are but poor, and have more need to take a bride that does bring us something than one that will have much from us. They, on the other side, are rich and such as look for rich husbands. Go thou and persuade Chloe, and let her persuade her father, that he shall ask no great matter, and give you his consent to marry. For, on my life, she loves thee dearly, and had rather a thousand times lie with a poor and handsome man than a rich monkey." And now Myrtale, who expected that Dryas would never consent to these things because there were rich wooers, thought she had finely excused to him their refusing of the marriage.

Daphnis knew not what to say against this, and so finding himself far enough off from what he desired, that which is usual with lovers who are beggars, that he did. With tears he lamented his condition, and again implored the help of the Nymphs. They appeared to him in the night in his sleep, in the same form and habit as before, and she that was eldest spoke again. "Some other of the Gods takes the care about the marrying of Chloe, but we shall furnish thee with gifts which will easily make her father Dryas. That ship of the Methymnaeans, when thy goats had eaten her cable, that very day was carried off by the winds far from the shore. But that night there arose a tempestuous sea wind that blew to the land and dashed her against the rocks of the promontore, there she perished with much of that which was in her. But the waves cast up a purse in which there are three thousand drachmas, and that thou shalt find covered with ouse hard by a dead dolphin, near which no passenger comes, but turns another way as fast as he can, detesting the stench of the rotting fish. But do thou make haste thither, take it, and give it to Dryas. And let it suffice that now thou art not poor, and hereafter in time thou shalt be rich." This spoken, they passed away together with the night.

It was now day, and Daphnis leapt out of bed as full of joy as his heart could hold, and hurried his goats, with much whistling, to the field, and after he had kissed Chloe and adored the Nymphs, to the sea he goes, making as if that morning he had a mind to bedew himself with sea water. And walking there upon the gravel, near the line of the excursion and breaking of the waves, he looked for his three thousand drachmas. But

soon he found he should not be put to much labor. For the stench of the dolphin had reached him as he lay cast up and was rotting upon the slabby sand. When he had got that scent for his guide, he came up presently to the place, and removing the ouse, found the purse full of silver. He took it up and put it into his scrip, yet went not away till with joyful devotion he had blest the Nymphs and the very sea, for though he was a keeper of goats, yet he was now obliged to the sea, and had a sweeter sense of that than the land, because it had promoted him to marry Chloe. Thus having got his three thousand drachmas, he made no longer stay, but as if now he were not only richer than any of the clowns that dwelt there but than any man that trod on the ground, he hastens to Chloe, tells her his dream, shews her the purse, and bids her look to his flocks till he comes again. Then stretching and strutting along, he bustles in like a lord upon Dryas, whom he then found with Nape at the threshing floor, and on a sudden talked very boldly about the marrying of Chloe. "Give me Chloe to my wife. For I can play finely on the pipe, I can cut the vines, and I can plant them. Nor am I ignorant how and when the ground is to be ploughed, or how the corn is to be winnowed and fanned by the wind. But how I keep and govern flocks, Chloe can tell. Fifty she goats I had of my father Lamo, I have made them as many more and doubled the number. Besides, I have brought up goodly, proper he-goats, whereas before, we went for leaps to other men's. Moreover, I am a young man, your neighbor too, and one that you cannot twit in the teeth with anything. And, further, I had a goat to my nurse as your Chloe had a sheep. Since in these I have got the start and outgone others, neither in gifts shall I be any whit behind them. They may give you the scrag-end of a small flock of sheep and goats, a rascal pair of oxen, and so much corn as scant will serve to keep the hens. But from me, look you here, three thousand drachmas. Only let nobody know of this, no, not so much as my father Lamo." With that, he gave it into his hand, embraced Dryas, and kissed him.

They, when they saw such an unexpected sum of money, without delay promised him Chloe and to procure Lamo's consent. Nape therefore stayed there with Daphnis and drove her oxen about the floor to break the ears very small and slip out the grain, with her hurdle set with sharp stones. But Dryas, having carefully laid up the purse of silver in that place where the tokens of Chloe were kept, makes away presently to Lamo and Myrtale on a strange errand, to woo them for a bridegroom. Them he found a measuring barley newly fanned, and much dejected because that year the ground had scarcely restored them their seed. Dryas put in to comfort them concerning that, affirming it was a common cause, and that everywhere he met with the same cry, and then asks their good will that Daphnis should marry Chloe, and told them withal that although others did offer him great matters, yet of them he would take nothing, nay,

rather he would give them somewhat for him "For," quoth he, "they have bin bred up together, and by keeping their flocks together in the fields are grown to so dear a love as is not easy to be dissolved, and now they are of such an age as says they may go to bed together" This said Dryas and much more, because for the fee of his oratory to the marriage he had at home three thousand drachmas

And now Lamo could no longer obtend poverty (for Chloe's parents themselves did not disdain his lowness), nor yet Daphnis his age (for he was come to his flowery youth) That indeed which troubled him, and yet he would not say so, was this, namely that Daphnis was of higher merit then such a match could suit withal But after a short silence, he returned him this answer "You do well to prefer your neighbors to strangers, and not to esteem riches better than honest poverty Pan and the Nymphs be good to you for this And I for my part do not at all hinder this marriage It were madness in me who am now ancient and want many hands to my daily work, if I should not think it a great and desirable good to join to me the friendship and alliance of your family Besides, Chloe is sought after by very many, a fair maid and altogether of honest manners and behaviour But because I am only a servant, and not the lord of anything I have, it is necessary my lord and master should be acquainted with this, that he may give his consent to it Go to, then, let us agree to put off the wedding till the next autumn Those that use to come from the city to us, tell us that he will then be here Then they shall be man and wife, and in the mean time let them love like sister and brother Yet know this, Dryas, the young man thou art in such haste and earnest about is far better than us" And Lamo having thus spoke embraced Dryas and kissed him, and made him sit and drink with him when now it was hot at high noon, and going along with him part of his way treated him altogether kindly

But Dryas had not heard the last words of Lamo only as a chat, and therefore as he walked along he anxiously enquired of himself who Daphnis should be "He was suckled indeed and nursed up by a goat, as if the providence of the Gods had appointed it so But he's of a sweet and beautiful aspect, and no whit like either that flat nosed old fellow or the baldpate old woman He has besides three thousand drachmas, and one would scarcely believe that a goatherd should have so many pears in his possession And has somebody exposed him too as well as Chloe? and was it Lamo's fortune to find him as it was mine to find her? And was he trimmed up with such like tokens as were found by me? If this be so, O mighty Pan, O ye beloved Nymphs, it may be that he having found his own parents may find out something of Chloe's secret too!"

These moping thoughts he had in his mind, and was in a dream up to the floor When he came there, he found Daphnis expecting and pricking

and promised him they should be married in the autumn, then giving him his right hand, assured him on his faith that Chloe should be wife to nobody but Daphnis

Therefore without eating or drinking, swifter than thought he flies to Chloe, finds her at her milking and her cheese making, and full of joy brings her the annunciation of the marriage, and presently began to kiss her, not as before by stealth in a corner of the twilight, but as his wife thenceforward, and took upon him part of her labor He helped her about the milking pail, he put her cheeses into the press, suckled the lambkins and the kids And when all was done they washed themselves, eat and drank their fill, and went to look for mellow fruits

And at that time there was huge plenty because it was the season for almost all There were abundance of pears, abundance of apples Some were now fallen to the ground, some were hanging on the trees Those on the ground had a sweeter scent, those on the boughs a sweeter blush Those had the fragranciness of wine, these had the fragranciness of gold There stood one apple tree that had all its apples pulled, all the boughs were now bare, and they had neither fruit nor leaves, but only there was one apple that swung upon the very top of the spire of the tree, a great one it was and very beautiful, and such as by its rare and rich smell would alone outdo many together It should seem that he that gathered the rest was afraid to climb so high, or cared not to come by it And peradventure that excellent apple was reserved for a shepherd that was in love

When Daphnis saw it, he mantled to be at it, and was even wild to climb the tree, nor would he hear Chloe forbidding him But she, perceiving her interdictions neglected, made in anger towards the flocks Daphnis got up into the tree, and came to the place, and pulling it brought it to Chloe To whom, as she shewed her anger against that adventure, he thus spoke "Sweet maid, fair seasons begot this apple, and a goodly tree brought it up, it was ripened by the beams of the Sun and preserved by the care and kindness of Fortune Nor might I let it alone so long as I had these eyes, lest either it should fall to the ground and some of the cattle as they feed should tread upon it or some creeping thing poison it, or else it should stay aloft for time to spoil while we only look at and praise it Venus, for the victory of her beauty, carried away no other prize, I give thee thus the palm of thine For we are alike, I that witness thy beauty and he that witnessed hers Paris was but a shepherd upon Ida, and I am a goatherd in the happy fields of Mytilene" With that, he put it into her bosom, and Chloe pulling him to her kissed him And so Daphnis repented him not of the boldness to climb so high a tree For he received a kiss from her more precious than a golden apple

THE FOURTH BOOK

AND now one of Lamo's fellow servants brought word from Mytilene that their lord would come towards the vintage, to see whether that irruption of the Methymnaeans had made any waste in those fields. When therefore the summer was now parting away and the autumn approaching, Lamo bestirred himself that his lord's sojourn should present him with pleasure everywhere. He scoured the fountains, that the water might be clear and transparent. He mucked the yard, lest the dung should offend him with the smell. The garden he trimmed with great care and diligence, that all might be pleasant, fresh, and fair.

And that garden indeed was a most beautiful and goodly thing, and such as might become a prince. For it lay extended in length a whole furlong. It was situate on a high ground, and had to its breadth four acres. To a spacious field one would easily have likened it. Trees it had of all kinds, the apple, the pear, the myrtle, the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive, and to these on the one side there grew a rare and taller sort of vines, that bended over and reclined their ripening bunches of grapes among the apples and pomegranates, as if they would vie and contend for beauty and worth of fruits with them. So many kinds there were of satives, or of such as are planted, grafted, or set. To these were not wanting the cypress, the laurel, the platan, and the pine. And towards them, instead of the vine, the ivy leaned, and with the errantry of her boughs and her scattered black berries did imitate the vines and shadowed beauty of the ripening grapes.

Within were kept, as in a garrison, trees of lower growth that bore fruit. Without stood the barren trees, enfolding all, much like a fort or some strong wall that had bin built by the hand of art, and these were encompassed with a spruce, thin hedge. By alleys and glades there was everywhere a just distermiation of things from things, and orderly discretion of tree from tree, but on the tops the boughs met to interweave their limbs and leaves with one another's, and a man would have thought that all this had not bin, as indeed it was, the wild of nature, but rather the work of curious art. Nor were there wanting to these, borders and banks of various flowers, some the earth's own volunteers, some the structure of the artist's hand. The roses, hyacinths, and lilies were set and planted by the hand, the violet, the daffodil, and *anagall* the earth gave up of her own good will. In the summer there was shade, in the spring the beauty and fragrancy of flowers, in the autumn the pleasantness of the fruits, and at every season amusement and delight. Besides, from the high ground there was a fair and pleasing prospect to the fields, the herdsmen, the shepherds, and the cattle feeding, the same too looked to the sea and saw all the boats and pinnaces a sailing by, insomuch that that was no small addition to the pleasure of this most sweet and florid place.

In the midst of this paradise, to the posture of the length and breadth of the ground, stood a fane and an altar sacred to Bacchus. About the altar grew the wandering, encircling, clinging ivy, about the fane the palms of the vines did spread themselves. And in the more inward part of the fane were certain pictures that told the story of Bacchus and his miracles, Semele bringing forth her babe, the fair Ariadne laid fast asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, wretched Pentheus torn limb from limb, the Indians conquered, the Tyrrhenian mariners transformed, Satyrs treading the grapes and Bacchae dancing all about. Nor was Pan neglected in this place of pleasure, for he was set up upon the top of a crag, playing upon his pipes and striking up a common jig to those Satyrs that trod the grapes in the press and the Bacchae that danced about it.

Therefore in such a garden as this that all might be fine, Lamo now was very busy, cutting and pruning what was withered and dry, and checking and putting back the too forward palms. Bacchus he had crowned with flowery chaplets, and then brought down with curious art rills of water from the fountains, amongst the borders and the knots. There was a spring, one that Daphnis first discovered, and that, although it was set apart for this purpose of watering the flowers, was nevertheless, in favor to him, always called Daphnis his fountain.

But Lamo besides commanded Daphnis to use his best skill to have his goats as fat as might be, for their lord would be sure to see them too, who now would come into the country after he had bin so long away. Now Daphnis indeed was very confident, because he thought he should be looked upon and praised for them. For he had doubled the number he had received of Lamo, nor had a wolf ravened away so much as one, and they were all more twaddling fat than the very sheep. But because he would win upon the lord to be more forward to approve and confirm the match, he did his business with great diligence and great alacrity. He drove out his goats betimes in the morning, and late in the evening brought them home. Twice a day he watered them, and culled out for them the best pasture ground. He took care too to have the dairy-vessels new, better store of milking pails and piggins, and greater crates for the cheese. He was so far from being negligent in anything, that he tried to make their horns to shine with vernich, and combed their very shag to make them sleek, insomuch that if you had seen this you had said it was Pan's own sacred flock. Chloe herself too would take her share in this labor, and leaving her sheep would devote herself for the most part to the goats, and Daphnis thought 'twas Chloe's hand and Chloe's eyes that made his flocks appear so fair.

While both of them are thus busied, there came another messenger from the city, and brought a command that the grapes should be gathered with all speed, and told them wthal he was to tarry with them there till the must was made, and then return to the town to wait upon his lord thither,

the vintage being then at the height This Eudromus (for that was his name, because he was a foot page) they all received and entertained with great kindness, and presently began the vintage The grapes were gathered, cast into the press, the must made, and tunned into the vessels Some of the fairest bunches of the grapes, together with their branches, were cut, that to those who came from the city a shew of the vintage-work and some of the pleasure of it might still remain

And now Eudromus made haste to be gone and return to the town, and Daphnis gave him great variety of pretty gifts, but especially whatever could be had from a flock of goats, cheeses that were close pressed, a kid of the late fall, with a goatskin white and thick shagged to fling about him when he ran in the winter With this, Eudromus was very pleasantly affected, and kissed Daphnis, and told him that he would speak a good word for him to his master, and so went away with a benevolent mind to them

But Daphnis went to feed his flock beside Chloe full of anxious thought, and Chloe, too, was not free from fear, namely, that a lad that had bin used to see nothing but goats, mountains, ploughmen, and Chloe, should then first be brought into tife presence of his lord, of whom before he had heard nothing but only his name For Daphnis, therefore, she was very solicitous, how he would come before his master, how he would behave himself, how the bashful youth would salute him About the marriage too, she was much troubled, fearing lest they might but only dream of a mere chance, or nothing at all Therefore kisses passed between them without number, and such embracings of one another as if both of them were grown into one piece, but those kisses were full of fear, those embraces very pensive, as of them that feared their lord as then there, or kissed and clipped in hugger-mugger to him

Moreover, then there arose to them such a distraction as this There was one Lampis, an untoward, blustering, fierce herdsman, and he amongst the rest had wooed Dryas for Chloe, and given him many gifts, too, to bring on and dispatch the marriage Therefore, perceiving that if their lord did not dislike it, Daphnis was to have the girl, he sets himself to find and practise a cunning trick to enrage and alienate their lord And knowing that he was wonderfully pleased and delighted with that garden, he thought it best to spoil that as much as he could and devest it of all its beauty To cut the trees he durst not attempt, for he would then be taken by the noise Wherefore he thinks to run the flowers, and when 'twas night, gets over the hedge, and some he pulled up by the roots, or some he grasped and tore the stems, the rest he trod down like a boar, and so escaped unheard, unseen

Lamo the next morning went into the garden to water the flowers from the spring But when he saw all the place now made a waste, and that it was like the work of a mischievous enemy rather than a thief or robbe

he rent his clothes, and called so long upon the Gods, that Myrtale left all and ran out thither, and Daphnis, too, let his goats go where they would and ran back again. When they saw it, they cried out, lamented, and wept. To grieve for the flowers it was in vain, but alas! their lord they feared. And indeed a mere stranger, had he come there, might very well have wept with them. For all the glory of the place was gone, and nothing now remained but a lulent soil. If any flower had escaped the outrage, it had yet, as it was then, a half hid floridness and its glance, and still was fair although 'twas laid. And still the bees did sit upon them, and all along, in a mourning murmur, sang the funeral of the flowers.

And so Lamo out of his great consternation brole forth into these words: "Alas, alas, the rosaries, how are they broken down and torn! Woe is me, the violaries, how are they spurned and trodden down! Ah me, the hyacinths and daffodils which some villain has pulled up, the wickedest of all mortals! The spring will come, but those will not grow green again, it will be summer and these will not blow, the autumn will come, but these will give no chaplets for our heads. And didst not thou, Bacchus, lord of the garden, pity the suffering of these flowers, among which thou dwelledst, upon which thou lookedst, and with which I have crowned thee so often in joy and gladness? How shall I now shew this garden to my lord? In what mind will he look upon it? How will he take it? He will hang me up for an old rogue, like Marsyas upon a pine, and perchance poor Daphnis too, thinking his goats have done the deed. With these there fell more scalding tears, for now they wept not for the flowers, but themselves. And Chloe bewailed poor Daphnis his case if he should be hanged up and scourged, and wished their lord might never come, spending her days in misery, as if even then she looked upon her sweet Daphnis under the whip.

But towards night Eudromus came and brought them word that their lord would come within three days, and that their young master would be there to-morrow. Therefore about what had befallen them they fell to deliberate, and took in good Eudromus into their council. This Eudromus was altogether Daphnis his friend, and he advised they should first open the chance to their young lord, and promised himself an assistant too, as one of some account with him, for Astylus was nursed with his milk, and he looked upon him as a foster brother. And so they did the next day.

Astylus came on horseback, a parasite of his with him, and he on horseback too. Astylus was now of the first down, but his Gnatho (that was his name) had long tried the barber's tools. But Lamo, taking Myrtale and Daphnis with him, and flinging himself at the feet of Astylus, humbly beseeched him to have mercy on an unfortunate old man, and save him from his father's anger, one that was not in fault, one that had done nothing amiss, and then told him what had befallen them. Astylus had pity

on the wretched suppliant, and went with him to the garden, and having seen the destruction of it as to flowers, he promised to procure them his father's pardon and lay the fault on the fiery horses, that were tied thereabouts, boggled o'er something, and broke their bridles, and so it happened that almost all the flowers everywhere were trodden down, broken, and torn, and flundered up

At this, Lamo and Myrtale prayed the Gods would prosper him in everything, and young Daphnis soon after presented him with things made ready to that purpose, young kids, cream cheeses, a numerous brood of hen and chickens, bunches of grapes hanging still upon their palmitis, and apples on the boughs, and amongst them a bottle of the Lesbian wine, fragrant wine and the most excellent of drinks Astylus commended their oblation and entertainment, and went a hunting the hare, for he was rich, and given to pleasure, and therefore came to take it abroad in the country

But Gnatho, a man that had learnt only to guttle, and drink till he was drunk, and afterwards play the lecher, a man that minded nothing but his belly and his lasciviousness under that, he had taken a more curious view of Daphnis than others had, when he presented the gifts

When he had now thus deliberated with himself, he went not along with Astylus a hunting, but going down into the field where Daphnis kept he said he came to see the goats, but came indeed spectator of the youth He began to palp him with soft words, praised his goats, called fondly on him for a pastoral tune, and said withal he would speedily impetrate his liberty for him, as being able to do what he would with his lord But Daphnis flung off this drunken sot, who scarce could stand upon his legs, and laid him on the ground, and then whipped away and left him Nor would Daphnis endure it he should near him ever after, and therefore still removed his flocks, avoiding him and keeping Chloe carefully

And indeed Gnatho did not proceed to trouble him further, for he had found him already not only a fair but a stout boy But he waited an occasion to speak concerning him to Astylus, hoping to beg him of the gallant, as one that would bestow upon him many and better gifts than that But it was not a time to talk of it now, for Dionysophanes was come with his wife Cleansta, and all about was a busy noise, tumultuous pudder of carriages, and a long retinue of menservants and maids But he thought with himself to make afterwards a speech concerning Daphnis, sufficient for love, sufficient for length

Dionysophanes was now half gray, but very tall and well-limbed, and able at any exercise to grapple in the younger list For his riches few came near him, for honest life, justice, and excellent manners, scant such another to be found He, when he was come, offered the first day to the president Gods of rural business, to Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and set up a common bowl for all that were present The other

days he walked abroad to take a view of Lamo's works, and seeing how the ground was ploughed, how swelled with palmitis and how trim the vineyard was, how fair and flourishing the viridary (for as for the flowers Astylus took the fault upon himself), he was wonderfully pleased and delighted with all, and when he had praised Lamo much, he promised besides to make him free

Afterwards he went into the other fields to see the goats and him that kept them Now Chloe fled into the wood, for she could not bear so strong a presence and was afraid of so great a company But Daphnis stood girt with a skin from a thick shagged goat, a new scrip about his shoulders, in one hand holding green cheeses, with the other leading suckling kids If ever Apollo would be hired to serve Laomedon and tend on herds, just so he looked as Daphnis then He spoke not a word, but all on a blush, casting his eyes upon the ground, presented the rural gifts to his lord But Lamo spoke "Sir," quoth he, "this is the keeper of those goats To me you committed fifty she's and two he's Of them he has made you an hundred now and ten he goats Do you see how plump and fat they are, how shaggy and rough their hair is, how entire and unshattered their horns? Besides he has made them musical For if they do but hear his pipe, they are ready to do whatsoever he will"

Clearista heard him what he said, and being struck with a longing to have it presently tried whether it were so indeed or not, she bids Daphnis to play to his goats as he wanted to do, promising to give him for his piping a coat, a mantle, and new shoes Daphnis, when all the company was sate as a theatre, went to his oak, and standing under it drew his pipe out of his scrip And first he blowed something that was low and smart, and presently the goats rose up and held their heads bolt upright Then he played the pastoral or grazing tune, and the goats cast their heads downwards to graze Then again he breathed a note was soft and sweet, and all lay down together to rest Anon he struck up a sharp, violent, tumultuous sound, and they all rushed into the wood as if a wolf had come upon them After a while he piped aloud the recall, and they wheeled out of the wood again and came up to his very feet Never was there any master of a house that had his servants so obsequious to his commands All the spectators admired his art, but especially Clearista, insomuch that she could not but swear she would give him the things she promised, who was so fair a goatherd and skilled in music even to wonder

From this pleasure they returned to the cottage to dine, and sent Daphnis some of their choicer fare to the fields, where he feasted himself with Chloe, and was sweetly affected by those delicates and confections from the city, and hoped he had pleased his lord and lady so, that now he should not miss the maid But Gnatho now was more inflamed with those things about the goats, and counting his life no life at all unless he had Daphnis at his will, he caught Astylus walking in the garden, and leading

him with him into Bacchus his fane, he fell to kiss his hands and his feet But he inquiring why he did so and bidding him tell what was the matter with him, and swearing withal to hear and help him in anything, "Master, thy Gnatho is undone," quoth he, "for I who heretofore was in love with nothing but thy plenteous table, and swore nothing was more desirable, nothing of a more precious tang, than good old wine, I that have often affirmed that thy confectioners and cooks were the sweetest things in Mytilene, I shall now hereafter for ever think that nothing is fair and sweet but Daphnis, and giving over to feed high, although thou art furnished every day with flesh, with fish, with banqueting, nothing could be more pleasant to me than to be turned into a goat, to eat grass and green leaves, hear Daphnis his pipe and be fed at his hand But do thou preserve thy Gnatho, and be to him the victor of victorious love Unless it be done, I swear by thee that art my God, that when I have filled my paunch with meat, I'll take this dagger and kill myself at Daphnis his door And then you may go look your little pretty Gnatho, as thou usest daily to call me"

Astylus, a generous youth and one that was not to learn that love was a tormentous fire, could not endure to see him weep in such a manner and kiss his feet again and again, but promised him to beg Daphnis of his father to wait upon him at Mytilene And to hearten up Gnatho, as he before had bin heartened up himself, he smiled upon him and asked him whether he were not ashamed to be in love with a son of Lamo's, nay, with a boy that kept goats And while he said that, he made as if to show how abominable to him was the strong perfume of goats

Gnatho on the other side, like one that had learnt the wanton discourse among good fellows in the drinking schools, was ready to answer him pat concerning himself and Daphnis thus "We lovers, Sir, are never curious about such things as those But wheresoever we meet with beauty, there undoubtedly we are caught And hence it is that some have fallen in love with a tree, some with a river, some with a beast And who would not pity that miserable lover whom we know fatally bound to live in fear of that that's loved? But I, as I love the body of a servant, so in that the beauty of the most ingenuous Do you not see his locks are like the hyacinths? and his eyes under the brows like diamonds burning in their golden sockets? how sweetly ruddy are his cheeks, and his mouth rowed with elephant pearl? And what lover would not be fond to take from thence the sweetest kisses? But if I love a keeper of flocks, in that I imitate the Gods Anchises was a herdsman, and Venus had him, Branchus was a goatherd, and Apollo loved him, Ganymedes was but a shepherd, and yet he was the rape of the king of all We ought not then to contemn a youth to whom we see even the goats, for very love of one so fair, every way obedient Nay rather, that they let such a beauty as that continue here upon the earth, we owe our thanks to Jupiter's eagles"

At that word Astylus had a sweet laugh, and saying, "O what mighty sophisters this Love can make," began to cast about him for a fit time to speak to his father about Daphnis

Eudromus hearkened in secret what was said, and because he both loved Daphnis as an honest youth and detested in himself that such a flower of beauty should be put into the hands of a filthy sot, he presently told both Daphnis and Lamo all that happened Daphnis was struck to the heart with this, and soon resolved either to run away with Chloe or to die with her But Lamo, getting Myrtale out of doors, "What shall we do?" quoth he, "we are all undone Now or never is our time to open all that hitherto has bin concealed Gone is my herd of goats, and gone all else too But by Pan and all the Nymphs, though I should be left alone to myself like an ox forgotten in a stall, I will not longer hide his story, but declare I found him an exposed child, make it known how he was nursed and shew the significations found exposed together with him And let that rotten rascal Gnatho know himself, and what it is he dares to love Only make ready the tokens for me"

This agreed, they went again into the house But Astylus, his father being at leisure, went quickly to him and asked his leave to take Daphnis from the country to serve him at Mytilene, for he was a fine boy, far above the clownish life, and one that Gnatho soon could teach the city garb His father grants it willingly, and presently sending for Lamo and Myrtale, lets them know the joyful news that Daphnis should hereafter wait upon Astylus in the city, and leave his keeping goats, and instead of him he promised to give them two goatherds

And now, when Lamo saw the servants running together and hug one another for joy they were to have so sweet a fellow servant in the house, he asked leave to speak to his lord, and thus began "Hear me, Sir, a true story that an old man is about to tell you And I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not lie a jot I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so happy as to be the mother of so sweet a youth Other parents exposed that child, having enow before And I found him where he was laid and suckled by a goat of mine, which goat, when she died, I buried in yonder skirt of the garden, to use her kindly because she had played the part of a mother Together with him I found habiliments exposed and signs, methought, of what he was I confess them to you, Sir, and have kept them to this day For they make him of higher fortune than we have any claim to Wherefore, although I think not much he should become the servant of the noble Astylus, a good servant of a good and honest lord, yet I cannot endure to have him now exposed to the drunken glutton Gnatho, and as it were be made a slave to such a drivel"

Lamo, when he had thus said, held his peace and wept amain But Gnatho beginning to bluster and threatening to cudgel Lamo, Dionysophanes was wholly amazed at what was said, and commanded him silence,

bending his brows and looking stern and grim upon him, then again questioned Lamo, charging him to speak the truth and tell him no such tales as those to keep Daphnis his son. But when he stood to what he said and swore to it by all the Gods, and would submit it to torture if he did deceive him, he examined every passage over again, Clearsta sitting judge to him. "What cause is there that Lamo should lie, when for one he is to have two goatherds? And how should a simple country fellow feign and forge such things as these? No, sure, it had been straightway incredible that of such an old churl and such an urchin as his wife there should come a child so fair."

And now it seemed best to insist no longer upon conjectures, but to view the tokens and try if they reported anything of a more noble and splendid fortune. Myrtale therefore went and brought them all to them, laid up safe in an old scrip. Dionysophanes looked first, and seeing there the purple mantle, the gold brooch, the dagger with the ivory hilt, he cried out loud "Great Jupiter the governor!" and called his wife that she might see. She too, when she saw them, cried out a-main, "O dear, dear Fates! are not these those very things we exposed with a son of our own? Did we not send Sophronē to lay him here in these fields? They are no other, but the same, my dear! This is our child without doubt. Daphnis is thy son, and he kept his father's goats."

While Clearsta was yet speaking, and Dionysophanes was kissing those sweet revelations of his child and weeping over them for joy, Astylus hearing it was his brother, flings off his cloak, and o'er the green away he flies in an earnest desire to be the first to entertain him with a kiss. Daphnis, seeing him make towards him so fast with such a company, and hearing his own name in the noise, thinking he came to apprehend him, flung away his scrip and his pipe, and in the scare set a running towards the sea to cast himself from the high crag. And peradventure the new found Daphnis, strange to tell, had then bin lost, but that Astylus perceiving it cried out to him more clearly, "Stay, Daphnis, be not afraid, I am thy brother, and they thy parents that were hitherto thy lords. Now Lamo has told us all concerning the goat, and shewed the tokens thou hadst about thee. Turn thee and see with what a rejoicing, cheerful face they come along. But do thou kiss me first of all. By the Nymphs I do not lie." After that oath he ventured to stand, and stayed till Astylus came at him, then offered him a kiss.

While they were kissing and embracing, the rest of the company came in, the men servants, the maids, the father, and with him the mother. Everyone kissed him and hugged him in their arms, rejoicing and weeping. But Daphnis embraced his father and his mother the most familiarly of all the rest, and clung to them as if he had known them long before, and would not part out of their arms. So quickly comes belief to join with nature. And he forgot even Chloe for a little while.

And when they got back to the cottage, they turned him out of his old clothes and put him in a gallant habit, and then seated near his own father he heard him speak to this purpose "I married a wife, my dear sons, when I was yet very young, and after a while it was my happiness (so I thought it) to be a father For first I had a son born, the second a daughter, and then Astylus the third I thought there was enow of the breed, and therefore I exposed this boy, who was born after the rest, and set him out with those toys, not for the tokens of his stock but for sepulchral ornaments But Fortune had other thoughts and counsels about him For so it was that my eldest son and my daughter died on the same disease upon one and the same day But thou, by the providence of the Gods, art kept alive and saved for us, in design to make us happy by more helps and manuductors to our age So do not thou, when it comes in thy mind that thou wast exposed, take it unkindly or think evil of me, for it was not with a willing mind Neither do thou, good Astylus, take it ill that now thou art to have but a part for the whole inheritance, for to any man that's wise there is no possession more precious than a brother is Therefore esteem and love one another, and for your riches compare and vie yourselves with kings For I shall leave you large lands servants industrious and true, gold and silver, all the fortunate possess Only in special I give to Daphnis this manor, with Lamo and Myrtale, and the goats that he has kept "

While he was still going on in speech, Daphnis starting, "'Tis well remembered, father," quoth he, "'tis time to go and lead my goats to watering They are now dry and now expecting my pipe, and I am loitering and lolling here " They all laughed sweetly at this, to see him that was now a lord turning into a goatherd again, and so another was sent away to rid his mind of that care

And now, when they had sacrificed to Jupiter Soter, the saviour of the exposed child, they made ready a jovial, rejoicing feast And only Gnatho was not there, for he was in a mighty fear, and took sanctuary in Bacchus his fane, and there he was a sneaking suppliant night and day But the fame flying abroad that Dionysophanes had found a son, and that Daphnis the goatherd proved the lord both of the goats and the fields they fed in, the rurals came in with the early day, some from one place, some another, there to congratulate the youth and bring their presents to his father And amongst these Dryas was first, Dryas to whom Chloe was nursing

And Dionysophanes made them all stay as partakers of his joy and exultation, and to celebrate also the great feast of the Invention of Daphnis Therefore great store of wine and bread was furnished out, water fowl of all sorts, sucking pigs, various curiosities of sweet cakes, wafers, simnels, and pies And many victims that day were slain and offered to the Gods of Lesbos Daphnis then, having got all his pastoral furniture about him,

cast it into several offerings, his thankful donaries to the Gods To Bacchus he dedicates his scrip and mantle, to Pan his whistle and his oblique pipe, his goat hook to the holy Nymphs, and milking pails that he himself had made But so it is, that those things we have long bin acquainted withal and used ourselves to, are more acceptable and pleasing to us than a new and insolent felicity, and therefore tears fell from his eyes at every valediction to this and that, nor did he offer the pails to the Nymphs till he had milked into them first, nor his mantle till he had lapped himself in it, nor his pipe till he had piped a tune or two, but he looked wistly upon all the things and would not let them go without a kiss Then he spoke to the she goats, and called the he goats by their names Out of the fountain too he needs must drink before he goes, because he had drank there many a time, and with his sweetest, dearest Chloe But as yet he did not openly profess to his love, because he waited a season to it

And therefore in the mean time, while he was keeping holy-day, it was thus with poor Chloe By the flocks she sate and wept, and complained to herself and them, as it was like, in this manner "Daphnis has forgot me Now he dreams of a great marriage To what purpose is it now, that instead of the Nymphs I would make him swear to me by the goats? He has forsaken them and me And when he sacrificed to Pan and to the Nymphs, he would not so much as see Chloe Perchance he has found a prettier wench then I amongst his mother's maids Fare him well! But I must die, and will not live "

While thus she was maundering and afflicting herself, Lampis the herdsman, coming upon her with a band of rustics, ravished her away, presuming Daphnis had cast off all thoughts of Chloe and Dryas too would be content to let him have her And so she was carried away, crying out most piteously But one that saw it told it Nape, she Dryas, and Dryas Daphnis This put Daphnis almost quite out of his wits, and to his father he durst not speak, nor was he able to endure in that condition, and therefore linking away into the circuit walks of the garden, broke forth into lamentations "O the bitter invention of Daphnis! How much better was it for me to keep a flock! And how much happier was I when I was a servant! Then I fed my eyes with the sight of Chloe and my lips with her kisses, but now she is the rape of Lampis, and with him she lies to night and I stay here and melt myself away in wine and soft delights, and so in vain have sworn to her by Pan and by the goats "

These heavy complaints of Daphnis it was Gnatho's fortune to hear as he was skulking in the garden And presently apprehending the happy hour to appease Daphnis and make him propitious, he takes some of Astylos his servants, makes after Dryas, bids them shew him to Lampis his cottage, and plucks up his heels to get thither And lighting on him in the nick as he was hauling Chloe in, he took her from him and banged his band of clowns And Lampis himself he endeavored to take and

bring him bound as a captive from some war, but he prevented that by flight. This undertaking happily performed, he returned with the night, and found Dionysophanes at his rest, but Daphnis yet watching, weeping, and waiting in the walks. There he presents his Chloe to him, gives her into his hands, and tells the story of the action, then beseeches him to bear him no grudge, but take him as a servant not altogether unuseful, and not interdict him the table to make him die for want. Daphnis, seeing Chloe and having her now in his own hands, was reconciled by that service, and received him into favor, then excused himself to Chloe for his seeming to neglect her.

And now advising together about their intended wedding, it was, they thought, the best way still to conceal it, and to hide Chloe in some hole or other, then to acquaint his mother only with their love. But Dryas was not of that opinion. He would have the father know the whole business as it was, and himself undertakes to bring him on. In the morning betimes, with Chloe's tokens in his scrip, he goes to Dionysophanes and Clearista who were sitting in the garden. And Astylus was there present, and Daphnis himself. And silence made, the old goatherd thus begun: "Such a necessity as Lamo had, compels me now to speak those things that hitherto have been concealed. This Chloe I neither begot nor had anything to do in her nursing up. But some others were her parents, and a sheep gave her suck in the Nymphaeum where she lay. I myself saw it done and wondered at it, wondering at it, took her home and brought her up. And the excessive sweetness of her face bears me witness to what I say, for she is nothing like to us. The fine accoutrements she had about her make it more apparent too, for they are richer than becomes a shepherd's coat. Here they are, view them well, seek out her kin, and so try whether at length she may not be found not unworthy to marry Daphnis."

These words, as they were not unadvisedly cast in by Dryas, so neither were they heard by Dionysophanes without regard. But casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing him look pale upon it and his tears stealing down his face, presently apprehended it was love. Then, as one that was solicitous rather about his own son than another man's daughter, he falls with all accurateness to reprehend what Dryas had said. But when he saw the monitory ornaments, her girdle, her ankle-bands, and her gilded shoes, he called her to him, bid her be of good cheer, as one that now had a husband and ere long should find her father and her mother. So Clearista took her to her care, and tricked her up and made her fine, as from that time her son's wife. And Dionysophanes, taking Daphnis aside, asked him if Chloe were a maid, and he swearing that nothing had passed betwixt them but only kissing, embracing, and oaths, his father was much delighted to hear of that pretty conjuration by which they had bound themselves to one another, and made them sit down together to a banquet brought in.

And then one might presently see what beauty was when it had got its proper dress For Chloe being so clothed, washed, and dressed in her hair, did so outshine to every eye her former beauty, that her own Daphnis now could scarce know her And any man, without the faith of tokens, might now have sworn that Drvas was not the father of so fair a maid But he was there, and Nape, and Lamo and Myrtale, feasting at a private table

And again for some days after, upon this invention Chloe, were immolations to the Gods, and the settings up of bowls of wine And Chloe consecrated her trinkets, that skin she used to wear, her scrip, her pipe, her milking pails She mingled wine, too, with that fountain in the cave, because close by it she was nursed, and had often washed in it The grave of her nurse, shown to her by Dryas, she adorned with many garlands, and to her flock, as Daphnis had done, played a little on her pipe Then she prays to the Goddesses that she might find them, that exposed her, to be such as would not misbecome her marriage with Daphnis

And now they had enough of feasting and holy days in the fields, and would return to Mytilene, look out Chloe's parents there, and speedily have a wedding on't In the morning betime when they were ready to go, to Dryas they gave other three thousand drachmas, to Lamo half of that land, to sow and mow and find him wine, and the goats together with the goatherds, four pair of oxen for the plough, winter clothes, and made his wife free Then anon with a great pomp and a brave shew of horses and waggons, on they moved towards Mytilene

And because it was night before they could come in, they escaped the citizens' gaping upon them But the next day there was a throng of men and women at the door, these to give joys and rejoice with Dionysophanes who had found a son (and their joy was much augmented when they saw the excessive sweetness of the youth), those to exult with Clearista who had brought home not only a son but a bride too For Chloe's beauty had struck the eyes of them, a beauty for its lustre beyond estimation, beyond excess by any other In fine, the whole city was with child to see the young man and the maid, and now with loud ingeminations cried "A happy marriage, a blessed marriage" They prayed, too, the maid might find her birth as great as she was fair, and many of the richer ladies prayed the Gods they might be taken for mothers of so sweet a girl

Now Dionysophanes, after many solicitous thoughts, fell into a deep sleep, and in that had this vision He thought he saw the Nymphs petition Cupid to grant them at length a licence for the wedding, then that Love himself, his bow unbent and his quiver laid by, commanded him to invite the whole nobility of Mytilene to a feast, and when he had set the last bowl, there to show the tokens to everyone, and from that point commence and sing the Hymenaeus When he had seen and heard this, up he gets as soon as day, and gave order that a splendid supper should be

precious things suspended her tokens for offerings in the cave Then in recognition of Dryas his care, they made up his number ten thousand drachmas

And Dionysophanes for his share, the day being serene, open, and fair, commanded there should be beds of green leaves made up before the very cave, and there disposed the villagers to their high feasting jollity Lamo was there and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kindred and friends, Philetas and his lads, Chromis and his Lycaenum Nor was even Lampis absent, for he was pardoned by that beauty that he had loved

Therefore then, as usually when rural revellers are met together at a feast, nothing but georgics, nothing but what was rustical was there Here one sang like the reapers, there another prattled it and flung flirts and scoffs as in the autumn from the press Philetas played upon his pipes, Lampis upon the hautboy Dryas and Lamo danced to them Daphnis and Chloe clipped and kissed The goats too were feeding by, as themselves part of that celebrity, and that was not beyond measure pleasing to those from the city, but Daphnis calls up some of the goats by their names, and gives them boughs to browse upon from his hand, and catching them fast by the horns, took kisses thence

And thus they did not only then for that day, but for the most part of their time held on still the pastoral mode, serving as their Gods the Nymphs, Cupid, and Pan, possessed of sheep and goats innumerable, and nothing for food more pleasant to them than apples and milk Besides, they laid a son down under a goat, to take the dug, and a daughter that was born after him under a sheep Him they called Philopoemen, her they named the fair Agelaea And so the pastoral mode grew old with them The cave they adorned with curious work, set up statues, built an altar of Cupid the Shepherd, and to Pan a fane to dwell instead of a pine, and called him Pan Stratiotes, Pan the Soldier

But this adorning of the cave, building an altar and a fane, and giving them their names, was afterwards at their opportunity Then, when it was night, they all lead the bride and bridegroom to their chamber, some playing upon whistles and hautboys, some upon the oblique pipes, some holding great torches And when they came near to the door, they fell to sing, and sang, with the grating harsh voices of rustics, nothing like the Hymenaeus, but as if they had bin singing at their labor with mattock and hoe But Daphnis and Chloe lying together began to clip and kiss, sleeping no more then the birds of the night And Daphnis now profited by Lycaenum's lesson, and Chloe then first knew that those things that were done in the wood were only the sweet sports of children

Ancient Rome

INTRODUCTION

THE earliest period of Roman Literature yields practically nothing in the way of fiction. Though the epic and historical writers of the Third Century B C, carried over Greek literary forms and ideas into Italy, and made use of Greek myths and historical materials, doubtless incorporating into their works a certain amount of indigenous material, it is not until the advent of the historian Livy (59 B C-17 A D) that we have anything that resembles prose fiction. Almost contemporary with Livy was the poet Ovid, in whose *Metamorphoses* we have a series of Greek legends retold in verse. These tales are very highly finished short stories and novels.

Short narratives in the form of fables were brought to a point of artistic perfection by Phædrus, who wrote shortly after the beginning of the Christian era, and in later times by Avianus and others.

But it is in the work of Petronius (died 66 A D) and Apuleius (born about 125 A D) that we find the first works written, like the late Greek romances, in prose for the purpose of interesting and amusing readers. The *Satyricon* of Petronius — only a fragment of a larger work which has not survived — is enough to prove that the author was a master of the art of naturalistic character drawing.

The *Golden Ass* of Apuleius is admittedly the most highly-finished of the existing Latin prose romances. Though it includes in its very loose framework several short stories and anecdotes that have little or nothing to do with the central plot, the narrative holds the interest from beginning to end. Of the many tales in the *Golden Ass*, *Cupid and Psyche* is the most beautiful.

After Apuleius there is little in Latin fiction that has survived. But there is no room for doubt that the folk lore and mythology and history of the later Roman Empire were transmitted in one form or another to the writers of the Middle Ages, for it reappeared in the fables, epics, biographies and collections of stories that were known throughout Europe between the Fifth and the Fifteenth Centuries.

APULEIUS

(Born about 123 A D)

Lucius Apuleius was born and educated in northern Africa. Very little is known of his life except that he practised law, travelled extensively, and was interested in the ceremonies and mysteries of religion.

His chief (and probably his first) work was the *Metamorphoses*, better known as the *Golden Ass*. Apuleius' work was based directly or indirectly on a short romance by the satirist Lucian, called *Lucius*. However, the Latin writer expanded his original by interpolating several stories of his own. It seems, says one of the modern editors, to be reasonable then to assume that the author's part in this work was to add the interpolations and to retell the narrative in picturesque language of his own.

Cupid and Psyche is so far as we know Apuleius' own story, though it contains several familiar ideas and episodes from the folklore of other peoples and earlier times.

The story is told (in the 4th, 5th, and 6th Books) by one character to another, as a pleasant old wives' tale to put away all thy sorrow and to revive thy spirits.'

The translation here used is that by William Adlington, published in London in 1566. The spelling and punctuation have been modernised.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

THERE was sometimes a certain King, inhabiting in the west parts, who had to wife a noble Dame, by whom he had three daughters exceeding fair, of whom the two elder were of such comely shape and beauty, as they did excel and pass all other women living, whereby they were thought, worthily, to deserve the praise and commendation of every person, and deservedly to be preferred above the residue of the common sort. Yet the singular passing beauty and maidenly majesty of the youngest daughter, did so far surmount and excel them two, as no earthly creature could by any means sufficiently express or set out the same. By reason whereof, after the fame of this excellent maiden was spread abroad in every part of the city, the citizens and strangers there, being inwardly pricked by zealous affection to behold her famous person, came daily by thousands, hundreds, and scores, to her father's palace, who, as astounded with admiration of her incomparable beauty, did no less worship and reverence her, with crosses, signs and tokens, and other divine adorations, according to the custom of the old used rites and ceremonies, than if she were Lady Venus indeed. And shortly after the fame was spread into the

next cities and bordering regions, that the Goddess whom the deep seas had borne and brought forth, and the froth or the spurning waves had nourished, to the intent to show her high magnificence and divine power on earth, to such as erst did honour and worship her, was now conversant amongst mortal men or else that the earth and not the seas, by a new concourse and influence of the celestial planets, had budded and yielded forth a new Venus, endowed with the flower of virginity. So daily more and more increased this opinion, and now is her flying fame dispersed into the next Island, and well nigh into every part and province of the whole world. Whereupon innumerable strangers resorted from far countries, adventuring themselves by long journeys on land, and by great perils on water, to behold this glorious Virgin. By occasion whereof such a contempt grew towards the Goddess Venus, that no person travelled unto the town Paphos, nor to the Isle Gindos, no, nor to Cythera, to worship her. Her ornaments were thrown out, her temples defaced, her pillows and cushions torn, her ceremonies neglected, her images and statues uncrowned, and her bare altars unswept, and foul with the ashes of old burned sacrifice. For why, every person honoured and worshipped this maiden instead of Venus, and in the morning at her first coming abroad, offered unto her oblations, provided banquets, called her by the name of Venus which was not Venus indeed, and in her honour presented flowers and garlands in most reverent fashion.

This sudden change and alteration of celestial honour did greatly inflame and kindle the mind of very Venus, who, unable to temper her self from indignation, shaking her head in raging sort, reasoned with herself in this manner: "Behold the original parent of all these elements, behold the Lady Venus renounced throughout all the world, with whom a mortal maiden is joined now partaker of honour, my name registered in the city of heaven, is profaned and made vile by terrene absurdities. If I shall suffer any mortal creature to present my majesty in earth, or that any shall hear about a false surmised shape of my person then in vain did Paris that shepherd, in whose just judgment and confidence the great Jupiter had affianced, prefer me above the residue of the Goddesses for the excellence of my beauty. But she, whatsoever she be that hath usurped mine honour, shall shortly repent her of her unlawful estate." And by and by she called her winged son Cupid, rash enough and hardy, who by his evil manners, contemning all public justice and law, armed with fire and arrows, running up and down in the nights from house to house, and corrupting the lawful marriages of every person, doth nothing but that which is evil, who although that he were of his own proper nature sufficient prone to work mischief, yet she egged him forward with words and brought him to the city, and showed him Psyche (for so the maiden was called), and having told the cause of her anger, not without great rage: "I pray thee (quoth she), my dear child, by motherly bond of love, by

the sweet wounds of thy piercing darts, by the pleasant heat of thy fire, revenge the injury which is done to thy mother, by the false and disobedient beauty of a mortal maiden, and I pray thee without delay, that she may fall in love with the most miserable creature living, the most poor, the most crooked, and the most vile, that there may be none found in all the world of like wretchedness " When she had spoken these words, she embraced and kissed her son, and took her voyage towards the sea

When she was come to the sea, she began to call the Gods and Goddesses, who were obedient at her voice For incontinent came the daughters of Nereus singing with tunes melodiously, Portunus with his bristled and rough beard, Salatia with her bosom full of fish, Palemon the driver of the Dolphin, the trumpeters of Triton leaping hither and thither, and blowing with heavenly noise such was the company which followed Venus marching towards the ocean sea

In the mean season Psyche with all her beauty received no fruit of her honour She was wondered at of all, she was praised of all, but she perceived that no king nor prince, nor any of the inferior sort did repair to woo her Every one marvelled at her divine beauty, as it were at some image well painted and set out Her other two sisters which were nothing so greatly exalted by the people, were royally married to two kings, but the virgin Psyche sitting at home alone lamented her solitary life, and being disquieted both in mind and body, although she pleased all the world, yet hated she in herself her own beauty

Whereupon the miserable father of this unfortunate daughter, suspecting that the Gods and powers of heaven did envy her estate, went into the town called Miletus to receive the oracle of Apollo, where he made his prayers and offered sacrifice, and desired a husband for his daughter but Apollo though he were a Grecian and of the country of Ionia, because of the foundation of Miletus, yet he gave answer in Latin verse, the sense whereof was thus —

*Let Psyche's corpse be clad in mourning weed
And set on rock of yonder hill aloft,
Her husband is no wight of human seed,
But serpent dire and fierce, as may be thought,
Who flies with wings above in stary skies,
And doth subdue each thing with fiery flight
The Gods themselves and powers that seem so wise
With mighty love be subject to his might
The rivers black and deadly floods of pain
And darkness eke as thrall to him remain*

The King sometimes happy, when he heard the prophecy of Apollo returned home sad and sorrowful, and declared to his wife the miserable

and unhappy fate of his daughter, then they began to lament, and weep, and passed over many days in great sorrow. But now the time approached of Psyche's marriage preparation was made, black torches were lighted, the pleasant songs were turned into pitiful cries, the melody of Hymen was ended with deadly howling, the maiden that should be married did wipe her eyes with her veil, all the family and people of the city, weeped likewise, and with great lamentation was ordained a remiss time for that day, but necessity compelled that Psyche should be brought to her appointed place according to the divine commandment.

And when the solemnity was ended, they went to bring this sorrowful spouse, not to her marriage, but to her final end and burial. And while the father and mother of Psyche did go forward, weeping and crying to do this enterprise, Psyche spake unto them in this sort: "Why torment you your unhappy age with continual dolour? why trouble you your spirits, which are more rather mine than yours? why soil ye your faces with tears, which I ought to adore and worship? why tear you my eyes in yours? why pull you your hoary hairs? why knock you your breasts for me? Now you see the reward of my excellent beauty now, now, you perceive, but too late, the plague of envy. When the people did honour me and call me new Venus, then you should have wept, then you should have sorrowed, as though I had been then dead. For now I see and perceive that I am come to this misery by the only name of Venus, bring me, and as fortune hath appointed, place me on the top of the rock, I greatly desire to end my marriage, I greatly covet to see my husband. Why do I delay? why should I refuse him that is appointed to destroy all the world?"

Thus ended she her words, and thrust herself amongst the people that followed. Then they brought her to the appointed rock of the high hill and set her thereon and so departed. The torches and lights were put out with the tears of the people, and every man gone home, the miserable parents well nigh consumed with sorrow gave themselves to everlasting darkness.

Thus poor Psyche being left alone weeping and trembling on the top of the rock, was blown by the gentle air and of shrilling Zephyrus, and carried from the hill with a meek wind, which retained her garments up, and by little and little brought her down into a deep valley, where she was laid in a bed of most sweet and fragrant flowers.

Thus fair Psyche being sweetly couched amongst the soft and tender herbs, as in a bed of sote and fragrant flowers, and having qualified the troubles and thoughts of her restless mind, was now well reposed. And when she had refreshed herself sufficiently with sleep, she rose with a more quiet and pacified mind, and fortun'd to espy a pleasant wood environed with great and mighty trees. She espied likewise a running river as clear as crystal in the midst of the wood, well nigh at the fall of the river, was a

princely edifice, wrought and bulded, not by the art or hand of man, but by the mighty power of God and you would judge at the first entry therein, that it were some pleasant and worthy mansion for the powers of heaven For the embowings above were of cytern and ivory, propped and undermined with pillars of gold, the walls covered and seeled with silver, divers sorts of beasts were graven and carved, that seemed to encounter with such as entered in all things were so curiously and finely wrought, that it seemed either to be the work of some demi god, or god himself The pavement was all of precious stone, divided and cut one from another whereon was carved divers kinds of pictures, in such sort, that blessed and thrice blessed were they which might go upon such a pavement every part and angle of the house was so well adorned, that by reason of the precious stones and inestimable treasure there, it glittered and shone in such sort that the chambers, porches and doors gave light as it had been the sun Neither otherwise did the other treasure of the house disagree unto so great a majesty, that verily it seemed in every point a heavenly palace fabricate and bulded for Jupiter himself

Then Psyche moved with delectation approached nigh, and taking a bold heart entered into the house, and beheld everything there, with great affection she saw storehouses wrought exceeding fine, and replenished with abundance of riches Finally there could nothing be devised which lacked there, but amongst such great store of treasure, this was more marvellous, that there was no closure, bolt, nor lock to keep the same And when with great pleasure she viewed all these things, she heard a voice without any body that said "Why do you marvel, madame, at so great riches? behold all that you see is at your commandment wherefore go you into the chamber and repose yourself upon the bed, and desire what bath you will have, and we whose voices you hear be your servants, and ready to minister unto you according to your desire In the mean season, royal meats and dainty dishes shall be prepared for you"

Then Psyche perceived the felicity of divine providence, and according to the advertisement of the incorporal voices, she first reposed herself upon the bed, and then refreshed her body in the bains This done, she saw the table garnished with meats, and a chair to sit down

When Psyche was set down, all sorts of divine meats and wines were brought in, not by any body, but as it were with a wind, for she could see no person before her, but only hear voices on every side After that all the services were brought to the table, one came in and sang invisibly, another played on the harp, but she saw no man The harmony of the instruments did so greatly thrill in her ears, that though there were no manner of person, yet seemed she in the midst of a multitude of people

All these pleasures finished, when night approached Psyche went to bed and when she was laid, that the sweet sleep came upon her, she

greatly feared her virginity, because she was alone then came her unknown husband and lay with her and after that he had made a perfect consummation of the marriage, he rose in the morning before day, and departed

Soon after came her invisible servants, presenting such things as were necessary for her defloration And thus she passed forth a great while and, as it happened, the novelty of the things by continual custom did increase her pleasure, but specially the sound of the instruments was a comfort unto her being alone

During this time that Psyche was in this place or pleasures, her father and mother did nothing but weep and lament, and her two sisters hearing of her most miserable fortune came with great dolour and sorrow to comfort and speak with their parents

The night following, Psyche's husband spake unto her (for she might feel his eyes, his hands, and his ears), and said "O my sweet spouse and dear wife, fortune doth menace unto thee imminent peril and danger, whereof I wish thee greatly to beware For know thou that thy sisters, thinking thou art dead, be greatly troubled, and are come to the mountain by thy steps Whose lamentations if thou fortune to hear, beware that thou do in no wise either make answer or look up towards them for if thou do, thou shalt purchase to me a great sorrow, and to thyself utter destruction" Psyche, hearing her husband, was contented to do all things as he commanded

After that he was departed, and the night passed away, Psyche lamented and cried all the day following, thinking that now she was past all hope of comfort, in that she was closed within the walls of a prison, deprived of human conversation, and commanded not to aid or assist her sorrowful sisters, no nor once to see them Thus she passed all the day in weeping and went to bed at night without any refection of meat or bain

Incontinently after came her husband, who, when he had embraced her sweetly, gan say "Is it thus that you perform your promise, my sweet wife? What do I find here, pass you all the day and the night in weeping? and will you not cease in your husband's arms? Go to, do what you will, purchase your own destruction, and when you find it so, then remember my words, and repent, but too late"

Then she desired her husband more and more, assuring him that she should die, unless he would grant that she might see her sisters, whereby she might speak with them and comfort them, whereat at length he was contented, and moreover he willed that she should give them as much gold and jewels as she would But he gave her a further charge, saying "Beware that ye covet not, being moved by the pernicious counsel of your sisters, to see the shape of my person, lest by your curiosity you be deprived of so great and worthy estate"

Psyche being glad herewith rendered unto him most entire thanks, and

said "Sweet husband, I had rather die than to be separate from you for whosoever you be, I love and retain you within my heart, as if you were mine own spirit or Cupid himself but I pray you grant this likewise, that you would command your servant Zephyrus to bring my sisters down into the valley, as he brought me" Wherewithal she kissed him sweetly, and desired him gently to grant her request, calling him her spouse, her sweet-heart, her joy, and her solace, whereby she enforced him to agree to her mind and when morning came he departed away

After long search made, the sisters of Psyche came unto the hill where she was set on the rock, and cried with a loud voice, in such sort that the stones answered again And when they called their sister by her name, that their lamentable cries came unto her ears, she came forth, and said "Behold, here is she for whom you weep, I pray you torment yourselves no more, cease your weeping" And by and by she commanded Zephyrus by the appointment of her husband to bring them down Neither did he delay, for with gentle blasts he retained them up, and laid them softly in the valley I am not able to express the often embracing, kissing, and greeting which was between them three, all sorrows and tears were then laid apart "Come in," quoth Psyche, "into our house, and refresh your afflicted minds with your sister" After this she showed them the store-houses of treasure, she caused them to hear the voices which served her, the ban was ready, the meats were brought in, and when they had eaten and filled themselves with divine delicacies, they conceived great envy within their hearts, and one of them being very curious, did demand what her husband was, of what state and who was the Lord of so precious a house, but Psyché, remembering the promise which she made to her husband, feigned that he was a young man of comely stature, with a flaxen beard, and had great delight in hunting in the hills and dales by And lest by her long talk she should be found to trip or fail in her words, she filled their laps with gold, silver and jewels, and commanded Zephyrus to carry them away

When they were brought up to the mountain, they took their ways homeward to their own houses, and murmured with envy that they bare against Psyche, saying "Behold, cruel and contrary fortune, behold how we, born all of one parent, have divers destinies, but especially we that are the elder two, be married to strange husbands, made as handmaidens, and as it were banished from our country and friends, whereas our youngest sister has so great abundance of treasure and gotten a God to her husband, who hath no skill how to use so great plenty of riches Saw you not, sister, what was in the house? what great store of jewels, what glittering robes, what gems, what gold we trod on? That if she have a husband according as she affirmeth, there is none that liveth this day more happy in all the world than she And so it may come to pass, that at length for the great affection and love which he may bear unto her, he

may make her a Goddess for, by Hercules, such was her countenance, so she behaved herself, that, as a Goddess, she had voices to serve her, and the winds did obey her. But I, poor wretch, have first married a husband elder than my father, more bald than a coot, more weak than a child, and that locketh me up all day in the house."

Then said the other sister "And in faith I am married to a husband that hath the gout, twyfold, crooked, nor courageous in paying my debt, I am fain to rub and mollify his stony fingers with divers sorts of oils, and to wrap them in plasters and salves, so that I soil my white and dainty hands with the corruption of filthy clouts, not using myself like a wife, but more like a servant. And you, my sister, seem likewise to be in bondage, and servitude, wherefore I cannot abide to see our younger sister in such great felicity, saw you not, I pray, how proudly and arrogantly she handled us even now? and how in vaunting herself she uttered her presumptuous mind, how she cast a little gold into our laps, and being weary of our company, commanded that we should be borne and blown away? Verily I live not nor am a woman, but I will deprive her of all her bliss. And if you, my sister, be so far bent as I, let us consult together, and not utter our mind to any person, no nor yet to our parents, nor tell that ever we saw her. For it sufficeth that we have seen her, whom it repenteth to have seen. Neither let us declare her good fortune to our father, nor to any other, since as they seem not happy whose riches are unknown: so shall she know that she hath sisters, no abjects, but more worthier than she. But now let us go home to our husbands and poor houses, and when we are better instructed, let us return to suppress her pride." So this evil counsel pleased these two evil women, and they hid the treasure which Psyche gave them, and tore their hair, renewing their false and forged tears. When their father and mother beheld them weep and lament still, they doubled their sorrows, and griefs, but full of ire and forced with envy, they took their voyage homewards, devising the slaughter and destruction of their sister.

In the mean season the husband of Psyche did warn her again in the night with these words "Seest thou not," quoth he, "what peril and danger evil fortune doth threaten unto thee, whereof if thou take not good heed, it will shortly come upon thee. For the unfaithful harlots do greatly endeavour to set their snares to catch thee, and their purpose is to make and persuade thee to behold my face, which if thou once fortune to see, as I have often told, thou shalt see no more. Wherefore if these naughty hags, armed with wicked minds, do chance to come again, as I think no otherwise but that they will, take heed that thou talk not with them, but simply suffer them to speak what they will. Howbeit if thou canst not restrain thyself, beware that thou have no communication of thy husband, nor answer a word if they fortune to question of me, so will we increase our stock, and this young and tender child, couched in

this young and tender belly of thine, if thou conceal my secrets, shall be made an immortal god, otherwise a mortal creature” Then Psyche was very glad that she should bring forth a divine babe, and very joyful in that she should be honoured as a mother she reckoned and numbered carefully the days and months that passed, and being never with child before, did marvel greatly that in so small a time her belly should swell so big

But those pestilent and wicked furies, breathing out their serpentine poison, took shipping to bring their enterprise to pass Then Psyche was warned again by her husband in this sort “Behold the last day, the extreme case, and the enemies of thy blood, hath armed themselves against us, pitched their camps, set their host in array, and are marching towards us, for now thy two sisters have drawn their swords, and are ready to slay thee Oh, with what force are we assailed this day! O sweet Psyche, I pray thee to take pity on thyself, of me, and deliver thy husband, and this infant within thy belly from so great a danger and see not, neither hear these cursed women, which are not worthy to be called thy sisters, for their great hatred, and breach of sisterly amity, for they will come, like sirens, to the mountain, and yield out their piteous and lamentable cries” When Psyche had heard these words, she sighed sorrowfully, and said “O dear husband, this long time you have had experience and trial of my faith, and doubt you not but that I will persevere in the same, wherefore command your wind Zephyrus, that he may do as he hath done before, to the intent that where you have charged me not to behold your venerable face, yet that I may comfort myself with the sight of my sisters I pray you by these beautiful hairs, by these round cheeks delicate and tender, by your pleasant hot breast, whose shape and face I shall learn at length by the child in my belly, grant the fruit of my desire, refresh your dear spouse Psyche with joy, who is bound and linked unto you for ever I little esteem to see your visage and figure, little do I regard the night and darkness thereof, for you are my only light” Her husband, being as it were enchanted with these words, and compelled by violence of her often embracing, wiping away her tears with his hair, did yield unto his wife And when morning came departed as he accustomed to do

Now her sisters arrived on land, and never rested till they came to the rock, without visiting of their father and mother, and leaped down rashly from the hill themselves Then Zephyrus according to the divine commandment brought them down, though it were against his will, and laid them in the valley without any harm By and by they went into the palace to their sister without leave, and when they had eftsoons embraced their prey, and thanked her with flattering words for the treasure which she gave them, they said “O dear sister Psyche, know you that you are now no more a child, but a mother O what great joy bear you unto us in your belly what a comfort will it be unto all the house! how happy shall we

be, that shall see this infant nourished amongst so great plenty of treasure! that if he be like his parents, as it is necessary he should, there is no doubt but a new Cupid shall be born." By this kind of means they went about to win Psyche by little and little, but because they were weary with travel, they sat them down in chairs, and after that they had washed their bodies in bays, they went into a parlour, where all kind of meats were ready prepared. Psyche commanded one to play with his harp, it was done. Then immediately others sang, others tuned their instruments, but no person was seen, by whose sweet harmony and modulation the sisters of Psyche were greatly delighted.

Howbeit the wickedness of these cursed women was nothing suppressed by the sweet noise of these instruments, but they settled themselves to work their treason against Psyche, demanding who was her husband, and of what parentage. Then she, having forgotten, by too much simplicity, that which she had spoken before of her husband, invented a new answer, and said that her husband was of a great province, a merchant, and a man of middle age, having his beard interspersed with gray hairs, which when she had said, because she would have no further talk, she filled their laps full of gold and silver, and bid Zephyrus to bear them away.

In their return homeward they murmured with themselves saying, "How say you, sister, to so apparent a lie of Psyche's? For first she said that her husband was a young man of flourishing years, and had a flaxen beard, and now she saith that it is half gray with age, what is he that in so short space can become so old? You shall find it no otherwise, my sister, but that either this cursed queen hath invented a great lie, or else that she never saw the shape of her husband. And if it be so that she never saw him, then verily she is married to some God, and hath a young God in her belly, but if it be a divine babe, and fortune to come to the ears of my mother (as God forbid it should) then may I go and hang myself, wherefore let us go to our parents and with forged lies let us colour the matter."

After they were thus inflamed, and had visited their parents, they returned again to the mountain, and by the aid of the wind Zephyrus were carried down into the valley, and after they had strained their eyes to enforce themselves to weep, they called unto Psyche in this sort: "Thou, ignorant of so great evil, thinkest thyself sure and happy, and sittest at home nothing regarding thy peril, whereas we go about thy affairs, and are careful lest any harm should happen unto thee for we are credibly informed, neither can we but utter it unto thee, that there is a great serpent full of deadly poison, with a ravenous and gaping throat, that lieth with thee every night. Remember the oracle of Apollo, who pronounced that thou shouldst be married to a dire and fierce serpent, and many of the inhabitants hereby, and such as hunt about in the country, affirm that they saw him yester-night returning from pasture

and swimming over the river, whereby they do undoubtedly say that he will not pamper thee long with delicate meats, but when the tunc of delivery shall approach, he will devour both thee and thy child. Wherefore advise thyself, whether thou wilt agree unto us that are careful for thy safety, and so avoid the peril of death, and be contented to live with thy sisters, or whether thou wilt remain with the serpent, and in the end to be swallowed into the gulf of his body. And if it be so, that thy solitary life, thy conversation with voices, this servile and dangerous pleasure, and the love of the serpent do more delight thee say not but that we have played the parts of natural sisters in warning thee." Then the poor simple miser Psyche was moved with the fear of so dreadful words, and being amazed in her mind, did clean forget the admonitions of her husband and her own promises made unto him, and throwing herself headlong into extreme misery, with a wan and sallow countenance, scantily uttering a third word, at length gan say in this sort

"O my most dear sisters, I heartily thank you for your great kindness towards me, and I am now verily persuaded that they which you hear of, have informed you of nothing but truth for I never saw the shape of my husband, neither know I from whence he came, only I hear his voice in the night, insomuch that I have an uncertain husband, and one that loveth not the light of the day, which causeth me to suspect that he is a beast, as you affirm. Moreover I do greatly fear to see him, for he doth menace and threaten great evil unto me, if I should go about to spy and behold his shape. Wherefore, my loving sisters, if you have any wholesome remedy for your sister in danger, give it now presently." Then they opening the gates of their subtle minds, did put away all privy guile, and egged her forward in her fearful thoughts, persuading her to do as they would have her, whereupon one of them began and said "Because that we little esteem any peril or danger to save your life, we intend to show you the best way and mean as we may possibly do. Take a sharp razor and put it under the pillow of your bed, and see that you have ready a privy burning lamp with oil, hid under some part of the hanging of the chamber, and, finely dissimulating the matter, when, according to his custom, he cometh to bed and sleepeth soundly, arise you secretly, and with your bare feet go and take your lamp, with the razor in your right hand, and with valiant force cut off the head of the poisonous serpent, wherein we will aid and assist you and when by the death of him, you shall be made salve, we will marry you to some comely man." After they had thus inflamed the heart of their sister, fearing lest some danger might happen unto them by reason of their evil counsel, they were carried by the wind Zephyrus to the top of the mountain, and so they ran away, and took shipping.

When Psyche was left alone (saying that she seemed not to be alone, being stirred by so many furies) she was in a tossing mind, like the waves

of the sea, and although her will was obstinate, and resisted to put in execution the counsel of her sisters, yet she was in doubtful and divers opinions touching her calamity. Sometime she would, sometime she would not, sometime she is bold, sometime she feareth, sometime she mistrusteth, sometime she is moved, sometime she hateth the beast, sometime she loveth her husband but at length the night came, whenas she made preparation for her wicked intent.

Soon after her husband came, and when he had kissed and embraced her, he fell asleep. Then Psyche (somewhat feeble in body and mind, yet moved by cruelty of fate) received boldness, and brought forth the lamp, and took the razor, so by her audacity she changed her kind. But when she took the lamp, and came to the bedside, she saw the most meek and sweetest beast of all beasts, even fair Cupid couched faintly, at whose sight the very lamp increased his light for joy, and the razor turned his edge. But when Psyche saw so glorious a body, she greatly feared, and, amazed in mind, with a pale countenance, all trembling, fell on her knees, and thought to hide the razor, yea verily in her own heart, which she had undoubtedly done, had it not through fear of so great an enterprise fallen out of her hand. And when she saw and beheld the beauty of his divine visage she was well recreated in her mind. She saw his hairs of gold that yielded out a sweet savour, his neck more white than milk, his purple cheeks, his hair hanging comely behind and before, the brightness whereof did darken the light of the lamp, his tender plume feathers dispersed upon his shoulders like shining flowers, and trembling hither and thither, and his other parts of his body so smooth and soft that it did not repent Venus to bear such a child. At the bed's feet lay his bow, quiver, and arrows, that be the weapons of so great a God, which when Psyche did curiously behold, and marvelling at the weapons of her husband, took one of the arrows out of the quiver, and pricked herself withal, wherewith she was so grievously wounded that the blood followed, and thereby of her own accord she added love upon love, then more and more broiling in the love of Cupid, she embraced him and kissed him a thousand times fearing the measure of his sleep. But alas! while she was in this great joy, whether it were for envy, or for desire to touch this amiable body likewise, there fell out a drop of burning oil from the lamp upon the right shoulder of the God. O rash and bold lamp, the vile ministry of love, how darest thou be so bold as to burn the God of all fire when he invented thee, to the intent that all lovers might with more joy pass the nights in pleasure?

The God being burned in this sort, and perceiving that promise and faith was broken, he fled away without utterance of any word, from the eyes and hands of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche fortun'd to catch him, as he was rising, by the right thigh, and held him fast as he flew about in the air, until such time that constrained by weariness she let go

and fell down upon the ground. But Cupid followed her down, and lighted upon the top of a cypress tree, and angerly spake unto her in this manner: "O simple Psyche, consider with thyself, how I, little regarding the commandment of my mother, who willed me that thou shouldst be married to a man of base and miserable condition, did come myself from heaven to love thee, and wounded my own body with my proper weapons to have thee to my spouse. And did I seem a beast unto thee, that thou shouldst go about to cut off my head with a razor, who loved thee so well? Did not I always give thee in charge? did not I gently will thee to beware? But those cursed aiders and counsellors of thine, shall be worthily rewarded for their pains. As for thee, thou shalt be sufficiently punished by my absence." When he had spoken these words, he took his flight into the air.

Then Psyche fell flat on the ground, and as long as she might see her husband, she cast her eyes after him into the air, weeping and lamenting piteously, but when he was gone out of her sight, she threw herself into the next running river, for the great anguish and dolour that she was in, for the lack of her husband. Howbeit the water would not suffer her to be drowned, but took pity upon her, in the honour of Cupid which accustomed to broil and burn the river, and so threw her upon the bank amongst the herbs.

Then Pan, the rustical God, sitting on the riverside, embracing and teaching the Goddess Canna to tune her songs and pipes, by whom were feeding the young and tender goats, after that he perceived Psyche in so sorrowful case, not ignorant, I know not by what means, of her miserable estate, endeavoured to pacify her in this sort: "O fair maid, I am a rustic and rude herdsman, howbeit, by reason of my old age, expert in many things, for as far as I can learn by conjecture, which, according as wise men do term, is called divination, I perceive by your uncertain gait, your pale hue, your sobbing sighs, and your watery eyes, that you are greatly in love. Wherefore hearken to me, and go not about to slay yourself, nor weep not at all, but rather adore and worship the great God Cupid, and win him unto you by your gentle promise of service." When the God of Shepherds had spoken these words, she gave no answer but made reverence unto him as to a God, and so departed.

After that Psyche had gone a little way, she fortunèd unawares to come to a city where the husband of one of her sisters did dwell, which when Psyche did understand, she caused that her sister had knowledge of her coming, and so they met together, and after great embracing and salutation, the sister of Psyche demanded the cause of her travel thither. "Marry," quoth she, "do not you remember the counsel that you gave me, whereby you would that I should kill the beast, who under colour of my husband did lie with me every night? You shall understand, that as soon as I brought forth the lamp to see and behold his shape, I perceived

that he was the son of Venus, even Cupid himself that lay with me. Then I, being stricken with great pleasure, and desirous to embrace him, could not thoroughly assuage my delight, but alas! by evil chance, the boiling oil of the lamp fortun'd to fall on his shoulder, which caused him to awake, who, seeing me armed with fire and weapon, gan say 'How darest thou be so bold as to do so great a mischief? Depart from me, and take such things as thou didst bring for I will have thy sister (and named you) to my wife, and she shall be placed in my felicity' And by and by he commanded Zephyrus to carry me away from the bounds of his house" / Psyche had scantily finished her tale, but her sister, pierced with the prick of carnal desire and wicked envy, ran home, and, feigning to her husband that she had heard of the death of her parents, took shipping and came to the mountain. And although there blew a contrary wind, yet being brought in a vain hope she cried "O Cupid, take me, a more worthy wife, and thou Zephyrus bear down thy mistress!" and so she cast herself down headlong from the mountain, but she fell not into the valley neither alive nor dead, for all the members and parts of her body were torn amongst the rocks, whereby she was made a prey to the birds and wild beasts, as she worthily deserved *

Neither was the vengeance of the other delayed, for Psyche travelling in that country fortun'd to come to another city, where her other sister did dwell, to whom when she had declared all such things as she told to her first sister, she ran likewise unto the rock and was slain in like sort. Then Psyche travelled about in the country to seek her husband Cupid, but he was gotten into his mother's chamber, and there bewailed the sorrowful wound, which he caught by the oil of the burning lamp.

Then the white bird the Gull, which swimmeth on the waves of the water, flew towards the ocean sea, where she found Venus washing and bathing herself to whom she declared that her son was burned and in danger of death, and moreover that it was a common bruit in the mouth of every person who spake evil of all the family of Venus, that her son doth nothing but haunt harlots in the mountain, and she herself lasciviously used to riot in the sea, whereby they say, that they are now become no more gracious, no more pleasant, no more gentle, but incivil, monstrous and horrible, moreover the marriages are not for any amity, or for love of procreation, but full of envy, discord and debate. This the curious Gull did clatter in the ears of Venus, reprehending her son. But Venus began to cry, and said "What, hath my son gotten any love? I pray thee, gentle bird, that dost serve me so faithfully, tell me what she is and what is her name, that hath troubled my son in such sort? whether she be any of the Nymphs, of the number of the Goddesses, of the company of the Muses, or of the mystery of my Graces?" To whom the bird answered "Madame, I know not what she is, but thus I know, that she is called Psyche." Then Venus with indignation cried out "What, is it she? the

usurper of my beauty, the vicar of my name? What, will he think that I was a bawd, by whose show he fell acquainted with the maid?" And immediately she departed, and went to her chamber, where she found her son wounded as it was told unto her, whom when she beheld she cried out in this sort

"Is this an honest thing? is this honorable to thy parents? is this reason that thou hast violated and broken the commandment of thy mother and sovereign mistress? And whereas thou shouldst have vexed my enemy with loathsome love, thou hast done contrary? For being but of tender and unripe years, thou hast with too licentious appetite embraced my most mortal foe, to whom I shall be made a mother, and she a daughter Thou presumest and thinkest, thou trifling boy, thou varlet, and without all reverence, that thou art most worthy and excellent, and that I am not able by reason of mine age to have another son, which if I might have, thou shouldst well understand that I would bear a more worthier than thou But to work thee a greater despite, I do determine to adopt one of my servants, and to give him these wings, this fire, this bow and these arrows, and all other furniture which I gave to thee, not for this purpose, neither is anything given to thee of thy father for this intent but first thou hast been evil brought up and instructed in thy youth thou hast thy hands ready and sharp thou has often offended thy ancients, and especially me that am thy mother, thou hast pierced me with thy darts, thou contemnest me as a widow, neither dost thou regard thy valiant and invincible father and to anger me more, thou art amorous of wenches and harlots But I will cause that thou shalt shortly repent thee, and that this marriage shall be dearly bought To what a point am I now driven what shall I do? Whither shall I go? how shall I repress this beast? Shall I ask aid of mine enemy Sobriety, whom I have often offended to engender thee? or shall I seek for counsel of every poor and rustic woman? No, no, yet had I rather die, howbeit I will not cease my vengeance, to her must I have recourse for help, and to none other, I mean to Sobriety, who may correct thee sharply, take away thy quiver, deprive thee of thy arrows, unbend thy bow, quench thy fire, and, which is more, subdue thy body with punishment, and when that I have rased and cut off this thy hair, which I have dressed with mine own hands, and made to glitter like gold, and when I have clipped thy wings which I myself have caused to burgen, then shall I think to have sufficiently revenged myself upon thee, for the injury which thou hast done" When she had spoken these words she departed in a great rage out of her chamber

Immediately as she was going away, came Juno and Ceres demanding the cause of her anger Then Venus made answer "Verily you are come to comfort my sorrow, but I pray you with all diligence to seek out one whose name is Psyche, who is a vagabond and runneth about the countries, and as I think, you are not ignorant of the bruit of my son Cupid,

and of his demeanour, which I am ashamed to declare” Then they understanding and knowing the whole matter, endeavoured to mitigate the ire of Venus in this sort

“What is the cause, madame, or how hath your son so offended, that you should so greatly accuse his love, and blame him by reason that he is amorous? and why should you seek the death of her, whom he doth fancy? We most humbly entreat you to pardon his fault, if he have accorded to the mind of any maiden What, do not you know that he is a young man? or have you forgotten of what years he is? doth he seem always to you to be a child? You are his mother, and a kind woman, will you continually search out his dalliance? Will you blame his luxury? Will you bridle his love, and will you reprehend your own art and delights in him? What God or man is he, that can endure that you should sow or disperse your seed of love in every place, and to make a restraint thereof within your own doors? Certes, you will be the cause of the suppression of the public places of young dames”

In this sort these Goddesses endeavoured to pacify her mind, and to excuse Cupid with all their power, although he were absent, for fear of his darts and shafts of love But Venus would in no wise assuage her heat, but thinking that they did but trifle and taunt at her injuries, she departed from them, and took her voyage towards the sea in all haste

In the mean season Psyche hurled herself hither and thither, to seek for her husband, the rather because she thought, that if he would not be appeased with the sweet flattery of his wife, yet he would take mercy upon her at her servile and continual prayers And, espying a church on the top of a high hill, she said “What can I tell whether my husband and master be there or no?” Wherefore she went thitherward, and with great pain and travail, moved by hope, after that she climbed to the top of the mountain, she came to the temple and went in whereas, behold, she espied sheafs of corn lying on a heap, blades wreathed like garlands, and reeds of barley, moreover she saw hooks, scythes, sickles and other instruments to reap, but everything lay out of order, and as it were cast in by the hands of labourers, which when Psyche saw, she gathered up and put everything duly in order, thinking that she would not despise or condemn the Temples of any of the Gods, but rather get the favour and benevolence of them all By and by Ceres came in and beholding her busy and curious in her chapel, cried out afar off, and said “O Psyche, needful of mercy, Venus searcheth for thee in every place to revenge herself and to punish thee grievously, but thou hast more mind to be here, and carest for nothing less than for thy safety” Then Psyche fell on her knees before her, watering her feet with her tears, wiping the ground with her hair, and with great weeping and lamentation desired pardon, saying “O great and holy Goddess, I pray thee by thy plenteous and liberal right hand, by thy joyful ceremonies of harvest, by the secrets of thy

sacrifice, by the flying chariots of thy Dragons, by the tillage of the ground of Sicily which thou hast invented, by the marriage of Proserpina, by the diligent inquisition of thy daughter, and by the other secrets which are within the temple of Eleusis in the land of Athens take pity on me thy servant Psyche, and let me hide myself a few days amongst these sheafs of corn, until the ire of so great a goddess be past, or until that I be refreshed of my great labour and travail ” Then answered Ceres “Verily, Psyche, I am greatly moved by thy prayers and tears, and desire with all my heart to aid thee, but if I should suffer thee to be hidden here, I should incur the displeasure of my cousin, with whom I have made a treaty of peace, and an ancient promise of amity wherefore I advise thee to depart hence, and take it not in evil part in that I will not suffer thee to abide and remain within my temple ”

Then Psyche driven away contrary to her hope, was double afflicted with sorrow, and so she returned back again And behold, she perceived afar off in a valley a temple standing within a forest, fair and curiously wrought, and minding to overpass no place, whither better hope did direct her, and to the intent she would desire the pardon of every God, she approached nigh to the sacrèd doors, whereas she saw precious riches and vestments engraven with letters of gold, hanging upon branches of trees, and the posts of the temple, testifying the name of the Goddess Juno to whom they were dedicated Then she kneeled down upon her knees, and embracing the altar with her hands, and wiping her tears, gan pray in this sort “O dear spouse and sister of the great God Jupiter, which art adored and worshipped among the great temples of Samos, called upon by women with child, worshipped at high Carthage, because thou werest brought from heaven by the Lion, the rivers of the flood Inachus do celebrate thee, and know that thou art the wife of the great God and the Goddess of Goddesses All the East part of the world hath thee in veneration, all the world calleth thee Lucina I pray thee to be mine advocate in my tribulations, deliver me from the great danger which pursueth me, and save me that am wearied with so long labours and sorrow, for I know that it is thou that succourest and helpest such women as are with child and in danger ” Then Juno, hearing the prayers of Psyche, appeared unto her in all her royalty, saying “Certes, Psyche, I would gladly help thee, but I am ashamed to do anything contrary to the will of my daughter in law Venus, whom always I have loved as mine own child, moreover I shall incur the danger of the law intituled *De servo Corrupto*, whereby I am forbidden to retain any servant fugitive against the will of his master ”

Then Psyche, cast off likewise by Juno, as without all hope of the recovery of her husband, reasoned with herself in this sort “Now what comfort or remedy is left to my afflictions, whenas my prayers will nothing avail with the Goddesses? What shall I do? Whither shall I go?

In what cave or darkness shall I hide myself to avoid the furor of Venus? Why do I not take a good heart and offer myself with humility unto her whose anger I have wrought? what do I know whether he, whom I seek for, be in the house of his mother or no?" Thus being in doubt, poor Psyche prepared herself to her own danger, and devised how she might make her orison and prayer unto Venus

After that Venus was weary with searching by sea and land for Psyche, she returned toward heaven, and commanded that one should prepare her chariot, which her husband Vulcan gave unto her by reason of marriage, so finely wrought that neither gold nor silver could be compared to the brightness thereof. Four white pigeons guided the chariot with great diligence, and when Venus was entered in, a number of sparrows flew chirping about, making sign of joy, and all other kind of birds sang sweetly for showing the coming of the great Goddess the clouds gave place, the heavens opened and received her joyfully, the birds that followed nothing feared the eagles, hawks and other ravenous fowl in the air. Incontinently she went into the royal palace of the God Jupiter, and with proud and bold petition, demanded the service of Mercury in certain of her affairs, whereunto Jupiter consented. Then with much joy she descended from Heaven with Mercury, and gave him an earnest charge to put in execution his words, saying "O my brother, born in Arcadia, thou knowest well that I (who am thy sister) did never enterprise to do anything without thy presence, thou knowest also how long I have sought for a girl and cannot find her, wherefore there resteth nothing else save that thou with thy trumpet do pronounce the reward to such as take her. See thou put in execution my commandment, and declare, that what soever he be that retaineth her wittingly against my will shall not defend himself by any mean or excusation." Which when she had spoken, she delivered unto him a label wherein was contained the name of Psyche and the residue of his publication, which done she departed away to her lodging. By and by Mercury (not delaying the matter) proclaimed throughout all the world, that whatsoever he were that could tell any tidings of a King's fugitive daughter, the servant of Venus, named Psyche, should bring word to Mercury, and for reward of his pains he should receive seven sweet cosses of Venus. After that Mercury had pronounced these things, every man was inflamed with desire to search out Psyche.

This proclamation was the cause that put away all doubt from Psyche, who was scantily come in sight of the house of Venus, but one of her servants called Custom came out, who espying Psyche cried with a loud voice "O wicked harlot as thou art, now at length thou shalt know that thou hast a mistress above thee. What, dost thou make thyself ignorant as thou didst not understand what travel we have taken in searching for thee? I am glad that thou art come into my hands, thou art now in the gulf of Hell, and shalt abide the pain and punishment of thy great con-

tumacy” And therewithal she took her by the hair, and brought her before the presence of the goddess Venus

When Venus espied her she began to laugh, and as angry persons accustomed to do, she shook her head and scratched her right ear, saying “O Goddess, Goddess, you are now come at length to visit your mother, or else to see your husband that is in danger of death by your means, be you assured I will handle you like a daughter, where be my maidens Sorrow and Sadness?” To whom, when they came, she delivered Psyche to be cruelly tormented, then they fulfilled the commandment of their mistress, and after they had piteously scourged her with whips and rods, they presented her again before Venus Then she began to laugh again, saying “Behold she thinketh that by reason of her great belly, which she hath gotten by playing the whore, to move me to pity, and to make me a grandmother to her child Am not I happy, that in the flourishing time of all mine age shall be called a grandmother, and the son of a vile harlot shall be accounted the nephew of Venus? Howbeit I am a fool to term him by the name of son, since as the marriage was made between unequal persons, in the fields without witnesses, and not by the consent of their parents, wherefore the marriage is illegitimate, and the child, that shall be born, a bastard, if we fortune to suffer thee to live till thou be delivered”

When Venus had spoken these words she leaped upon the face of poor Psyche, and, tearing her apparel, took her violently by the hair, and dashed her head upon the ground Then she took a great quantity of wheat, barley meal, poppy seed, peas, lentils and beans, and mingled them all together on a heap, saying “Thou evil favoured girl, thou seemest unable to get the grace of thy lover by no other means but only by diligent and painful service, wherefore I will prove what thou canst do, see that thou separate all these grains one from another, disposing them orderly in their quality, and let it be done before night” When she had appointed this task unto Psyche, she departed to a great banquet that was prepared that day

But Psyche went not about to dissever the grain, as being a thing impossible to be brought to pass, by reason it lay so confusedly scattered, but being astonished at the cruel commandment of Venus, sat still and said nothing Then the little pismere the Emmot, taking pity of her great difficulty and labour, cursing the cruelty of the wife of Jupiter and of so evil a mother, ran about hither and thither, and called to her all the ants of the country, saying “I pray you, my friends, ye quick sons of the ground, the mother of all things, take mercy on this poor maid espoused to Cupid, who is in great danger of her person I pray you help her with all diligence” Incontinently one came after another dissevering and dividing the grain, and after that they had put each kind of corn in order they ran away again in all haste

When night came, Venus returned home from the banquet well tipp'd with wine, smelling of balm, and crown'd with garlands of roses, who when she espied what Psyche had done, gan say "This is not the labour of thy hands, but rather of his that is amorous of thee" Then she gave her a morsel of brown bread, and went to sleep

In the mean season Cupid was closed fast in the most surest chamber of the house, partly because he should not hurt himself with wanton dalliance, and partly because he should not speak with his love so these two lovers were divided one from another

When night was passed, Venus called Psyche and said "Seest thou yonder forest that extendeth out in length with the river? There be great sheep shining like gold, and kept by no manner of person I command thee that thou go thither and bring me home some of the wool of their fleeces" Psyche arose willingly, not to do her commandment, but to throw herself headlong into the water to end her sorrow Then a green reed, inspired by divine inspiration with a gracious tune and melody, gan say "O Psyche, I pray thee not to trouble or pollute my water by the death of thee, and yet beware that thou go not towards the terrible sheep of this coast, until such time as the heat of the sun be past, for when the sun is in his force, then seem they most dreadful, and furious with their sharp horns, their stony foreheads, and their gaping throats wherewith they arm themselves to the danger of mankind but until the midday is past and the heat assuaged, and until they have refreshed themselves in the river, thou mayst hide thyself here by me under this great plane-tree, and as soon as their great fury is past, thou mayst go among the thickets and bushes under the woodside and gather the locks of their golden fleeces, which thou shalt find hanging upon the briars" Thus spake the gentle and benign reed, showing a mean to Psyche to save her life, which she bare well in memory, and with all diligence went and gathered up such locks as she found, and put them in her apron and carried them home to Venus howbeit the danger of this second labour did not please her, nor give her sufficient witness of the good service of Psyche, but with a sour resemblance of laughter, she said "Of certainty I know that this is not thy fact, but I will prove if thou be of so stout a courage and singular prudence as thou seemst"

Then Venus spake unto Psyche again, saying "Seest thou the top of yonder great hill, from whence there runneth down water of black and deadly colour, which nourisheth the floods of Styx and Cocytus? I charge thee to go thither and bring me a vessel of that water" Wherewithal she gave her a bottle of crystal, menacing and threatening her rigorously

Then poor Psyche went in all haste to the top of the mountain, rather to end her life than to fetch any water, and when she was come up to the ridge of the hill, she perceived that it was impossible to bring it to pass, for she saw a great rock gushing out most horrible fountains of waters,

which ran down and fell by many stops and passages into the valley beneath. On each side she saw great dragons, stretching out their long and bloody necks, that never slept, but appointed to keep the river: there the waters seemed to themselves likewise saying "Away, away, what wilt thou do? Fly, fly or else thou wilt be slain." Then Psyche, seeing the impossibility of this affair, stood still as though she were transformed into stone, and although she was present in body, yet was she absent in spirit and sense, by reason of the great peril which she saw, in so much that she could not comfort herself with weeping, such was the present danger she was in.

But the royal bird of great Jupiter, the Eagle, remembering his old service, which he had done, whenas by the prick of Cupid he brought up the boy Ganymede to the heavens, to be made the butler of Jupiter, and minding to show the like service in the person of the wife of Cupid, came from the high house of the skies, and said unto Psyche "O simple woman, without all experience, dost thou think to get or dip up any drop of this dreadful water? No, no, assure thyself thou art never able to come nigh it, for the Gods themselves do greatly fear at the sight thereof. What! have you not heard that it is a custom among men to swear by the puissance of the Gods. And the Gods do swear by the majesty of the river Styx? But give me thy bottle", and suddenly he took it, and filled it with the water of the river, and taking his flight through those cruel and horrible dragons, brought it unto Psyche who being very joyful thereof, presented it to Venus, who would not be appeased, but menacing more and more, said "What! thou seemest unto me a very Witch and Enchantress, that bringest these things to pass, howbeit thou shalt do one thing more. Take this box and go to Hell to Proserpina, and desire her to send me a little of her beauty, as much as will serve me the space of one day, and say that such as I had is consumed away since my son fell sick, but return again quickly, for I must dress myself therewithal, and go to the theatre of the Gods." Then poor Psyche perceived the end of all her fortune, thinking verily that she should never return, and not without cause, as she was compelled to go to the gulf and furies of Hell. Wherefore without any further delay, she went up to a high tower to throw herself down headlong, thinking that it was the next and readiest way to Hell, but the Tower, as inspired, spake unto her, saying "O poor miser, why goest thou about to slay thyself? why dost thou rashly yield unto thy last peril and danger? know thou that if thy spirit be once separate from thy body, thou shalt surely go to Hell, but never to return again, wherefore hearken to me. Lacedaemon, a city of Greece, is not far hence. Go thou thither and inquire for the hill Tænarus, whereas thou shalt find a hole leading to Hell, even to the palace of Pluto. But take heed that thou go not with empty hands to that place of darkness, but carry two sops sodden in the flour of barley and honey in thy hands, and

two halfpence in thy mouth, and when thou hast passed a good part of that way, thou shalt see a lame Ass carrying of wood, and a lame fellow driving him, who will desire thee to give him up the sticks that fall down, but pass thou on and do nothing, by and by thou shalt come unto the river of Hell whereas Charon is ferryman, who will first have his fare paid him, before he will carry the souls over the river in his boat Whereby you may see that avarice reigneth amongst the dead, neither Charon nor Pluto will do anything for nought For if it be a poor man that would pass over, and lacketh money, he shall be compelled to die in his journey before they will show him any relief Wherefore deliver to carrion Charon one of the halfpence, which thou bearest for thy passage, and let him receive it out of thy mouth And it shall come to pass as thou sittest in the boat, thou shalt see an old man swimming on the top of the river holding up his deadly hands, and desiring thee to receive him into the bark, but have no regard to his piteous cry When thou art passed over the flood, thou shalt espy old women spinning who will desire thee to help them, but beware thou do not consent unto them in any case, for these and like baits and traps will Venus set to make thee let fall one of thy sops and think not that the keeping of thy sops is a light matter, for if thou lose one of them thou shalt be assured never to return again to this world Then thou shalt see a great and marvellous dog with three heads, barking continually at the souls of such as enter in, by reason he can do them no other harm, he lieth day and night before the gate of Proserpine and keepeth the house of Pluto with great diligence, to whom if thou cast one of thy sops, thou mayst have access to Proserpina without all danger She will make thee good cheer, and entertain thee with delicate meat and drink, but sit thou upon the ground and desire brown bread, and then declare thy message unto her, and when thou hast received such beauty as she giveth, in thy return appease the rage of the dog with thy other sop, and give thy other halfpenny to covetous Charon, and come the same way again into the world as thou wentest But above all things have a regard that thou look not in the box, neither be not too curious about the treasure of the divine beauty ”

In this manner the Tower spake unto Psyche, and advertised her what she should do and immediately she took two halfpence, two sops, and all things necessary, and went to the mountain Tænarus to go towards Hell

After that Psyche had passed by the lame Ass, paid her halfpenny for passage, neglected the old man in the river, denied to help the women spinning, and filled the ravenous mouth of the dog with a sop, she came to the chamber of Proserpina There Psyche would not sit in any royal seat, nor eat any delicate meats, but kneeling at the feet of Proserpina, only contented with coarse bread, declared her message, and after she had received a mystical secret in the box she departed, and stopped the mouth of the dog with the other sop, and paid the boatman the other halfpenny

When Psyche was returned from Hell to the light of the world, she was ravished with great desire, saying "Am not I a fool that knowing that I carry here the divine beauty, will not take a little thereof to garnish my face, to please my lover withal?" And by and by she opened the box, where she could perceive no beauty nor anything else, save only an infernal and deadly sleep, which immediately invaded all her members as soon as the box was uncovered, in such sort that she fell down on the ground, and lay there as a sleeping corpse

But Cupid being now healed of his wound and malady, not able to endure the absence of Psyche, got him secretly out at a window of the chamber where he was enclosed, and, receiving his wings, took his flight towards his loving wife, whom when he had found he wiped away the sleep from her face, and put it again into the box, and awaked her with the tip of one of his arrows, saying "O wretched catiff, behold thou werest well nigh perished again with thy overmuch curiosity, well, go thou, and do thy message to my mother, and in the mean season I will provide for all things accordingly" Wherewithal he took his flight into the air, and Psyche brought her present to Venus

Cupid being more and more in love with Psyche, and fearing the displeasure of his mother, did pierce into the heavens, and arrived before Jupiter to declare his cause Then Jupiter after that he had eftsoons embraced him, gan say in this manner "O my well beloved son, although thou hast not given due reverence and honour unto me as thou oughtest to do, but hast rather soiled and wounded this my breast, whereby the laws and order of the elements and planets be disposed, with continual assaults of terrene luxury and against all laws, and the discipline Julia, and the utility of the public weal, in transforming my divine beauty into serpents, fire, savage beasts, birds and bulls Howbeit, remembering my modesty, and that I have nourished thee with mine own proper hands, I will do and accomplish all thy desire, so that thou canst beware of spiteful and envious persons And if there be any excellent maiden of comely beauty in the world, remember yet the benefit which I shall show unto thee, by recompense of her love towards me again" When he had spoken these words, he commanded Mercury to call all the Gods to council, and if any of the celestial powers did fail of appearance, he should be condemned in ten thousand pounds which sentence was such a terror unto all the Gods, that the high theatre was replenished, and Jupiter began to speak in this sort "O ye Gods, registered in the books of the Muses, you all know this young man Cupid, whom I have nourished with mine own hands, whose raging flames of his first youth I thought best to bridle and restrain It sufficeth in that he is defamed in every place for his adulterous living, wherefore all occasion ought to be taken away by mean of marriage he hath chosen a maiden that fancieth him well, and hath bereaved her of her virginity, let him have her still and

possess her according to his own pleasure " Then he returned to Venus, and said "And you, my daughter, take you no care, neither fear the dishonour of your progeny and estate, neither have regard in that it is a mortal marriage, for it seemeth unto me just, lawful, and legitimate by the law civil "

Incontinently after, Jupiter commanded Mercury to bring up Psyche, the spouse of Cupid, into the palace of heaven And then he took a pot of immortality, and said "Hold, Psyche, and drink to the end thou mayst be immortal, and that Cupid may be thine everlasting husband "

By and by the great banquet and marriage feast was sumptuously prepared Cupid sat down with his dear spouse between his arms Juno likewise with Jupiter, and all the other Gods in order Ganymede filled the pot of Jupiter, and Bacchus served the rest Their drink was nectar, the wine of the Gods Vulcan prepared supper, the Hours decked up the house with roses and other sweet smells, the Graces threw about balm, the Muses sang with sweet harmony, Apollo tuned pleasantly to the harp, Venus danced finely, Satyr and Pan played on their pipes and thus Psyche was married to Cupid, and after she was delivered of a child, whom we call Pleasure

Ancient India

INTRODUCTION

SANSKRIT is the classical literary language of the Hindus of ancient India. With few exceptions, the varied and extensive literature that began in prehistoric times with the *Vedas* and lasted almost to the dawn of the European Renaissance, was written in Sanskrit.

The *Vedas* were the religious books of the Hindus. The earliest of these belong probably to pre-Homeric times. Even before the so-called epic period, which began perhaps about 500 B.C., there were narratives that contained at least the germs of those tales that were later incorporated into the epics, dramas, and shorter poems of the classical period.

The two great epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, are full of romantic narratives. Among the very earliest stories in Sanskrit are the short fables, apologues, and anecdotes now known as the *Jataka*, or Buddhist "birth stories," which existed as early as the Fourth Century, B.C.

Sanskrit literature abounds in short stories, the most famous of which are found in the *Panchatantra*. Many of these, with modifications and additions, were incorporated into the later and almost equally famous collections, the *Katha sarit Sagara*, and the *Hitopadesa*.

✓ The longer tale, or short novel, as an art form, can be found in the two great epics just referred to, it was developed in the derivative and more or less imitative court epics, or *Kavyas*, the earliest of which date from about 200 B.C., and the latest some thirteen centuries later.

It was in the classical period that the long prose romance, or novel, flourished. Several of these, dating from the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Centuries, A.D., still survive. Dandin, Subandhu, and Bana, are among the best-known writers of this sort of composition. ✓

Regarding the source of the Sanskrit stories, there has been an immense amount of speculation, a great deal of which is interesting, but for our purposes not especially valuable. What is far better established than the theories of scholars on their origin, is the fact of their influence. The Sanskrit tale has found its way into the literatures and folk lore of practically every nation in the world.

DANDIN

(Latter half 7th Century A D)

Dandin is believed to have flourished in the latter half of the Seventh Century A D Besides *The Adventures of the Ten Princes* he wrote a treatise called *The Mirror of Poetry* on literary composition He was in Professor Ryder's words a skilful poet an erudite and ingenious lover of literature the master of a prose style surpassingly beautiful This is all that we know

The Adventures of the Ten Princes is a novel in prose though nearly all of its fourteen chapters are separate narratives Dandin wrote only eight of these the others were added by an unknown author

The story printed below is a particularly good example of the light hearted and somewhat sophisticated attitude toward life of an artist who delighted in playing with words and ideas Here is not a trace of moralising, the tale is written solely to amuse and interest the reader

The translation here used was made especially by Prof Arthur W Ryder for his edition of the entire novel This is to be published shortly by the University of Chicago Press by whose permission and that of the translator it is included in the present volume The story has never before been published in an English translation.

APA HARAVARMAN'S ADVENTURE

(from *The Adventures of Ten Princes*)

YOUR Majesty, on the day when you plunged into Devil's Hole in order to serve a Brahman, and all your friends set out in search of you, I too roamed the earth Now I learned from a certain group of gossipers that in the Anga country, on the bank of the Ganges outside the capital Champa, there lived a great sage named Marichi in whom potent austerities had begotten divine insight, and I travelled to that region, desirous of learning from him your whereabouts In his hermitage I discovered under a baby mango a hermit pale with depression of spirit, from whom I received the attentions due a guest Then after a moment's rest, I said "Where is saintly Marichi? I desire to learn from him the route of a friend who had occasion to make a distant journey The sage had an international reputation for miraculous powers of penetration and a deep-drawn, burning sigh he told this tale "Such a sage there was in this hermitage To him one day there came in deep dejection a

member of the frail sisterhood, named Kamamanjam. She had fairly won her name as gem of the Anga capital, but her breasts were starred with tear-drops and her dishevelled hair swept the ground as she paid him homage. At the same moment a group of her relatives, headed by the mother, came running compassionately behind her, and fell to the ground in a long line before the hermit. That merciful creature consoled them with his liquid tones and asked the courtesan the source of her distress. And she, with seeming shame, despondency, and dignity, replied 'Holy sir, your servant is a vessel of tribulation in this life, yet, in hope of a blessed resurrection, takes refuge at your holy feet, known as a defence of the afflicted.'

"At this point the mother lifted her hands, touched the earth with hair dappled with grey, lifted her head, and spoke 'Holy sir, this your maid-servant acquaints you with my own wrong doing. And this wrong doing of mine lay in the performance of my obvious duty. For obvious duty is as follows for the mother of a *fille de joie*: care of her daughter's person from the hour of birth, nourishment by a diet so regulated as to develop stateliness, vigor, complexion, intelligence, while harmonizing the humors, gastric calefaction, and secretions, not permitting her to see too much even of her father after the fifth year, festive ritual on birthdays and holy days, instruction in the arts of flirtation, both major and minor, thorough training in dance, song, instrumental music, acting, painting, also judgment of foods, perfumes, flowers, not forgetting writing and graceful speech, a conversational acquaintance with grammar, with logical inference and conclusion, profound skill in money making, sport, and betting on cockfights or chess, assiduous use of go-betweens in the passages of coquetry, display of numerous well dressed attendants at religious or secular celebrations, careful selection of teachers to insure success at unpremeditated vocal and other exhibitions, advertising in a national scale by a staff of trained specialists, publicity for beauty marks through astrologers and such, eulogistic mention in gatherings of men about town of her beauty, character, accomplishments, charm, and sweetness by hangers-on, gay dogs, buffoons, female religionists and others, raising her price considerably when she has become an object of desire to young gentlemen, surrender to a lover of independent fortune, a philogynist or one intoxicated by seeing her charms, a gentleman eminent for rank, figure, youth, money, vigor, purity, generosity, cleverness, gallantry, art, character, and sweetness of disposition, delivery, with gracious exaggeration of value received, to one less affluent, but highly virtuous and cultivated (the alternative is levying on his natural guardians, after informal union with such a gentleman), collection of bad debts by vamping judge and jury, mothering a lover's daughter, abstraction by ingenious tricks, of money left in an admirer's possession after payment for periodical pleasures, steady quarrelling with a defaulter or miser, stimulation of the

spirit of generosity in an over thrifty adorer by the incentive of jealousy, repulse of the impecunious by biting speeches, by public taunts, by cutting his daughters, and by other embarrassing habits, as well as by simple contempt, continued clinging to the openhanded, the chivalrous, the blameless, the wealthy, with full consideration of the interrelated chances of money and misery*

"Besides, a courtesan should show readiness indeed, but no devotion to a lover And even if fond of him, she should not disobey mother or grandmother In spite of all, the girl disregards her God given vocation, and has spent a whole month of amusement — at her own expense! — with a Brahman youth, a fellow from nowhere whose face is his fortune Her snappiness has offended several perfectly solvent admirers, and has pauperized her own family And when I scolded her and told her 'This is no kind of a scheme This isn't pretty,' she was angry and took to the woods And if she is obstinate, this whole family will stay right here and starve to death There is nothing else to do' And the mother wept

"Then the hermit spoke to the cocotte 'My dear young woman, be assured that life in the forest is difficult Its reward is either final salvation or a period in Paradise Now of these the former is grounded in profound insight and is, as a rule, hardly attainable, while the latter is easy for anybody who fulfills the duties of his station You had best resign your visionary ambition and abide by your mother's judgment'

"But she impatiently rejected this sympathetic counsel, saying 'If I find no refuge at your holy feet, may the god of fire provide a refuge for my misery'

"So the hermit, after some reflection, said to the courtesan's mother 'Go home for a time Wait a few days, until this delicate creature, wonted to pleasant luxury, grows disgusted with the hardships of life in the forest, and with the aid of repeated homilies from me, returns to normalcy' And her relatives withdrew, assenting

"Now the courtesan grudging no devotion to the holy hermit She wore a neat and simple costume, was not overattentive to ornament, watered the seedling trees, took pains to gather bunches of flowers for ceremonies of worship, made a pleasing variety of offerings, provided perfumes, garlands, incense, lamps, dance, song, and instrumental music in honor of Love's chastiser, Shiva, drew the hermit into corners to discuss the relations of the three things worth living for (virtue, money, and love), and discoursed decorously of the Supreme Being In a surprisingly short time she had him in love

"One day, seeing that he was secretly smitten, she said with a little smile 'Why, the world is a fool even to consider money and love in comparison with virtue' 'Tell me, my soul,' said Marichi, 'by what percentage you value virtue above money and love' Thus encouraged, but slow and shy, she began

“A poor, ignorant thing like me! Can I teach a holy hermit the bigness or littleness of virtue, money, and love? Still, your question is just one more kindness to a servant. So listen. Of course, without virtue there *isn't* any money or love. But virtue without those things gives us blissful felicity, and we can get it by simple introspection. It doesn't depend so much on external instruments, the way money and love do. And if nourished by seeing the real Truth, it isn't hurt if you pursue — just a little, you know — money and love. Or if it is, it is restored without much trouble, and you win a special blessing by avoiding that sin in future. For example, Brahma pursued Tilottama, Shiva violated a thousand wives of hermits, Vishnu flirted with sixteen thousand girls, Prajapati offered love even to his own daughter, Indra was Ahalya's paramour, the moon god fouled his teacher's bed, the sun god debauched a mare, the wind god seduced the wife of a monkey, Brihaspati ran after Utathya's wife, Parashara deflowered a fisherman's daughter, his son intrigued with a brother's wife, Atri had dealings with a doe. And when immortals do all those things, such devil's tricks don't injure their virtue, because they have the power of Truth. And when a soul is purified by virtue, dirt never sticks, any more than in the sky. So I feel that money and love don't touch even one per cent of virtue’

“Having listened to this, the sage felt the tide of passion surge, and he said ‘My pet, you are truly wise with those who have vision of the Truth, virtue is not shackled by the indulgence of sense. But from birth I have never studied the doctrine of money and love. I ought to learn their nature, attendant conditions, and reward’

“‘Well,’ said she, ‘the nature of money is to be earned, multiplied, and saved, its attendant conditions are agriculture, cattle raising, trade, peace, war, and so forth, its reward is charity to the deserving. Love's nature lies in an exquisite contact with ineffable joy in a man and a woman whose minds concentrate on sense experience. Its attendant conditions are all that is blissful and blazing in this contact. And its reward is a manifest and self communicated gladness, intensely delightful, arising from reciprocal tangency, sweet memory, occasioning self-approbation, supreme. For love's sake, men, even men who live in the most sacred places, endure grievous martyrdoms, great sacrifices of money, terrible battles, sea voyages and other fearful dangers’

“Hereupon, were it constraining destiny, or the woman's smartness, or his own dulness, he forgot his vows and yielded to her fascination. She put the poor booby in a carriage and carried him far away along the splendid public street to her own home in the city. And drums were beaten with the announcement ‘Tomorrow is Love's festival’

“The next day, when the sage had been bathed and anointed, had assumed a pretty garland, had practised lovers' manners and so turned his back on his true profession that he grieved if a moment passed with-

out her, she took him along the gaudy public street to a holiday crowd in a wooded garden, where the king sat among hundreds of young ladies. And when the king said with a smile 'My dear, be seated with His Holiness,' she made a fluttering curtsy, smiled, and sat down.

"Thereupon a most beautiful woman rose, lifted her joined hands, and curtsied to the king, saying 'Your Majesty, she has won the bet. From this day I am her slave.' Then the crowd raised a racket rooted in wonder and delight. The king too was delighted and dismissed the courtesan with gracious gifts of precious stones in settings and a great train of attendants, while the most eminent ladies of her profession and the most prominent citizens gave her a multitudinous ovation.

"She, however, before going home, said to the sage 'My duty to you, holy sir. You have put your servant under no transient obligation. You may now resume your vocation.' 'My darling,' he cried, pricked by love as by a knife point, 'what does it mean? How can you be so cynical? What has become of your superlative fondness for me?'

"'Holy sir,' she replied with a smile, 'you saw the girl who just confessed defeat before the royal retinue. She and I once had a tiff, and she said with a sneer 'You boast as if you had seduced Marichi.' So I wagered my freedom and went into the business. And I won. Thank you so much.'

"Thus cast off, the poor innocent repented and listlessly returned to the woods. And I, dear sir, am the wretched man whom she treated so. The whore who had the power to inspire passion, has herself, by withdrawing it, encouraged religion. Soon I shall be able to bring myself to attend your business. Till then, remain in Champa, the Anga capital."

Now the sun went to his setting, as if fearful of touching the darkness that drifted from the hermit's soul, the red flare of passion left the sage to gleam as evening twilight, the clusters of day-blooming lilies shrank together as if his tale had made them indifferent to life. And I, having accepted the poor fellow's offer of aid, sat with him, telling twilight tales, shared his bed for the night, and when the red rays of the waking sun — mocking the blossoming twigs of the wishing-tree — shot like a forest fire from Sunrise Peak, I said a respectful farewell and started for the city.

In a lonely spot outside a monastery that stood beside the road, I beheld a naked Jain monk seated in a grove of red ashoka trees, careless of his religious meditations, wasted with mental misery, deserving first prize for homeliness, a pitiful presence. And I noticed that the tear drops falling on his chest, carried lumps of dirt dislodged from his face. So I drew near, and made inquiries. "Austerities and tears," I said, "fit ill together. If it is no secret, I could wish to learn the source of your sorrow."

“Listen, kind sir,” he said “I am the eldest son of a prosperous merchant named Nidhipalita in this very Champa, and my name is Vasupalita. But my nickname is Ugly, because I *am* ugly. There is another named Handsome in town, and he is handsome, he is rich in social attractions, but ill endowed with wealth. Between him and me a quarrel was fomented on the subject of good looks and cash by such city scoundrels as pick a living out of quarrels. One day in a holiday gathering we indulged ourselves in a budget of cutting taunts, rooted in mutual disdain. The scoundrels had started the squabble themselves, but they claimed to appease it by laying down this principle: ‘Neither looks nor cash is the proof of manhood, but he is the best man whose youthful vigor attracts the gayest girls. Now Kamamanjari is the nonpareil among these young persons. He whom she prefers, may fly the flag of fortune.’ We agreed and sent her our proposals.

“Now it was I who awakened a loving rapture in the creature. At least, she came to me, as he and I sat there, darted at my person a dark eyed, sidelong glance that was both flower and fetter, and caused my embarrassed rival’s face to fall. I fancied myself happy, and made her mistress of my money, of my house, of my household, of my person, of my life. She left me a loin cloth. Cast off as a beggar, the target of universal ridicule, unable to endure the gibes of the city’s dignitaries. I welcomed instruction concerning the path of salvation from a certain monk in this heretic monastery, then, considering how natural was such a costume for those emerging from a house of evil fame, I felt a surge of religious despair, and abandoned the loin cloth, too.

“But presently, when the dirt caked on my person, when my hair was plucked till it hurt horribly, when I suffered the exquisite tortures of hunger and thirst, when even in standing, sitting, lying, and eating I was cramped like a new caught elephant in disciplinary chains, I pondered profoundly: ‘I am of Brahman origin. It is irreligious in me to condescend to this heretical course. My forefathers trod the path prescribed by revelation and sacred tradition. And I am sunk so low as to wear scandal-breeding canonicals, to invite condign chastisement, and even — by hearing constant blasphemies against Vishnu, Shiva, Brahma, and other true gods — to harvest hell when I am dead. Such doctrine, fruitless, deceitful, false! To think that I should practice it as true!’ With that estimate of my own perversity, I betook myself to this lonely clump of ashokas, and here I weep copiously.”

At this point I pitied him and said: “Be patient, sir. Remain here yet a little while. I will endeavor to persuade that female to make voluntary restitution of your possessions. There are ways and means.” So I consoled him and rose to take farewell.

Even while entering the city, I learned from street gossip that the town was full of skinflints and capitalists, and since I desired to bring

these gentry to orthodox thinking by revealing the perishable nature of riches, I resolved to tread the path of scientific thievery I did not sit down until I had entered a dive and mingled with the professionals I found no end of enjoyment observing their skill in all the twenty five branches of the art of gambling, their sleight of hand, extremely difficult to detect, over the dice board, the accompanying sneers and jeers, their death defying truculence, their systems (chiefly argument, force, and bluff) devised to gam a gambler's confidence and calculated to win the stakes, their flattery of the strong, their threats toward the weak, their cleverness in picking partners, their fantastic means of allurements, the varied wagers proposed, their magnanimous way of dividing the cash, the intermittent buzz of talk, largely obscene, and much besides

Now when a player made a careless throw, I laughed a little But his opponent seemed to flare up, looking at me with an eye red with wrath, and shouting "Man, you tell him how to play when you laugh Let this uneducated duffer go I'll just play with you—you seem a smart one" The proprietor offered no objection he clinched with me, and I won sixteen thousand dinars Half I gave to the proprietor and his staff, half I pocketed Then I rose, and with me rose delighted congratulations from the company I humored the proprietor's invitation, and shared a most noble banquet in his establishment But he who had occasioned my gambling incarnation, became a friend, trustworthy as a second heart His name was Vimardaka

From his lips I studied every house in the city, with emphasis on wealth, occupation, and character, then in a darkness black as the stain on Shiva's neck, clad in the concealment of a black cloak, girding on a sharp sword, provided with a varied kit—trowel, scissors, tweezers, dummy, magic powder, trick lamp, measuring tape, hook, cord, dark lantern, bee-basket, and other tools—I visited the house of a miserly capitalist, breached the wall, penetrated the interior unperceived through an opening narrow as a telescope, all as unconcerned as if entering my own dwelling, appropriated considerable capital, and departed

On the public street, dense with palpable darkness from black and crowding clouds, I suddenly perceived a momentary splendor like a lightning flash This resolved itself into a young woman wearing gleaming gems, she drew near, having issued forth at that spacious hour, and seemed the city's guardian goddess angered at theft in the city

And when I sympathetically inquired "What is your name? What is your goal, my soul?" she stammered this terrified reply "In this city, sir, lives a most worthy merchant, Kuberadatta I am his daughter At my birth my father promised me as wife to a certain Dhanamitra, a wealthy youth of our own city He, however, showed an extraordinary nobility when his parents perished, with his own property he purchased poverty (if the expression is permissible) from a throng of jobbers As a

consequence, people pleasantly tacked to him the honorable sobriquet of 'Mister Noble', and poor as he was, he still sought my hand. But now that I am a woman, my father refuses me to a beggar, and plans to bestow me on a certain wholesaler named Arthapati — a rich man, as the name indicates. This calamity, you must know, impends at dawn of day. I knew it, and consented to a meeting with my darling. I gave my servants the slip, and through the street where I played as a girl, I go to his dwelling, a woman whose escort is love. Do not prevent me. Take this treasure." And unfastening her jewels, she handed them to me.

"You are a good girl," I said, consoling her. "Come, let me accompany you to your lover's house." But when I had taken three or four steps, the gleam of a torch stole our shroud of darkness, and a sizable squad of police fell upon us, baton and sword in hand. "Feel no fear, my dear," said I to the trembling girl. "The last resort is this arm of mine, with its friendly sword. But from regard for you I have devised a pleasant plan. I will lie here, counterfeiting the cramps of deadly poison, while you tell those fellows 'We entered this city by night. My escort — whom you see — was stung by a serpent there at the corner of the public hall. If you have any kindly necromancer who can restore him, he would also save a helpless woman's life.'" And the maiden, there being no other way, put a terrified stammer into her tone and a storm of tears into her eyes, tremblingly tottered forward and repeated my words, while I lay counterfeiting poison cramps.

So I was examined by one of them, who fancied himself as a poison specialist. He treated me with signet rings, charms, spells, silent prayer, and other specifics — without success. Then he reported: "It was a cobra. He is done for. You can see that his limbs are rigid and discolored, his eye is filmy, his respiration has just ceased. Weep your fill, my soul. Tomorrow we shall have a cremation. Who escapes fate?" And off he went with the others.

I rose and conducted her to Mister Noble, to whom I said: "I am a thief. I met this lady in mid journey, she was on her way to you, escorted by a loving heart. I sympathized and brought her safe. These jewels are hers." And I gave him a gleaming mass that cleft the veil of darkness.

Mister Noble took them and said, his shyness struggling with his joy: "Sir, you have this night given me my darling, but stolen my power of speech. For I know not how to express myself. Shall I call your action unique? I should be lessening your constant character. Shall I call it unequalled by others? The comparison would limit your natural faculty, since avarice and other human failings are foreign to you. Shall I aver that you have this day breathed life into virtue? The statement would be quite discourteous to your previous glories. Shall I say that nobility has now found its true externalization? Such an assertion would

be improper, as neglecting your normal purpose Shall I declare that your generous deed has purchased my freedom? I should insult your intelligence, implying an extravagant price for a trifle Shall I swear that this body is yours, a return for the gift of my love? I should forget that this body, destined to death if I lost her, is also your gift Ah, only this statement will fit the case you must care for me from this hour, since I am your slave " And he fell at my feet

I helped him to rise, pressed him to my breast, and said "Dear sir, what is your present purpose?" And he replied "Without her parents' consent I cannot marry her and live here Therefore, this very night I plan to flee the country Yet whom am I, to be honored by your concern?"

"Right," said I "The discerning man does not reckon lands as native or foreign However, this lady is exquisitely dainty, and forest trails are roughly strewn with hardships Such an unmotivated flight from the country smacks of a certain flabbiness, both of intelligence and character It is better to live with her happily in this very city Come, let us take her to her own dwelling' He agreed without demur, we took her home at once, and while she served as pïcket, he and I stripped the house to the bare clay walls

Then, after an expedition to conceal our booty, we fell in with police men, and finding a must elephant kneeling beside the road, we tossed the driver off and mounted But even as I made the animal rise, he tangled his fore feet in his neck rope and since he braced himself on the broad chest of the fallen driver, his great tusk was smeared with clinging gore when he pounded the police We used him to pulverize Arthapati's house Next, we drove him into a deserted garden, and dismounted by catching the branch of a tree Then we started home, had a bath, and went to bed

Presently the sun's disc was lifted, it seemed the ruby horn of splendid Sunrise Peak lifting from the sea, and was gay as a golden garland of flowers from the wishing tree We rose, washed our faces, repeated our morning prayers, then roamed the town agog at our exploits, and listened to the babble in the houses of bridegroom and bride Arthapati was consoling Kuberadatta in the matter of money, but postponing for a month his marriage with the daughter of the family

Thereupon I whispered these instructions to Dhanamitra "Visit the Anga king, my friend, and secretly show him this wallet of choice leather, saying 'Your Majesty surely knows me I am Dhanamitra, only son of Vasumitra, the multimillionaire, but a throng of needy beggars stripped me, so that I became an object of derision And when Kuberadatta, reproaching my poverty, planned to give to Arthapati his daughter, a sweet girl betrothed to me from birth, I entered an unkempt garden near the city, resolved to die of heart-ache But a tangle haired hermit snatched

the knife from my throat, asking 'What is the cause of this desperate deed?' 'Poverty,' said I, 'own brother of derision'

"Now he took pity on me, saying 'You are a fool, my boy There is nothing more wholly reprehensible than suicide Good men do not destroy the soul, they use the soul to save the soul There are many means of making money, but no means of making life by patching a cut throat And what need? I know my thaumaturgy I have contrived this magic wallet of choice leather which holds a lakh With its aid I granted their desires to people during a long residence in Assam, but when envious age assailed me, I came hither, hoping to find this region a heaven on earth I give the wallet to you In other hands than mine it is said to work only for merchants and courtezans Moreover, anything sinfully stolen by its owner, must first be restored, anything honestly earned must be given to gods and Brahmans Then, if it is set in a hallowed spot and worshipped like a god, it will be found filled with gold every morning Such is its nature' Herewith he gave it to me and as I bowed, he vanished in a rocky cave This priceless leather wallet I have brought, feeling that I should not make a living by it without previous report to Your Majesty Of course, Your Majesty is the final arbiter'

"Now the king will be quite certain to say 'I am delighted, my dear sir Go, and enjoy your treasure to the full' Thereupon you will say 'Be graciously pleased to see that nobody steals it' This also he will assuredly promise You will then go home, will disburse charity according to a set program, will worship the wallet each day, will fill it each night with the proceeds of robbery, and each morning will exhibit it to the populace Presently greedy Kuberadatta, no longer caring a straw for Arthapati, will voluntarily approach you with his daughter Next, purse-proud Arthapati will be angry and try to sue you, after which, you and I, by artful dodges, will leave him with a loam cloth Besides, this manoeuvre will quite conceal our own thievery"

Dhanamitra was delighted and did as I suggested That very day Vimardaka, at my instigation, entered Arthapati's service and fanned his hostility to Mister Noble, while greedy Kuberadatta turned his back on Arthapati, obsequiously offering his daughter to Dhanamitra And Arthapati fought back

In these same days announcement was made that Kamamanjari's younger sister Ragamanjari was to give a musical performance in public, so that gay society gathered with tense anticipation I was there too, with my friend Dhanamitra And when her dance began, there was a second dance on the stage of my heart For the archer god lurked in the cover of the lotus-cluster which her flashing glances made, and tortured me terribly, seeming to draw power from the medley of all emotions and sentiments dramatically communicable She seemed the city's guardian goddess angered at theft in the city as she fettered me in the twining

coils of coquettish glances darkly gleaming like blue lilies' glossy petals After the dance, as she stood, a shining success — whether flirtatiously, or graciously, or fortuitously, I do not know — she darted at me unobserved even by the girls, more than one peeping glance with playful fluttering of arching brows, then, with a little careless, gleaming smile, departed, still escorted by the eyes and thoughts of all I went home, my hunger replaced by resistless longing, and feigning a headache, lay limp on my lonely bed

Now Dhanamitra, deeply versed in the book of love, came to me with this confidential report "My friend, that courtesan is blest indeed, to whom your heart is thus devoted I have closely followed the course of her feelings, too, the archer god will soon stretch her also on a bed of arrows A meeting is simple to arrange, since you both pursue an honorable purpose But you must know that this gay girl adopts a most elevated style, running counter to courtesan character She declares 'My price is virtue, not cash Hereafter, no gentleman may hold my hand except in matrimony' Now her sister Kamamanjari, failing in repeated dissuasion, and her mother Madhavasena sobbed out this tearful petition to the king 'Your Majesty, we had high hopes that your servant Ragamanjari — with character, accomplishments, and cleverness to match her beauty — would fulfil our ambitions for her But she is a complete disappointment she breaks every family tradition, she is indifferent to money, and expects virtue as payment for youthful favors She obstinately opposes the conduct of a good woman Now if — even at the cost of Your Majesty's high intervention — she should at last return to normal manners, it would be a sweet relief'

"And when she still turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of the obliging king, her mother and sister besought the sovereign with importunate tears 'If any snake should deceive and ruin the girl against our will, you must torture him to death like a thief' So matters stand her relatives will not consent without money, and she will show no favor to a man who offers money You must reconcile these opposites" "There is nothing to reconcile," said I "We will seduce her with virtue, and secretly satisfy her relatives with money"

So I won the good will of Kamamanjari's chief go between, a certain Buddhist nun named Dharmarakshita, with such bribes as tatters and scraps, and through her mediation I struck this bargain with the cocotte — that I should steal from Mister Noble and give to her the miraculous wallet, in return for Ragamanjari Receiving her assent, I put the matter through, then seduced Ragamanjari by my virtue, and plucked the flower of her hand

On the evening when the theft of the magic wallet became known, in the hearing of noteworthy men about town (summoned ostensibly for another purpose) my spy Vimardaka, a nominal partizan of Arthapati,

turned upon Dhanamitra and rated him roundly "Sir," said Dhanamitra, "what object has this barking at me in another man's quarrel? I do not recall doing you the slightest injury" "Regular purse pride!" retorted the other, still seeming to scold "After the other fellow has paid his honest tax for a wife, you dazzle her parents with cash and try to get the girl Then you ask 'What injury have I done you?' Well, everyone knows that Vimardaka is the projected life of wholesaler Arthapati Here I am — I am ready to give my life for him I wouldn't shrink from Brahman-murder If I wanted to keep my eyes open just one night, I could lower the high temperature of your pride in that magic wallet" Still speaking, he was hustled away by prominent citizens, who indignantly tried to squelch him

This occurrence, with a previous reference to the loss of the magic wallet, was reported with counterfeit distress by Dhanamitra to the king, who summoned Arthapati and privately inquired "Sir, have you acquaintance with one Vimardaka?" "Certainly, Your Majesty," replied the booby "He is a very close friend What service can he render?" "Can you produce him?" asked the king "Assuredly I can," said he and going forth, he searched minutely but vainly in his own house, among the gay girls, in the gambling dive, in the market How could the lubber find him? Inasmuch as Vimardaka, commissioned by me, and having received from me a token by which to recognize you, my prince, started that same day for Ujjain to search for you, sir So Arthapati, failing to find him, and feeling his own responsibility for the felony, was mad enough or frightened enough to contradict himself, and after demonstration by Dhanamitra, was seized by order of the angry king and thrown into chains

In these same days Kamamanjari, desiring to milk the magic wallet with due regard to all conditions imposed, paid a secret visit to Mister Ugly, whom she had previously milked dry and converted into a naked heretic She restored his entire stolen fortune and returned only after begging his forgiveness with no end of amenity And he, his soul thus snatched from naked heresy by my pastoral ministrations, returned with extreme delight to his true religion The lady meanwhile, in her eagerness to milk the magic wallet, stripped her house in a very few days to the bare fireplace

Then at my suggestion, Dhanamitra confided in the king "Your Majesty, the girl Kamamanjari is so outrageously grasping that people have fastened upon her the nickname Greedy-girl, yet today she is heedlessly throwing away her furniture, down to mortar and pestle This I believe results from her possession of my magic wallet, for such is its nature It is said to work only for merchants and courtezans I have my suspicions of her" And she, with her mother was immediately summoned before the king

I took her aside to say with simulated agitation "Surely, madam, your

thorough and strikingly public generosity has brought you under suspicion of possessing the magic wallet. You are summoned by the Anga king to answer for this. And if repeatedly pressed, you are certain to plead its acquisition through me. Then I shall be put to death by torture. And when I am dead, your sister will cease to live. And you have become a beggar. And the magic wallet will return to Dhanamitra. This emergency is calamitous, however you face. What remedy is there?"

"Too true," replied she and her mother with tears. "Through our childish simplicity the secret is as good as out. If the king insists, though we may deny twice, thrice, even four times, we are sure to impute the theft to you. And at the mention of your name our whole family would be ruined. Well, this disgrace roots in Arthapati, and the whole capital knows our intimacy with that lumpkin. We can best shield ourselves by claiming that he gave it to us." This I approved, and the two ladies went to court.

There the king examined them, saying "It is not decent for courtezans to pretend to charity, since it is no decently earned money that men bring to them." He hammered this point home, terrifying them by hints of the slitting of ears and noses until those two damned whores accused the wretched Arthapati of the theft. The king in a fury condemned him to death, but was restrained by none other than Dhanamitra, who respectfully pleaded "Oh, sir, royal tradition graciously grants exemption from the death penalty to merchants guilty of such felonies. If you feel furious, confiscate the criminal's property and exile him."

Thus Dhanamitra received wide applause, the monarch was gratified, and purse proud Arthapati, reduced to single rag, was exiled in view of the whole city. A certain portion of his possessions the king, following a compassionate suggestion of Dhanamitra, bestowed on Kamamanjari, who, duped by the mirage of the magic wallet, had quite stripped herself. Dhanamitra married his good girl on a lucky day. And I, successful in my stratagem, filled a house with gold and gems for Ragamanjari.

But the skinflint and capitalist class in that city was so plucked that its members wandered for alms, begging bowl in hand, from house to house of the destitute class, now grown wealthy with *their* property, bestowed by me. For no man, however shrewd, can cross the line traced by fate. So in my own case one day I was ingratiatingly offering Ragamanjari something to drink in order to end a lovers' quarrel, and when I had too often sipped the wine of her lips, sweetly and repeatedly offered, I was smitten by an intemperate madness. Now it is the nature of intemperance and enthusiasm to adopt a wrong method in habitual actions. So, as madness mounted, I cried "In a single night I could steal all the money in this city and fill your house with it", and repelling hundreds of humble obsecrations from my dearest, like a must elephant fiercely snapping his chain, with no great retinue but attended by a nurse named Shrigalika, I started, sword in hand, as impetuous as you please. Even

when I met policemen, I attacked them without thinking and was not particularly angry when they took me for a thief and struck me. It seemed a game. But the sword dropped from my groggy hand, so that I only killed two or three before falling, my eyes rolling and bloodshot. The nurse ran to me at once, with bleats of misery, but my enemies fettered me.

Misfortune banished madness. I was sober in a moment, and my returning wits at once admonished me. "Dear me! This is no small disaster, due to my own dementia. Besides, everyone knows that Dhanamitra is my friend, and Ragamanjari my bride. For my wrong doing they will both be tracked down and will certainly be apprehended tomorrow. Here, however, is a scheme which, if carried through according to my directions, will preserve them, and possibly pull me out of this hole."

So, when I had mentally settled on a plan, I snarled at Shrigalika. "Be off, you lump of anility, and be damned to you! It was you who introduced that cursed courtesan, that scaly Ragamanjari to my enemy, my pretended friend Dhanamitra, crazy over his magic wallet! Because I stole that scoundrel's magic purse and priggled your daughter's priceless jewels, I have to lose my innocent life today!"

She was supremely clever. She caught my drift, and lifting her hands, humbly approached the men. She softened them with her tear-choked tone, and begged in my hearing. "Gentlemen, please wait long enough for me to learn from him exactly what has been stolen from us." When they consented, she turned again to me, fell at my feet, and said "Oh, sir, forgive your servant's single offence. Of course, you must hate Dhanamitra — he seduced your wife. But you ought to pardon your humble Ragamanjari — consider how long she was faithful to you. And when a girl lives by her looks, her gewgaws are her soul. Tell me where her gems are hidden."

With a pretence of pity, I said "Yes, death has his hand upon me. Why should I persist in hating the woman?" Then, as if answering her inquiry, I whispered in her ear that she must do thus and so. And she, feigning enlightenment, said "Long life to you! May the gods be gracious to you! May our lord, the Anga king, liberate you — he loves a man. And may these kind gentlemen be good to you." She hurried away, and I, by order of the police captain, was led to jail.

The next day I met Kantaka, the jailer. He was rather conceited, imagined himself handsome and a lady-killer, had recently inherited the job from his defunct father, and was somewhat young, flighty, and green. He gave me a bit of a lecture, then said "If you refuse to return Dhanamitra's magic purse, or if you fail to restore your pickings and stealings to the citizens, you will see the eighteen tortures one after another, and end up by learning what death looks like."

"My dear sir," I answered with a smile, "suppose I should restore all

the money I have stolen since I was born, I could not fill the greedy maw of the magic wallet of my enemy Dhanamitra, that false friend who stole Arthapati's wife Besides, I would endure ten thousand tortures sooner than give it up You may regard this as final " In some such fashion proceeded our daily inquisition, half wheedling, half bullying, while with congenial food and drink my wounds were healing, so that in a few days I was quite my old self

Now at a time when the day was dying in a blaze of sunlight yellow as Vishnu's robe, Shrigalika came with joyful face and flaming dress, waved the attendants aside, snuggled close, and said "I congratulate you, sir Your admirable plan bears fruit As you bade me, I found Dhanamitra and said 'Sir, your friend, having met such and such a misfortune, sends you this message 'I am today in jail through the fault of drink (natural when one associates with courtezans), do not delay, this very day you must memorialize the king in these terms 'Your Majesty, through Your Majesty's grace that magic purse, stolen by Arthapati, has been recovered But I scraped an acquaintance with a certain gambling sharp, Ragmanjari's husband, because of his wonderful finesse in the polite arts, in poetical questions, and in social tittle tattle Knowing him, I humored his wife by sending her daily such trifles as dresses and jewels Now that vulgar minded gambler suspected me, and was angered to the point of stealing the magic wallet and his wife's jewel-casket On his next thieving expedition he was caught by the police Once in trouble, he obeyed the impulse of earlier affection for a nurse of Ragamanjari, who had followed him weeping, and revealed to her the spot where the jewels lay hidden Now if he could be neatly inveigled into surrendering my magic wallet as well, then Your Gracious Majesty might pardon him'

"Thus approached, the king will not execute me, but will actually try coaxing to make me restore your property This will work to our advantage' Now Dhanamitra obeyed instructions exactly, and with no great apprehension, so confident was he of your competence

"I, for my part, convinced Ragamanjari with the token from you, got from her all the money I wanted, and, in the way that you indicated, won over Mangalika, nurse of Princess Ambalika Using her as a bridge, I promoted a tremendous friendship between Ragamanjari and Ambalika And since I was the bearer of fresh presents every day, and was lavish with ravishing stories, I basked in the princess' favor

"One day as she sat on the palace balcony, I made a pretence of fixing the lotus over her ear, as if it were falling (though it sat well enough), feigning to fumble, I knocked it off, then picked it up from the floor, and dropped it on Kantaka, who on some errand had entered the courtyard near the princess' chambers, and in the act I laughed aloud, pretending to scare some billing and cooing pigeons So he thought he

had made a hit and glanced up with a smirk, while the princess laughed heartily at my carryings on, then I went through a smart little pantomime, so that he might imagine her conduct flirtatious, with himself the object of her attention. The love god tautened his bow and pierced the policeman with a venom tipped, bewildering shaft, yet he contrived to stagger from the spot.

“In the evening I visited Kantaka’s dwelling, with a little girl carrying a basket which, I said, came from Ragamanjari’s house, it bore the seal of the princess’ signet ring and contained scented betel gum, two silk garments, and an assortment of jewels. ~~Sunk in passion’s unplumbed sea,~~ he regarded me as a rescue ship, and rejoiced exceedingly. And when I described the vicissitudes of the princess’ sufferings, the simpleton turned quite maudlin. At his request, I brought him next day — saying that his love sent them — a sticky mass of gum (my own leavings), faded flowers, and soiled linen. And I took things from him for the princess, which I secretly threw away.

“When love’s flame had thus been kindled, I took him aside and tutored him. ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘the mystic marks on your person are not misleading. For a neighbor of mine, a fortune teller, informs me ‘This kingdom will fall into Kantaka’s hand. His mystic marks make that a certainty.’ Naturally, then, this princess loves you. So the king, having no other issue, will indeed be angry when he learns that you have had dealings with her, yet fearing his daughter’s death, will not only not destroy you, but will actually make you crown prince. Thus this business fits into predestined events. Why not serve fortune, my son? If you can devise no means of entering the princess’ chambers, still the interval between prison wall and park palings measures only three fathoms. For that distance you can have a tunnel dug by some handy house breaker. And when you enter the park, you will find sentinels in our service. For her servants are truly devoted, and will not split.’

“‘A splendid scheme, dear lady,’ said he. ‘I happen to have a thief, a genuine son of Sagara for digging. If we take him, he will do this job in a jiffy.’ ‘Which one is he?’ said I. ‘And why not take him?’ Whereupon he indicated you with the words ‘The fellow who stole that magic wallet of Dhanamitra.’

“‘Well then,’ I said, ‘you must come to an agreement with him, swearing that, once this job is done, you will set him free with happy despatch. And when the work is over, you will fetter him once more, reporting to the king that this well known thief is quite recovered, but so audacious and vindictive that he will not disclose the magic purse. Then you will give him his happy despatch — in a word, kill him. Thus your aim is gained, and the secret does not leak.’ He agreed with delight and waits without, having delegated me to tempt you. You must plan

"You have left me little to say," I replied pleasantly "Your plan covers the case Bring him in" So the fellow was introduced and took an oath to set me free, while I swore not to betray the secret

My fetters were removed, I enjoyed a bath, food, and ointment, then began at the corner of the prison wall where the darkness was dense, and dug a tunnel with a snake's head spade And I reflected "The man took an oath to free me, while it was in his mind to kill me Even if I kill him, I am no oath breaker" As I emerged, he extended his hand to fetter me, but I felled him with a kick in the chest, and cut off his head with a knife Then I said to Shrngalika "Tell me, my dear, about the entrance to the women's apartments I should not like this laborious job to prove unproductive I will prig some little memento there before I leave"

At the spot which she indicated, I made my way into the maidens' quarters There, in the blaze of jewelled lamps I beheld the princess securely sleeping among attendants who slumbered sound after their giddy games She lay on a couch whose ivory feet were shaped to the likeness of recumbent lions, and set with splendid precious gems, its pillows were stuffed with swan's down, and scattered flowers were strewn about its border The instep of her left foot nestled beneath the right heel, the ankle showed a slight, sweet outward sweep, the calves lay close, the dainty knees were bent, the thighs had a graceful curve One soft and shapely arm hung limp over the hip, the other comely arm was bent so that its open, flowerlike hand rested beside her cheek Over the swell of the hips clung close the shift of Chinese silk The lower body had a trim elegance, the generous breasts, like two budding blossoms, trembled in answer to each deep breath On the charming flexure of the neck shone a necklace of rubies strung on a string of burnished gold, one earring lay snug, peeping from beneath a lovely ear half hidden, while the jewelled ornament of the lovely ear which was wholly visible, darted pencils of light, gilding the ribbons in the loose hanging hair that they informally fastened The slight parting of two red lips was hardly noted by eyes intent on the innate beauty of each, one blossom hand caressed and decked her cheek, shadowed in the mirror of her upper cheek, the bed's gay canopy rendered cosmetic service, the lotus eyes were closed, becalmed the banner of the brows Upon her forehead the beauty spot of sandal paste was loosened by little invading pearls of weariness, like vines that stretch toward the moon, the locks of hair curled toward her face Securely sleeping, in quiet recovery from gay and giddy play, one side half sinking in the dazzling whiteness of the coverlet, she seemed a lightning flash lying in the lap of an autumn cloud

At this vision the red fire of desire darted sparks, I was frightened, I lost all lust for stealing, nay, my own heart was stolen by her, I stood for a moment uncertain, but thinking hard "If I do not win this sweet-eyed

maid, love will not let me live Yet if I approach her without warning, she will surely scream and slay my hopes, for she is a mere girl Then my life would be forfeit So this must be my plan " I took from a bracket a tablet colored with a resinous paste, drew a brush from a jewel-box, and wrote the following quatrain, referring to her, lying thus asleep, and me, prostrate at her feet

Your slave bows low to seek
This one petition meek
Sleep not so like a bride —
I am not at your side

From a golden basket I took a preparation of scented betel-leaves, a bit of camphor, and some coral tree gum, chewing them to produce a liquor red as lac, so with the tip of my tongue I outlined on the plaster of the wall a pair of loving sheldrake birds Then I effected an exchange of rings and tore myself away

Returning through the tunnel into the prison, I found a fellow prisoner, an estimable citizen named Simhaghosha, with whom I had fraternized in recent days I told him how I had killed the wretched Kantaka, and how he could win liberty by turning informer Then I departed with Shrigalika

On the highway I fell in with a police patrol And I thought "I can escape by running They would never touch me But she would be caught, poor thing! So this is better" I scuttled straight toward them, clapped my elbows to my back, wheeled around, and cried "Gentlemen, gentlemen! If I am a thief, tie me up That is your job, not this elderly female's"

From so slight a hint she divined my strategy, obsequiously drew near, and whimpered "Dear gentlemen, this is my son He has long been under treatment for lunatic seizures Just yesterday he seemed pretty well, quite his true self indeed So I made bold to take off his strait jacket, gave him a bath, ointment, two spick and span garments, made him eat boiled rice and milk, and left him free on his bed last evening But in the night he had another seizure, shouted out 'I'm going to kill Kantaka and make love to the princess,' and started down the highway full gallop When I saw my son in such a state, I followed, not minding the time of night Please, please tie him up and give him back to me"

I turned on her with a shout "You ancient female, who has ever tied the wind god? How can these crows fetter the monarch of the birds? Heaven forbid!"

* Then those fellows said to her "You are a lunatic yourself You think a lunatic is sane, and set him free Who cares to tie him now?" And to the tune of this taunting and trimming, she chased after me, crying I led the way to Ragamanjari's house, where I lavished redundant consolation on my bride drooping under the strain of long separation, and there I spent the rest of the night At dawn I found Mister Noble

Next I visited holy Marichi who, recuperating from his difficulty with the gay girl, had recovered divine insight at the heavy cost of renewed austerities, and who instructed me that my meeting with you, sir, would take place in the circumstances since realized. Meanwhile, Simhaghosha had disclosed Kantaka's dereliction, and had been appointed to the vacant office by the gratified king. He procured me — through the same tunnel from the prison — a second entrance to the chamber of the princess, who received me pleasantly, having learned the story from Shrigalika and taken a fondness to me.

In these same days Chandavarman, whose suit of Simhavarman's daughter had been repulsed, angrily clashed with him and besieged the capital. While he strove to close in, the Anga king, too impetuous to await allies, however near, himself breached the wall, issued forth and fought a superior enemy. In that great struggle Simhavarman's armor was pierced, and he was forcibly captured. Then Chandavarman roughly seized Ambalika, conveying her to his quarters for a forced marriage, and we heard that he was dressing for a wedding at daybreak.

Now I was in Dhanamitra's house, making certain festive preparations for that same wedding, and I said: "My friend, a group of kings allied with the Anga sovereign, is close at hand. Using the utmost secrecy, you and the city elders must direct them hither. When you arrive, you will see an enemy shorter by a head."

He assented. None noticed my knife as with the rest I entered the doomed scoundrel's quarters, noisy with holiday bustle, cluttered with wedding paraphernalia, packed by a press of people crowding in or squeezing out. He was just ready to grasp the blossom hand of Ambalika which droning clergymen before the sacred fire were offering with Scriptural ritual, when I clutched his long, strong arm, and drove the knife to his heart. A few others also effervesced, and I sent them below.

As I stalked through the smitten, shaken quarters, I perceived the sweetly trembling form of the wide-eyed princess, I carried her into an inner chamber, longing for a blissful kiss. Just at that moment I was honored by hearing your voice, sir, deep as the roll of thunder from fresh-forming clouds.

Arabia

INTRODUCTION

IT IS principally because of the popularity of the so called *Arabian Nights* that we are accustomed to associate the art of Oriental story telling with Arabic literature. From the very earliest days the Arabs have, like all the Orientals, delighted in the telling of tales. Most of these are either embedded in the epics and prose romances, or else have been gathered together into a loose and somewhat conventional framework in such famous collections as the *Arabian Nights*.

Nothing has survived of the tales and legends of pre Islamic times. It is not before the Tenth Century A D that we find writers practising the formal art of tale telling, though naturally it was by that time an age old custom of men who made a business of reciting. Al Hamadhani (968-1054) wrote a series of short tales in his *Lectures*, and to him, says Huart in his *History of Arabic Literature*, "belongs the credit of having been the first to create a new form of literature, by making a volume of short stories of the comic adventures of beggars and rogues." About a century later Hariri also wrote a book of *Lectures* in which he brought to perfection the type of story which Al Hamadhani had first written down.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the development of the historical anecdote as written by Mas'udi, Abu Bakr Muhammed, Abu Abdallah, and others, these men were writing stories, in one form or another, for the entertainment and instruction of their contemporaries. During the two or three centuries after the time of these writers, there appeared several collections of tales, for the most part based upon foreign works, or Arabic originals already written down by native authors.

Though the materials of the romances and epics like *The Romance of Antar* were known in the earliest times, it was not until the period of the Crusades that that magnificent work was composed. Al Asma'i is the reputed author, though it is generally believed that this may be only a "label placed by the professional *rawi* on the stories."

Several other romances, modelled more or less closely on *Antar*, are now extant.

Of *The Thousand and One Nights*, better known to us as *The Arabian Nights*, many volumes have been written. This monumental work was

composed some time between the Tenth and the Fourteenth Century, A D, by an unknown author Within a purely conventional framework, many stories are related, several quite short, but many of them sufficiently developed to warrant our regarding them as short novels The collection is based upon a Persian original, which in its turn was to a certain extent based on an ancient Indian text There are certain stories, like *Sinbad*, the "origin of which goes back to the palmy days of trade in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean "

SINBAD THE SAILOR

(Anonymous 10th-14th Century, A D)

This is one of the most celebrated tales in the whole collection of *The Arabian Nights*. In its form it resembles a certain type of fiction known in most literatures which is based on travellers' lies; yet it is evident that there is more than a modicum of truth and some true observation underlying the highly imaginative passages that abound throughout the several chapters of *Voyages*. It is of later composition than many of the stories in the collection; in the opinion of Lane it was probably modelled after two works, one dating from the Thirteenth and the other from the Fourteenth Century ✓

The present translation is by Edward Wilham Lane, first published in London in 1839 and revised several times since that date. It includes all the nights from the 537th to the 566th. The full title in Lane's version is *The Story of Es Sindibad of the Sea and Es Sindibad of the Land*. The name *Es Sindibad* has been changed throughout to the more convenient and familiar *Sinbad*.

THE VOYAGES OF SINBAD

THERE was, in the time of the Khaleefeh, the Prince of the Faithful, Haroon Er Rasheed, in the city of Baghdad, a man called Sinbad, the Porter. He was a man in poor circumstances, who bore burdens for hire upon his head. And it happened to him that he bore one day a heavy burden, and that day was excessively hot, so he was wearied by the load, and perspired profusely, the heat violently oppressing him. In this state he passed by the door of a merchant, the ground before which was swept and sprinkled, and there the air was temperate, and by the side of the door was a wide mastabah. The porter therefore put down his burden upon that mastabah, to rest himself, and to scent the air, and when he had done so, there came forth upon him from the door, a pleasant, gentle gale, and an exquisite odour, wherewith the porter was delighted. He seated himself upon the edge of the mastabah, and heard in that place the melodious sounds of stringed instruments, with the lute among them, and mirth exciting voices, and varieties of distinct recitations. He heard also the voices of birds, warbling and praising God (whose name he exalted!) with diverse tones and with all dialects, consisting of turtle doves and hezars and blackbirds and nightingales and ring doves and keerawans, whereupon he wondered in his mind, and was moved with great delight.

He then advanced to that door, and found within the house a great garden, wherein he beheld pages and slaves and servants and other dependants, and such things as existed not elsewhere save in the abodes of Kings and Sultans, and after that, there blew upon him the odour of delicious, exquisite viands, of all different kinds, and of delicious wine

Upon this he raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, Extolled be thy perfection, O Lord! O Creator! O Supplier of the conveniences of life! Thou suppliest whom thou wilt without reckoning! O Allah, I implore thy forgiveness of all offences, and turn to Thee repenting of all faults! O Lord, there is no animadverting upon Thee with respect to thy judgment and thy power, for Thou art not to be questioned regarding that which Thou doest, and Thou art able to do whatsoever Thou wilt! Extolled be Thy perfection! Thou enrichest whom Thou wilt, and whom Thou wilt Thou impoverishest! Thou magnifiest whom Thou wilt, and whom Thou wilt Thou abasest! There is no deity but Thou! How great is thy dignity! and how mighty is thy dominion! and how excellent is thy government! Thou hast bestowed favours upon him whom Thou chooseth among thy servants, and the owner of this place is in the utmost affluence, delighting himself with pleasant odours and delicious meats and exquisite beverages of all descriptions And Thou hast appointed unto thy creatures what Thou wilt, and what Thou hast predestined for them, so that among them one is weary, and another is at ease, and one of them is prosperous, and another is like me, in the extreme of fatigue and abjection!— And he recited thus —

How many wretched persons are destitute of ease! and how many are in luxury, reposing in the shade!
 I find myself afflicted by trouble beyond measure and strange is my condition, and heavy is my load!
 Others are in prosperity and from wretchedness are free and never for a single day have borne a load like mine
 Incessantly and amply blest throughout the course of life, with happiness and grandeur as well as drink and meat
 All men whom God hath made are in origin alike, and I resemble this man, and he resembleth me,
 But otherwise between us is a difference as great as the difference that we find between wine and vinegar
 Yet in saying this I utter no falsehood against Thee [O my Lord] for thou art wise and with justice Thou hast judged

And when Sinbad the Porter had finished the recitation of his verses, he desired to take up his burden and to depart But, lo, there came forth to him from that door a young page, handsome in countenance, comely in stature, magnificent in apparel, and he laid hold upon the porter's hand, saying to him, Enter answer the summons of my master, for he calleth for thee And the porter would have refused to enter with the page, but he could not He therefore deposited his burden with the door-keeper in the entrance-passage, and, entering the house with the page, he

found it to be a handsome mansion, presenting an appearance of joy and majesty And he looked towards a grand chamber, in which he beheld noblemen and great lords, and in it were all kinds of flowers, and all kinds of sweet scents, and varieties of dried and fresh fruits, together with abundance of various kinds of exquisite viands, and beverage prepared from the fruit of the choicest grape vines In it were also instruments of music and mirth, and varieties of beautiful slave girls, all ranged in proper order And at the upper end of that chamber was a great and venerable man, in the sides of whose beard grey hairs had begun to appear He was of handsome form, comely in countenance, with an aspect of gravity and dignity and majesty and stateliness So, upon this Sinbad the Porter was confounded, and he said within himself, By Allah, this place is a portion of Paradise, or it is the palace of a King or Sultan! Then, putting himself in a respectful posture, he saluted the assembly, prayed for them, and kissed the ground before them, after which he stood, hanging down his head in humility But the master of the house gave him permission to seat himself He therefore sat And the master of the house had caused him to draw near unto him, and now began to cheer him with conversation, and to welcome him, and he put before him some of the various excellent, delicious, exquisite viands So Sinbad the Porter advanced, and, having said, In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful, — ate until he was satisfied and satiated, when he said, Praise be to God in every case! — and washed his hands, and thanked them for this

The master of the house then said, Thou art welcome, and thy day is blessed What is thy name, and what trade dost thou follow? — O my master, he answered, my name is Sinbad the Porter, and I bear upon my head men's merchandise for hire And at his, the master of the house smiled, and he said to him, Know, O porter, that thy name is like mine, for I am Sinbad of the Sea, but, O porter, I desire that thou let me hear the verses that thou wast reciting when thou wast at the door The porter therefore was ashamed, and said to him, I conjure thee by Allah that thou be not angry with me, for fatigue and trouble, and paucity of what the hand possesseth, teach a man ill manners, and impertinence His host, however, replied, Be not ashamed, for thou hast become my brother recite then the verses, since they pleased me when I heard them from thee as thou recitedst them at the door So upon this the porter recited to him those verses, and they pleased him, and he was moved with delight on hearing them He then said to him, O porter, know that my story is wonderful, and I will inform thee of all that happened to me and befell me before I obtained this prosperity and sat in this place wherein thou seest me For I attained not this prosperity and this place save after severe fatigue and great trouble and many terrors How often have I endured fatigue and toil in my early years! I have performed seven voyages, and connected with each voyage is a wonderful tale, that

would confound the mind All that which I endured happened by fate and destiny, and from that which is written there is no escape nor flight

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O masters, O noble persons, that I had a father, a merchant, who was one of the first in rank among the people and the merchants, and who possessed abundant wealth and ample fortune He died when I was a young child, leaving to me wealth and buildings and fields, and when I grew up, I put my hand upon the whole of the property, ate well and drank well, associated with the young men, wore handsome apparel, and passed my life with my friends and companions, feeling confident that this course would continue and profit me, and I ceased not to live in this manner for a length of time I then returned to my reason, and recovered from my heedlessness, and found that my wealth had passed away, and my condition had changed, and all [the money] that I had possessed had gone I recovered not to see my situation but in a state of fear and confusion of mind, and remembered a tale that I had heard before, the tale of our lord Suleyman the son of Daood (on both of whom be peace!), respecting his saying, Three things are better than three the day of death is better than the day of birth, and a living dog is better than a dead lion, and the grave is better than the palace Then I arose, and collected what I had, of effects and apparel, and sold them, after which I sold my buildings and all that my hand possessed, and amassed three thousand pieces of silver, and it occurred to my mind to travel to the countries of other people, and I remembered one of the sayings of the poets, which was this —

In proportion to one's labour eminences are gained and he who seeketh eminence passeth sleepless nights

He diveth in the sea who seeketh for pearls, and succeedeth in acquiring lordship and good fortune

Whoso seeketh eminence without labouring for it loseth his life in the search of vanity

Upon this I resolved, and arose, and bought for myself goods and commodities and merchandise, with such other things as were required for travel, and my mind had consented to my performing a sea voyage So I embarked in a ship, and it descended to the city of El Basrah, with a company of merchants, and we traversed the sea for many days and nights We had passed by island after island, and from sea to sea, and from land to land, and in every place by which we passed we sold and bought, and exchanged merchandise We continued our voyage until we arrived at an island like one of the gardens of Paradise, and at that island the master of the ship brought her to anchor with us He cast the anchor, and put forth the landing plank, and all who were in the ship landed upon that island They had prepared for themselves fire-pots, and they lighted the fires in them, and their occupations were various some cooked, others

washed, and others amused themselves I was among those who were amusing themselves upon the shores of the island, and the passengers were assembled to eat and drink and play and sport. But while we were thus engaged, lo, the master of the ship, standing upon its side, called out with his loudest voice, O ye passengers, whom may God preserve! come up quickly into the ship, hasten to embark, and leave your merchandise, and flee with your lives, and save yourselves from destruction, for this apparent island, upon which ye are, is not really an island, but it is a great fish that hath become stationary in the midst of the sea, and the sand hath accumulated upon it, so that it hath become like an island, and trees have grown upon it since times of old, and when ye lighted upon it the fire, it felt the heat, and put itself in motion, and now it will descend with you into the sea, and ye will all be drowned then seek for yourselves escape before destruction, and leave the merchandise! — The passengers, therefore, hearing the words of the master of the ship, hastened to go up into the vessel, leaving the merchandise, and their other goods, and their copper cooking pots and their fire-pots, and some reached the ship, and others reached it not. The island had moved, and descended to the bottom of the sea, with all that were upon it, and the roaring sea, agitated with waves, closed over it.

I was among the number of those who remained behind upon the island, so I sank in the sea with the rest who sank. But God (whose name be exalted!) delivered me and saved me from drowning, and supplied me with a great wooden bowl, of the bowls in which the passengers had been washing, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, induced by the sweetness of life, and beat the water with my feet as with oars, while the waves sported with me, tossing me to the right and left. The master of the vessel had caused her sails to be spread, and pursued his voyage with those who had embarked, not regarding such as had been submerged, and I ceased not to look at that vessel until it was concealed from my eye. I made sure of destruction, and night came upon me while I was in this state, but I remained so a day and a night, and the wind and the waves aided me until the bowl came to a stoppage with me under a high island, whereon were trees overhanging the sea. So I laid hold upon a branch of a lofty tree, and clung to it, after I had been at the point of destruction, and I kept hold upon it until I landed on the island, when I found my legs benumbed, and saw marks of the nibbling of fish upon their hams, of which I had been insensible by reason of the violence of the anguish and fatigue that I was suffering.

I threw myself upon the island like one dead, and was unconscious of my existence, and drowned in my stupefaction, and I ceased not to remain in this condition until the next day. The sun having then risen upon me, I awoke upon the island, and found that my feet were swollen, and that I had become reduced to the state in which I then was. Awhile I dragged

myself along in a sitting posture, and then I crawled upon my knees And there were in the island fruits in abundance, and springs of sweet water therefore I ate of those fruits, and I ceased not to continue in this state for many days and nights My spirit had then revived, my soul had returned to me, and my power of motion was renewed, and I began to meditate, and to walk along the shore of the island, amusing myself among the trees with the sight of the things that God (whose name be exalted!) had created, and I had made for myself a staff from those trees, to lean upon it Thus I remained until I walked, one day, upon the shore of the island, and there appeared unto me an indistinct object in the distance I imagined that it was a wild beast, or one of the beasts of the sea, and I walked towards it, ceasing not to gaze at it, and, lo, it was a mare, of superb appearance, tethered in a part of the island by the sea shore I approached her, but she cried out against me with a great cry, and I trembled with fear of her, and was about to return, when, behold, a man came forth from beneath the earth, and he called to me and pursued me, saying to me, Who art thou, and whence hast thou come, and what is the cause of thine arrival in this place? So I answered him, O my master, know that I am a stranger, and I was in a ship, and was submerged in the sea with certain others of the passengers, but God supplied me with a wooden bowl, and I got into it, and it bore me along until the waves cast me upon this island And when he heard my words, he laid hold of my hand and said to me, Come with me I therefore went with him, and he descended with me into a grotto beneath the earth, and conducted me into a large subterranean chamber, and having seated me at the upper end of that chamber, brought me some food I was hungry, so I ate until I was satiated and contented, and my soul became at ease Then he asked me respecting my case, and what had happened to me, wherefore I acquainted him with my whole affair from beginning to end, and he wondered at my story

And when I had finished my tale, I said, I conjure thee by Allah, O my master, that thou be not displeased with me I have acquainted thee with the truth of my case and of what hath happened to me, and I desire of thee that thou inform me who thou art, and what is the cause of thy dwelling in this chamber that is beneath the earth, and what is the reason of thy tethering this mare by the sea side So he replied, Know that we are a party dispersed in this island, upon its shores, and we are the grooms of the King El-Mihraj, having under our care all his horses, and every month, when moonlight commenceth, we bring the swift mares, and tether them in this island, every mare that has not foaled, and conceal ourselves in this chamber beneath the earth, that they may attract the sea-horses This is the time of the coming forth of the sea-horse, and afterwards, if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), I will take thee with me to the King El Mihraj, and divert thee with the sight of our country Know,

moreover, that if thou hadst not met with us, thou hadst not seen any one in this place, and wouldst have died in misery, none knowing of thee But I will be the means of the preservation of thy life, and of thy return to thy country — I therefore prayed for him, and thanked him for his kindness and beneficence, and while we were thus talking, the horse came forth from the sea, as he had said And shortly after, his companions came, each leading a mare, and, seeing me with him, they inquired of me my story, and I told them what I had related to him They then drew near to me, and spread the table, and ate, and invited me so I ate with them, after which, they arose, and mounted the horses, taking me with them, having mounted me on a mare

We commenced our journey, and proceeded without ceasing until we arrived at the city of the King El Mihraj, and they went in to him and acquainted him with my story He therefore desired my presence, and they took me in to him, and stationed me before him, whereupon I saluted him, and he returned my salutation, and welcomed me, greeting me in an honourable manner, and inquired of me respecting my case So I informed him of all that had happened to me, and of all that I had seen from the beginning to end, and he wondered at that which had befallen me and happened to me, and said to me, O my son, by Allah thou hast experienced an extraordinary preservation, and had it not been for the predestined length of thy life, thou hadst not escaped from these difficulties, but praise be to God for thy safety! Then he treated me with beneficence and honour, caused me to draw near to him, and began to cheer me with conversation and courtesy, and he made me his superintendent of the sea port, and registrar of every vessel that came to the coast I stood in his presence to transact his affairs, and he favoured me and benefited me in every respect, he invested me with a handsome and costly dress, and I became a person high in credit with him in intercessions, and in accomplishing the affairs of the people I ceased not to remain in his service for a long time, and whenever I went to the shore of the sea, I used to inquire of the merchants and travellers and sailors respecting the direction of the city of Baghdad, that perchance some one might inform me of it, and I might go with him thither and return to my country, but none knew it, nor knew any one who went to it At this I was perplexed, and I was weary of the length of my absence from home, and in this state I continued for a length of time, until I went in one day to the King El Mihráj, and found with him a party of Indians I saluted them, and they returned my salutation, and welcomed me, and asked me respecting my country, after which, I questioned them as to their country, and they told me that they consisted of various races Among them are the Shakireeyeh, who are the most noble of their races, who oppress no one, nor offer violence to any And among them are a class called the Brahmans, a people who never drink wine, but they are persons

of pleasure and joy and sport and merriment, and possessed of camels and horses and cattle They informed me also that the Indians are divided into seventy two classes, and I wondered at this extremely And I saw, in the dominions of the King El-Mihraj, an island, among others, which is called Kasil, in which is heard the beating of tambourines and drums throughout the night, and the islanders and travellers informed us that Ed Dejjal is in it I saw too, in the sea in which is that island, a fish two hundred cubits long, and the fishermen fear it, wherefore they knock some pieces of wood, and it fleeth from them and I saw a fish whose face was like that of the owl I likewise saw during that voyage many wonderful and strange things, such that, if I related them to you, the description would be too long

I continued to amuse myself with the sight of those islands and the things that they contained, until I stood one day upon the shore of the sea, with a staff in my hand, as was my custom, and, lo, a great vessel approached, wherein were many merchants, and when it arrived at the harbour of the city, and its place of anchoring, the master furled its sails, brought it to an anchor by the shore, and put forth the landing plank, and the sailors brought out every thing that was in that vessel to the shore They were slow in taking forth the goods, while I stood writing their account, and I said to the master of the ship, Doth aught remain in thy vessel? He answered, Yes, O my master, I have some goods in the hold of the ship, but their owner was drowned in the sea at one of the islands during our voyage hither, and his goods are in our charge, so we desire to sell them, and to take a note of their price, in order to convey it to his family in the city of Baghdad, the Abode of Peace I therefore said to the master, What was the name of that man, the owner of the goods? He answered, His name was Sinbad of the Sea, and he was drowned on his voyage with us in the sea And when I heard his words, I looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and recognised him, and I cried out at him with a great cry, and said, O master, know that I am the owner of the goods which thou hast mentioned, and I am Sinbad of the Sea, who descended upon the island from the ship, with the other merchants who descended, and when the fish that we were upon moved, and thou calledst out to us, some got up into the vessel, and the rest sank, and I was among those who sank But God (whose name be exalted!) preserved me and saved me from drowning by means of a large wooden bowl, of those in which the passengers were washing, and I got into it, and began to beat the water with my feet, and the wind and the waves aided me until I arrived at this island, when I landed on it, and God (whose name be exalted!) assisted me, and I met the grooms of the King El Mihraj, who took me with them and brought me to this city They then led me in to the King El Mihraj, and I acquainted him with my story, whereupon he bestowed benefits upon me, and appointed me

clerk of the harbour of this city, and I obtained profit in his service, and favour with him Therefore these goods that thou hast are my goods and my portion

But the master said, There is no strength nor power but in God the High, the Great! There is no longer faith nor conscience in any one! — Wherefore, O master, said I, when thou hast heard me tell thee my story? He answered, Because thou heardest me say that I had goods whose owner was drowned therefore thou desirest to take them without price, and this is unlawful to thee, for we saw him when he sank, and there were with him many of the passengers, not one of whom escaped How then dost thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods? So I said to him, O master, hear my story, and understand my words, and my veracity will become manifest to thee, for falsehood is a characteristic of the hypocrites Then I related to him all that I had done from the time that I went forth with him from the city of Baghdad until we arrived at that island upon which we were submerged in the sea, and I mentioned to him some circumstances that had occurred between me and him Upon this, therefore, the master and the merchants were convinced of my veracity, and recognised me, and they congratulated me on my safety, all of them saying, By Allah, we believed not that thou hadst escaped drowning, but God hath granted thee a new life They then gave me the goods and I found my name written upon them, and nought of them was missing So I opened them, and took forth from them something precious and costly, the sailors of the ship carried it with me, and I went up with it to the King to offer it as a present, and informed him that this ship was the one on which I was a passenger I told him also that my goods had arrived all entire, and that this present was a part of them And the King wondered at this affair extremely, my veracity in all that I had said became manifest to him, and he loved me greatly, and treated me with exceeding honour, giving me a large present in return for mine

Then I sold my bales, as well as the other goods that I had, and gained upon them abundantly, and I purchased other goods and merchandise and commodities of that city And when the merchants of the ship desired to set forth on their voyage, I stowed all that I had in the vessel, and, going in to the King, thanked him for his beneficence and kindness, after which I begged him to grant me permission to depart on my voyage to my country and my family So he bade me farewell, and gave me an abundance of things at my departure, of the commodities of that city, and when I had taken leave of him, I embarked in the ship, and we set sail by the permission of God, whose name be exalted! Fortune served us, and destiny aided us, and we ceased not to prosecute our voyage night and day until we arrived in safety at the city of El Basrah There we landed, and remained a short time, and I rejoiced at my safety, and my return to my country, and after that, I repaired to the city of

Baghdad, the Abode of Peace, with abundance of bales and goods and merchandise of great value Then I went to my quarter, and entered my house, and all my family and companions came to me I procured for myself servants and other dependants, and memlooks and concubines and male black slaves, so that I had a large establishment, and I purchased houses and other immoveable possessions, more than I had at first I enjoyed the society of my companions and friends, exceeding my former habits, and forgot all that I had suffered from fatigue, and absence from my native country, and difficulty, and the terrors of travel I occupied myself with delights and pleasures, and delicious meats and exquisite drinks, and continued in this state Such were the events of the first of my voyages, and to morrow, if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), I will relate to you the tale of the second of the seven voyages

Sinbad of the Sea then made Sinbad of the Land to sup with him, after which he gave orders to present him with a hundred pieces of gold, and said to him, Thou hast cheered us by thy company this day So the porter thanked him, and took from him what he had given him, and went his way, meditating upon the events that befell and happened to mankind, and wondering extremely He slept that night in his abode, and when the morning came, he repaired to the house of Sinbad of the Sea, and went in to him, and he welcomed him, and treated him with honour, seating him by him And after the rest of his companions had come, the food and drink were set before them, and the time was pleasant to them, and they were merry Then Sinbad of the Sea began his narrative thus —

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers, that I was enjoying a most comfortable life, and the most pure happiness, as ye were told yesterday, until it occurred to my mind, one day, to travel again to the lands of other people, and I felt a longing for the occupation of traffic, and the pleasure of seeing the countries and islands of the world, and gaining my subsistence I resolved upon that affair, and, having taken forth from my money a large sum, I purchased with it goods and merchandise suitable for travel, and packed them up Then I went to the bank of the river, and found a handsome, new vessel, with sails of comely canvas, and it had a numerous crew, and was superfluously equipped So I embarked my bales in it, as did also a party of merchants besides, and we set sail that day The voyage was pleasant to us, and we ceased not to pass from sea to sea, and from island to island, and at every place where we cast anchor, we met the merchants and the grandees, and the sellers and buyers, and we sold and bought, and exchanged goods Thus we continued to do until destiny conveyed us to a beautiful island, abounding with trees bearing ripe fruits, where flowers diffused thier fragrance, with birds warbling, and pure rivers but

there was not in it an inhabitant, nor a blower of a fire The master anchored our vessel at that island, and the merchants with the other passengers landed there, to amuse themselves with the sight of its trees, and to extol the perfection of God, the One, the Omnipotent, and to wonder at the Almighty King I also landed upon the island with the rest, and sat by a spring of pure water among the trees I had with me some food, and I sat in that place eating what God (whose name be exalted!) had allotted me The zephyr was sweet to us in that place, and the time was pleasant to me, so slumber overcame me, and I reposed there, and became immersed in sleep, enjoying that sweet zephyr, and the fragrant gales I then arose, and found not in the place a human being nor a Jinnee The vessel had gone with the passengers, and not one of them remembered me, neither any of the merchants nor any of the sailors so they left me in the island

I looked about it to the right and left, and found not in it any one save myself I was therefore affected with violent vexation, not to be exceeded, and my gall bladder almost burst by reason of the severity of my grief and mourning and fatigue I had not with me aught of worldly goods, neither food nor drink, and I had become desolate, weary in my soul, and despairing of life, and I said, Not every time doth the jar escape unbroken, and if I escaped the first time, and found him who took me with him from the shore of the island to the inhabited part, far, far from me this time is the prospect of my finding him who will convey me to inhabited lands! Then I began to weep and wail for myself until vexation overpowered me, and I blamed myself for that which I had done, and for my having undertaken this voyage and fatigue after I had been reposing at ease in my abode and my country, in ample happiness, and enjoying good food and good drink and good apparel, and had not been in want of any thing, either of money or goods or merchandise I repented of my having gone forth from the city of Baghdad, and set out on a voyage over the sea, after the fatigue that I had suffered during my first voyage, and I felt at the point of destruction, and said, Verily to God we belong, and verily unto Him we return! And I was in the predicament of the mad After that, I rose and stood up, and walked about the island to the right and left, unable to sit in one place Then I climbed up a lofty tree, and began to look from it to the right and left, but saw nought save sky and water, and trees and birds, and islands and sands Looking, however, with a scrutinizing eye, there appeared to me on the island a white object, indistinctly seen in the distance, of enormous size so I descended from the tree, and went towards it, and proceeded in that direction without stopping until I arrived at it, and, lo, it was a huge white dome, of great height and large circumference I drew near to it, and walked round it, but perceived no door to it, and I found that I had not strength nor activity to climb it, on account of its exceeding smoothness I made a mark

at the place where I stood, and went round the dome measuring its circumference, and, lo, it was fifty full paces, and I meditated upon some means of gaining an entrance into it

The close of the day, and the setting of the sun, had now drawn near, and, behold, the sun was hidden, and the sky became dark, and the sun was veiled from me I therefore imagined that a cloud had come over it, but this was in the season of summer so I wondered, and I raised my head, and, contemplating that object attentively, I saw that it was a bird, of enormous size, bulky body, and wide wings, flying in the air, and this it was that concealed the body of the sun, and veiled it from view upon the island At this my wonder increased, and I remembered a story which travellers and voyagers had told me long before, that there is in certain of the islands, a bird of enormous size, called the rukh', that feedeth its young ones with elephants I was convinced, therefore, that the dome which I had seen was one of the eggs of the rukh' I wondered at the works of God (whose name be exalted!), and while I was in this state, lo, that bird alighted upon the dome, and brooded over it with its wings, stretching out its legs behind upon the ground, and it slept over it — Extolled be the perfection of Him who sleepeth not! — Thereupon I arose, and unwound my turban from my head, and folded it and twisted it so that it became like a rope, and I girded myself with it, binding it tightly round my waist, and tied myself by it to one of the feet of that bird, and made the knot fast, saying within myself, Perhaps this bird will convey me to a land of cities and inhabitants, and that will be better than my remaining in this island I passed the night sleepless, fearing that, if I slept, the bird would fly away with me when I was not aware, and when the dawn came, and morn appeared, the bird rose from its egg, and uttered a great cry, and drew me up into the sky It ascended and soared up so high that I imagined it had reached the highest region of the sky, and after that, it descended with me gradually until it alighted with me upon the earth, and rested upon a lofty spot So when I reached the earth, I hastily untied the bond from its foot, fearing it, though it knew not of me nor was sensible of me, and after I had loosed my turban from it, and disengaged it from its foot, shaking as I did so, I walked away Then it took something from the face of the earth in its talons, and soared to the upper region of the sky, and I looked attentively at that thing, and, lo, it was a serpent, of enormous size, of great body, which it had taken and carried off towards the sea, and I wondered at that event

After this, I walked about that place, and found myself upon an eminence, beneath which was a large, wide, deep valley, and by its side, a great mountain, very high, no one could see its summit by reason of its excessive height, and no one had power to ascend it I therefore blamed myself for that which I had done, and said, Would that I had remained in the island, since it is better than this desert place, for in the island are

found, among various fruits, what I might have eaten, and I might have drunk of its rivers, but in this place are neither trees nor fruits nor rivers and there is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! Verily every time that I escape from a calamity, I fall into another that is greater and more severe! — Then I arose, and emboldened myself, and walked in that valley, and I beheld its ground to be composed of diamonds, with which they perforate minerals and jewels, and with which also they perforate porcelain and the onyx, and it is a stone so hard that neither iron nor rock have any effect upon it, nor can any one cut aught off from it, or break it, unless by means of the lead stone. All that valley was likewise occupied by serpents and venomous snakes, every one of them like a palm tree, and by reason of its enormous size, if an elephant came to it, it would swallow it. Those serpents appeared in the night, and hid themselves in the day, fearing lest the rukh' and the vulture should carry them off, and after that tear them in pieces, and the cause of that I know not. I remained in that valley, repenting of what I had done, and said within myself, By Allah, I have hastened my own destruction! The day departed from me, and I began to walk along that valley, looking for a place in which to pass the night, fearing those serpents, and forgetting my food and drink and subsistence, occupied only by care for my life. And there appeared to me a cave near by, so I walked thither, and I found its entrance narrow. I therefore entered it, and seeing a large stone by its mouth, I pushed it, and stopped with it the mouth of the cave while I was within it, and I said within myself, I am safe now that I have entered this place, and when daylight shineth upon me, I will go forth, and see what destiny will do. Then I looked within the cave, and beheld a huge serpent sleeping at the upper end of it over its eggs. At this my flesh quaked, and I raised my head, and committed my case to fate and destiny, and I passed all the night sleepless, until the dawn rose and shone, when I removed the stone with which I had closed the entrance of the cave, and went forth from it, like one intoxicated, giddy from excessive sleeplessness and hunger and fear.

I then walked along the valley, and while I was thus occupied, lo, a great slaughtered animal fell before me, and I found no one. So I wondered thereat extremely, and I remembered a story that I had heard long before from certain of the merchants and travellers, and persons in the habit of journeying about, — that in the mountains of the diamonds are experienced great terrors, and that no one can gain access to the diamonds, but that the merchants who import them know a stratagem by means of which to obtain them: that they take a sheep, and slaughter it, and skin it, and cut up its flesh, which they throw down from the mountain, to the bottom of the valley: so, descending fresh and moist, some of these stones stick to it. Then the merchants leave it until midday, and birds of the large kind of vulture and the aquiline vulture descend to that

meat, and, taking it in their talons, fly up to the top of the mountain, whereupon the merchants come to them, and cry out at them, and they fly away from the meat. The merchants then advance to that meat, and take from it the stones sticking to it, after which they leave the meat for the birds and the wild beasts, and carry the stones to their countries. And no one can procure the diamonds but by means of this stratagem — Therefore when I beheld that slaughtered animal, and remembered this story, I arose and went to the slaughtered beast. I then selected a great number of these stones, and put them into my pocket, and within my clothes, and I proceeded to select, and to put into my pockets and my girdle and my turban, and within my clothes. And while I was doing thus, lo, another great slaughtered animal. So I bound myself to it with my turban, and, laying myself down on my back, placed it upon my bosom, and grasped it firmly. Thus it was raised high above the ground, and, behold, a vulture descended upon it, seized it with its talons, and flew up with it into the air, with me attached to it, and it ceased not to soar up until it had ascended with it to the summit of the mountain, when it alighted with it, and was about to tear off some of it. And thereupon a great and loud cry arose from behind that vulture, and something made a clattering with a piece of wood upon the mountain, whereat the vulture flew away in fear, and soared into the sky.

I therefore disengaged myself from the slaughtered animal, with the blood of which my clothes were polluted, and I stood by its side. And, lo, the merchant who had cried out at the vulture advanced to the slaughtered animal, and saw me standing there. He spoke not to me, for he was frightened at me, and terrified, but he came to the slaughtered beast, and turned it over, and not finding anything upon it, he uttered a loud cry, and said, Oh, my disappointment! There is no strength nor power but in God! We seek refuge with God from Satan the accursed! — He repented, and struck hand upon hand, and said, Oh, my grief! What is this affair? — So I advanced to him, and he said to me, Who art thou, and what is the reason of thy coming to this place? I answered him, Fear not, nor be alarmed, for I am a human being, of the best of mankind, and I was a merchant, and my tale is marvellous, and my story extraordinary, and the cause of my coming to this mountain and this valley is wondrous to relate. Fear not, for thou shalt receive of me what will rejoice thee, I have with me abundance of diamonds, of which I will give thee as much as will suffice thee, and every piece that I have is better than all that would come to thee by other means, therefore be not timorous nor afraid — And upon this the man thanked me, and prayed for me, and conversed with me, and, lo, the other merchants heard me talking with their companion, so they came to me. Each merchant had thrown down a slaughtered animal, and when they came to us, they saluted me, and congratulated me on my safety, and took me with them, and I acquainted

them with my whole story, relating to them what I had suffered on my voyage, and telling them the cause of my arrival in this valley. Then I gave to the owner of the slaughtered animal to which I had attached myself an abundance of what I had brought with me, and he was delighted with me, and prayed for me, and thanked me for that, and the other merchants said to me, By Allah, a new life hath been decreed thee, for no one ever arrived at this place before thee and escaped from it, but praise be to God for thy safety! They passed the next night in a pleasant and safe place, and I passed the night with them full of the utmost joy at my safety and my escape from the valley of serpents, and my arrival in an inhabited country.

And when day came, we arose and journeyed over that great mountain beholding in that valley numerous serpents, and we continued to advance until we arrived at a garden in a great and beautiful island, wherein were camphor trees, under each of which trees a hundred men might shade themselves. When any one desireth to obtain some camphor from one of these trees, he maketh a perforation in the upper part of it with something long, and catcheth what descended from it. The liquid camphor floweth from it, and concreteth like gum. It is the juice of that tree, and after this operation, the tree drieth, and becometh firewood. In that island too is a kind of wild beast called the rhinoceros, which pastureth there like oxen and buffaloes in our country, but the bulk of that wild beast is greater than the bulk of the camel, and it eateth the tender leaves of trees. It is a huge beast, with a single horn, thick, in the middle of its head, a cubit in length, wherein is the figure of a man. And in that island are some animals of the ox kind. Moreover, the sailors and travellers, and persons in the habit of journeying about in the mountains and the lands, have told us, that this wild beast which is named the rhinoceros lifteth the great elephant upon its horn, and pastureth with it upon the island and the shores, without being sensible of it, and the elephant dieth upon its horn, and its fat, melting by the heat of the sun, and flowing upon its head, entereth its eyes, so that it becometh blind. Then it lieth down upon the shore, and the rukh' cometh to it, and carrieth it off [with the elephant] in its talons to its young ones, and feedeth them with it and with that which is upon its horn, [namely the elephant]. I saw also in that island abundance of the buffalo kind, the like of which existeth not among us.

The valley before mentioned containeth a great quantity of diamonds such as I carried off and hid in my pockets. For these the people gave me in exchange goods and commodities belonging to them, and they conveyed them for me, giving me likewise pieces of silver and pieces of gold, and I ceased not to proceed with them, amusing myself with the sight of different countries, and of what God hath created, from valley to valley and from city to city, we, in our way selling and buying, until we arrived

at the city of El Basrah We remained there a few days, and then I came to the city of Baghdad, the Abode of Peace, and came to my quarter, and entered my house, bringing with me a great quantity of diamonds, and money and commodities and goods in abundance I met my family and relations, bestowed alms and gifts, made presents to all my family and companions, and began to eat well and drink well and wear handsome apparel I associated with friends and companions, forgot all that I had suffered, and ceased not to enjoy a pleasant life and joyful heart and dilated bosom, with sport and merriment Every one who heard of my arrival came to me, and inquired of me respecting my voyage, and the states of the different countries so I informed him, relating to him what I had experienced and suffered, and he wondered at the severity of my sufferings, and congratulated me on my safety — This is the end of the account of the events that befell me and happened to me during the second voyage, and to morrow, if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), I will relate to you the events of the third voyage

And when Sinbad of the Sea had finished his story to Sinbad of the Land, the company wondered at it They supped with him, and he gave orders to present to Sinbad of the Land a hundred pieces of gold, and the latter took them, and went his way, wondering at the things that Sinbad of the Sea had suffered He thanked him, and prayed for him in his house, and when the morning came, and diffused its light and shone, Sinbad the Porter arose, performed the morning prayers, and repaired to the house of Sinbad of the Sea, as he had commanded him He went in to him and wished him good morning, and Sinbad of the Sea welcomed him, and he sat with him until the rest of his companions and party had come, and after they had eaten and drunk, and enjoyed themselves, and were merry and happy, Sinbad of the Sea began thus —

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers (and hear from me the story of the third voyage, for it is more wonderful than the preceding stories, hitherto related — and God is all knowing with respect to the things which He hideth, and omniscient), that, in the times past, when I returned from the second voyage, and was in a state of the utmost joy and happiness, rejoicing in my safety, having gained great wealth, as I related to you yesterday, God having compensated me for all that I had lost, I resided in the city of Baghdad for a length of time in the most perfect prosperity and delight, and joy and happiness Then my soul became desirous of travel and diversion, and I longed for commerce and gain and profits, the soul being prone to evil So I meditated, and bought an abundance of goods suited for a sea voyage, and packed them up, and departed with them from the city

of Baghdad to the city of El Basrah There, coming to the bank of the river, I beheld a great vessel, in which were many merchants and other passengers, people of worth, and comely and good persons, people of religion and kindness and probity I therefore embarked with them in that vessel, and we departed in reliance on the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!), and his aid and favour, rejoicing in expectation of good fortune and safety We ceased not to proceed from sea to sea, and from island to island, and from city to city, at every place by which we passed diverting ourselves, and selling and buying, in the utmost joy and happiness Thus we did until we were, one day, pursuing our course in the midst of the roaring sea, agitated with waves, when, lo, the master, standing at the side of the vessel, looked at the different quarters of the sea, and then slapped his face, furlled the sails of the ship, cast its anchors, plucked his beard, rent his clothes, and uttered a great cry So we said to him, O master, what is the news? And he answered, Know, O passengers, whom may God preserve! that the wind hath prevailed against us, and driven us out of our course in the midst of the sea, and destiny hath cast us, through our evil fortune, towards the Mountain of Apes No one hath ever arrived at this place and escaped, and my heart is impressed with the conviction of the destruction of us all — And the words of the master were not ended before the apes had come to us and surrounded the vessel on every side, numerous as locusts, dispersed about the vessel and on the shore We feared that, if we killed one of them, or struck him, or drove him away, they would kill us, on account of their excessive number, for numbers prevail against courage, and we feared them lest they should plunder our goods and our commodities They are the most hideous of beasts, and covered with hair like black felt, their aspect striking terror No one understandeth their language or their state, they shun the society of men, have yellow eyes, and black faces, and are of small size, the height of each one of them being four spans They climbed up the cables, and severed them with their teeth, and they severed all the ropes of the vessel in every part, so the vessel inclined with the wind, and stopped at their mountain, and on their coast Then, having seized all the merchants and the other passengers, and landed upon the island, they took the vessel with the whole of its contents, and went their way with it

They left us upon the island, the vessel became concealed from us, and we knew not whither they went with it And while we were upon that island, eating of its fruits and its herbs, and drinking of the rivers that were there, lo, there appeared to us an inhabited house in the midst of the island We therefore went towards it, and walked to it, and, behold, it was a pavilion, with lofty angles, with high walls, having an entrance with folding doors, which were open, and the doors were of ebony We entered this pavilion, and found in it a wide, open space, like a wide, large court, around which were many lofty doors, and at its upper end was a

high and great mastabah There were also in it utensils for cooking, hung over the fire-pots, and around them were many bones But we saw not there any person, and we wondered at that extremely We sat in the open space in that pavilion a little while, after which we slept, and we ceased not to sleep from near the mid time between sunrise and noon until sunset And, lo, the earth trembled beneath us, and we heard a confused noise from the upper air, and there descended upon us, from the summit of the pavilion, a person of enormous size, in human form, and he was of black complexion, of lofty stature, like a great palm tree he had two eyes like two blazes of fire, and tusks like the tusks of swine, and a mouth of prodigious size, like the mouth of a well, and lips like the lips of the camel, hanging down upon his bosom, and he had ears like two mortars, hanging down upon his shoulders, and the nails of his hands were like the claws of the lion So when we beheld him thus, we became unconscious of our existence, our fear was vehement, and our terror was violent, and through the violence of our fear and dread and terror we became as dead men And after he had descended upon the ground, he sat a little while upon the mastabah Then he arose and came to us, and, seizing me by my hands from among my companions the merchants, lifted me up from the ground in his hand, and felt me and turned me over, and I was in his hand like a little mouthful He continued to feel me as the butcher feeleth the sheep that he is about to slaughter, but he found me infirm from excessive affliction, and lean from excessive fatigue and from the voyage, having no flesh He therefore let me go from his hand, and took another, from among my companions, and he turned him over as he had turned me over, and felt him as he had felt me, and let him go He ceased not to feel us and turn us over, one after another, until he came to the master of our ship, who was a fat, stout, broad shouldered man, a person of strength and vigour so he pleased him, and he seized him as the butcher seizeth the animal that he is about to slaughter, and, having thrown him on the ground, put his foot upon his neck, which he thus broke Then he brought a long spit, and thrust it into his throat, and spitted him, after which he lighted a fierce fire, and placed over it that spit upon which the master was spitted, and ceased not to turn him round over the burning coals until his flesh was thoroughly roasted, when he took him off from the fire, put him before him, and separated his joints as a man separates the joints of a chicken, and proceeded to tear in pieces his flesh with his nails, and to eat of it Thus he continued to do until he had eaten his flesh, and gnawed his bones, and there remained of him nothing but some bones, which he threw by the side of the pavilion He then sat a little, and threw himself down, and slept upon that mastabah, making a noise with his throat like that which is made by a lamb or other beast when slaughtered, and he slept uninterruptedly until the morning, when he went his way

As soon, therefore, as we were sure that he was far from us, we con-

versed together, and wept for ourselves, saying, Would that we had been drowned in the sea, or that the apes had eaten us, for it were better than the roasting of a man upon burning coals! By Allah, this death is a vile one! But what God willeth cometh to pass, and there is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! We die in sorrow, and no one knoweth of us, and there is no escape for us from this place! We then arose and went forth upon the island, to see for us a place in which to hide ourselves, or to flee and it had become a light matter to us to die, rather than that our flesh should be roasted with fire. But we found not for us a place in which to hide ourselves, and the evening overtook us. So we returned to the pavilion, by reason of the violence of our fear, and sat there a little while, and, lo, the earth trembled beneath us, and that black approached us, and, coming among us, began to turn us over, one after another, as on the former occasion, and to feel us, until one pleased him, whereupon he seized him, and did with him as he did with the master of the ship the day before. He roasted him, and ate him upon that masta bah, and ceased not to sleep that night, making a noise with his throat like a slaughtered animal, and when the day came, he arose and went his way, leaving us as usual. Upon this we assembled together and conversed and said, one to another, By Allah, if we cast ourselves into the sea and die drowned, it will be better than our dying burnt, for this mode of being put to death is abominable! And one of us said, Hear my words. Verily we will contrive a stratagem against him and kill him, and be at ease from apprehension of his purpose, and relieve the Muslims from his oppression and tyranny — So I said to them, Hear, O my brothers. If we must kill him, we will transport this wood, and remove some of this firewood, and make for ourselves rafts, each to bear three men, after which we will contrive a stratagem to kill him, and embark on the rafts, and proceed over the sea to whatsoever place God shall desire. Or we will remain in this place until a ship shall pass by, when we will embark in it. And if we be not able to kill him, we will embark [on our rafts], and put out to sea, and if we be drowned, we shall be preserved from being roasted over the fire, and from being slaughtered. If we escape, we escape, and if we be drowned, we die martyrs — To this they all replied, By Allah, this is a right opinion and a wise proceeding. And we agreed upon this matter, and commenced the work. We removed the pieces of wood out of the pavilion, and constructed rafts, attached them to the sea shore, and stowed upon them some provisions, after which we returned to the pavilion.

And when it was evening, lo, the earth trembled with us, and the black came in to us, like the biting dog. He turned us over and felt us, one after another, and, having taken one of us, did with him as he had done with the others before him. He ate him, and slept upon the mastabah, and the noise from his throat was like thunder. So thereupon we arose, and took

two iron spits, of those which were set up, and put them in the fierce fire until they were red hot, and became like burning coals, when we grasped them firmly, and went with them to that black while he lay asleep snoring, and we thrust them into his eyes, all of us pressing upon them with our united strength and force. Thus we pushed them into his eyes as he slept, and his eyes were destroyed, and he uttered a great cry, whereat our hearts were terrified. Then he arose resolutely from that mastabah and began to search for us, while we fled from him to the right and left, and he saw us not, for his sight was blinded, but we feared him with a violent fear, and made sure, in that time, of destruction, and despaired of safety. And upon this he sought the door, feeling for it, and went forth from it, crying out, while we were in the utmost fear of him, and, lo, the earth shook beneath us, by reason of the vehemence of his cry. So when he went forth from the pavilion, we followed him, and he went his way searching for us. Then he returned, accompanied by a female, greater than he, and more hideous in form, and when we beheld him, and her who was with him, more horrible than he in appearance, we were in the utmost fear. As soon as the female saw us, we hastily loosed the rafts that we had constructed, and embarked on them, and pushed them forth into the sea. But each of the two blacks had a mass of rock, and they cast at us until the greater number of us died from the casting, there remaining of us only three persons, I and two others, and the raft conveyed us to another island.

We walked forward upon that island until the close of the day, and the night overtook us in this state, so we slept a little, and we awoke from our sleep, and, lo, a serpent of enormous size, of large body and wide belly, had surrounded us. It approached one of us, and swallowed him to his shoulders, then it swallowed the rest of him, and we heard his ribs break in pieces in its belly, after which it went its way. At this we wondered extremely, and we mourned for our companion, and were in the utmost fear for ourselves, saying, By Allah, this is a wonderful thing! Every death that we witness is more horrible than the preceding one! We were rejoiced at our escape from the black, but our joy is not complete! There is no strength nor power but in God! By Allah, we have escaped from the black and from drowning, but how shall we escape from this unlucky serpent? — Then we arose and walked on over the island, eating of its fruits, and drinking of its rivers, and we ceased not to proceed till morning, when we found a great, lofty tree. So we climbed up it, and slept upon it, I having ascended to the highest of its branches. But when the night arrived, and it was dark, the serpent came, looking to the right and left, and, advancing to the tree upon which we were, came up to my companion, and swallowed him to his shoulders, and it wound itself round the tree with him, and I heard his bones break in pieces in its belly, then it swallowed him entirely, while I looked on, after which it descended from

the tree, and went its way — I remained upon that tree the rest of the night, and when the day came, and the light appeared, I descended from the tree, like one dead, by reason of excessive fear and terror, and desired to cast myself into the sea, that I might be at rest from the world, but it was not a light matter to me to do so, for life is dear. So I tied a wide piece of wood upon the soles of my feet, crosswise, and I tied one like it upon my left side, and a similar one upon my right side, and a similar one upon the front of my body, and I tied one long and wide upon the top of my head, crosswise, like that which was under the soles of my feet. Thus I was in the midst of these pieces of wood, and they enclosed me on every side. I bound them tightly, and threw myself with the whole upon the ground, so I lay in the midst of the pieces of wood, which enclosed me like a closet. And when the evening arrived, the serpent approached as it was wont, and saw me, and drew towards me, but it could not swallow me when I was in that state, with the pieces of wood round me on every side. It went round me, but could not come at me, and I looked at it, being like a dead man, by reason of the violence of my fear and terror. The serpent retired from me, and returned to me, and thus it ceased not to do every time that it desired to get at me to swallow me, the pieces of wood tied upon me on every side prevented it. It continued to do thus from sunset until daybreak arrived and the light appeared and the sun rose, when it went its way, in the utmost vexation and rage. Upon this, therefore, I stretched forth my hands and loosed myself from those pieces of wood, in a state like that of the dead, through the severity of that which I had suffered from that serpent.

I then arose, and walked along the island until I came to the extremity of it, when I cast a glance towards the sea, and beheld a ship at a distance, in the midst of the deep. So I took a great branch of a tree, and made a sign with it to the passengers, calling out to them, and when they saw me, they said, We must see what this is. Perhaps it is a man — Then they approached me, and heard my cries to them. They therefore came to me, and took me with them in the ship, and asked me respecting my state, so I informed them of all that had happened to me from beginning to end, and of the troubles that I had suffered, whereat they wondered extremely. They clad me with some of their clothes, attiring me decently, and after that, they put before me some provisions, and I ate until I was satisfied. They also gave me to drink some cool and sweet water, and my heart was revived, my soul became at ease, and I experienced great comfort. God (whose name be exalted!) had raised me to life after my death, so I praised Him (exalted be his name!) for his abundant favours, and thanked Him. My courage was strengthened after I had made sure of destruction, so that it seemed to me that all which I then experienced was a dream — We proceeded on our voyage, and the wind was fair to us by the permission of God (whose name be exalted!) until we came in sight of an island.

called the Island of Es Selháit, where sandal-wood is abundant, and there the master anchored the ship, and the merchants and other passengers landed, and took forth their goods to sell and buy. The owner of the ship then looked towards me, and said to me, Hear my words. Thou art a stranger and poor, and hast informed us that thou hast suffered many horrors, I therefore desire to benefit thee with something that will aid thee to reach thy country, and thou wilt pray for me — I replied, So be it and thou shalt have my prayers. And he rejoined, Know that there was with us a man voyaging, whom we lost, and we know not whether he be living or dead, having heard no tidings of him. I desire to commit to thee his bales that thou mayest sell them in this island. Thou shalt take charge of them, and we will give thee something proportionate to thy trouble and thy service, and what remaineth of them we will take and keep until we return to the city of Baghdad, when we will inquire for the owner's family, and give to them the remainder, together with the price of that which shall be sold of them. Wilt thou then take charge of them, and land with them upon this island, and sell them as do the merchants? — I answered, I hear and obey thee, O my master, and thou art beneficent and kind. And I prayed for him and thanked him for that.

He thereupon ordered the porters and sailors to land those goods upon the island, and to deliver them to me. And the clerk of the ship said, O master, what are these bales which the sailors and porters have brought out, and with the name of which of the merchants shall I mark them? He answered, Write upon them the name of Sinbad of the Sea, who was with us, and was drowned [or left behind] at the island [of the rukh'], and of whom no tidings have come to us, wherefore we desire that this stranger sell them, and take charge of the price of them, and we will give him somewhat of it in requital of his trouble and his sale of them. What shall remain we will take with us until we return to the city of Baghdad, when, if we find him, we will give it to him, and if we find him not, we will give it to his family in Baghdad. — So the clerk replied, Thy words are good, and thy notion is excellent. And when I heard the words of the master, mentioning that the bales were to be inscribed with my name, I said within myself, By Allah, I am Sinbad of the Sea. Then I fortified myself, and waited till the merchants had landed and had assembled conversing and consulting upon affairs of selling and buying, when I advanced to the owner of the ship, and said to him, O my master, dost thou know what manner of man was the owner of the bales which thou hast committed to me that I may sell them? — He answered me, I know not his condition, but he was a man of the city of Baghdad, called Sinbad of the Sea, and we had cast anchor at one of the islands, where he was lost, and we have had no tidings of him to the present time. So upon this I uttered a great cry, and said to him, O master (whom may God preserve!), know that I am Sinbad of the Sea. I was not

drowned, but when thou anchoredst at the island, and the merchants and other passengers landed, I also landed with the party, taking with me something to eat on the shore of the island. Then I enjoyed myself in sitting in that place, and, slumber overtaking me, I slept, and became immersed in sleep, after which I arose, and found not the ship, nor found I any one with me. Therefore this wealth is my wealth, and these goods are my goods. All the merchants also who transport diamonds saw me when I was upon the mountain of the diamonds, and they will bear witness for me that I am Sinbad of the Sea, as I informed them of my story and of the events that befell me with you in the ship. I informed them that ye had forgotten me upon the island, asleep, and that I arose and found not any one, and that what had befallen me befell me.

And when the merchants and other passengers heard my words, they assembled around me, and some of them believed me, and others disbelieved me. But while we were thus talking, lo, one of the merchants, on his hearing me mention the valley of diamonds, arose and advanced to me, and said to them, Hear, O company, my words. When I related to you the most wonderful thing that I had seen in my travels, I told you that, when we cast down the slaughtered animals into the valley of diamonds, I casting down mine with the rest, as I was accustomed to do, there came up with my slaughtered beast a man attached to it, and ye believed me not, but accused me of falsehood — They replied, Yes thou didst relate to us this thing, and we believed thee not. And the merchant said to them, This is the man who attached himself to my slaughtered animal, and he gave me some diamonds of high price, the like of which exist not, rewarding me with more than would have come up with my slaughtered animal, and I took him as my companion until we arrived at the city of El Basrah, whence he proceeded to his country, having bidden us farewell, and we returned to our own countries. This is he, and he informed us that his name was Sinbad of the Sea. He told us likewise of the departure of the ship, and of his sitting in that island. And know ye that this man came not to us here but in order that ye might believe my words respecting the matter which I told you, and all these goods are his property, for he informed us of them at the time of his meeting with us, and the truth of his assertion hath become manifest — So when the master heard the words of that merchant, he arose and came to me, and, having looked at me awhile with a scrutinizing eye, said, What is the mark of thy goods? I answered him, Know that the mark of my goods is of such and such a kind. And I related to him a circumstance that had occurred between me and him when I embarked with him in the vessel from El Basrah. He therefore was convinced that I was Sinbad of the Sea, and he embraced me and saluted me, and congratulated me on my safety, saying to me, By Allah, O my master, thy story is wonderful, and thy case is extraordinary! But praise be to God who hath brought us together, and restored thy goods and thy wealth to thee!

Upon this, I disposed of my goods according to the knowledge I possessed, and they procured me, during that voyage, great gain, whereat I rejoiced exceedingly, congratulating myself on my safety, and on the restoration of my wealth to me. And we ceased not to sell and buy at the islands until we arrived at the country of Es-Sind, where likewise we sold and bought. And I beheld in that sea [which we navigated, namely the Sea of India,] many wonders and strange things that cannot be numbered nor calculated. Among the things that I saw there were a fish in the form of the cow, and a creature in the form of the ass, and I saw a bird that cometh forth from a sea shell, and layeth its eggs and hatcheth them upon the surface of the water, and never cometh forth from the sea upon the face of the earth — After this we continued our voyage, by permission of God (whose name be exalted!), and the wind and voyage were pleasant to us, until we arrived at El Basrah, where I remained a few days. Then I came to the city of Baghdad, and repaired to my quarter, entered my house, and saluted my family and companions and friends. I rejoiced at my safety and my return to my country and my family and city and district, and I gave alms and presents, and clad the widows and the orphans, and collected my companions and friends. And I ceased not to live thus, eating and drinking, and sporting and making merry, eating well and drinking well, associating familiarly and mingling in society, and I forgot all that had happened to me, and the distresses and horrors that I had suffered. And I gained during that voyage what could not be numbered nor calculated — Such were the most wonderful of the things that I beheld during that voyage, and to-morrow, if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), thou shalt come, [O Sinbad of the Land,] and I will relate to thee the story of the fourth voyage, for it is more wonderful than the stories of the preceding voyages.

Then Sinbad of the Sea gave orders to present to the porter a hundred pieces of gold, as usual, and commanded to spread the table. So they spread it, and the company supped, wondering at that story and at the events described in it, and after the supper, they went their ways. Sinbad the Porter took the gold that Sinbad of the Sea had ordered to be given to him, and went his way, wondering at that which he had heard, and passed the night in his house, and when the morning came, and diffused its light and shone, he arose, and performed the morning prayers, and walked to the house of Sinbad of the Sea. He went in to him and saluted him, and he received him with joy and gayety, and made him sit by him until the rest of his companions had come, when the servants brought forward the food, and the party ate and drank and enjoyed themselves. Then Sinbad of the Sea began to address them, and related to them the fourth story, saying, —

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers, that when I returned to the city of Baghdad and met my companions and my family and my friends, and was enjoying the utmost pleasure and happiness and ease, and had forgotten all that I had experienced, by reason of the abundance of my gains, and had become immersed in sport and mirth, and the society of friends and companions, leading the most delightful life, my wicked soul suggested to me to travel again to the countries of other people, and I felt a longing for associating with the different races of men, and for selling and gains. So I resolved upon this, and purchased precious goods, suitable to a sea voyage, and, having packed up many bales, more than usual, I went from the city of Baghdad to the city of El Basrah, where I embarked my bales in a ship, and joined myself to a party of the chief men of El Basrah, and we set forth on our voyage. The vessel proceeded with us, confiding in the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!), over the roaring sea agitated with waves, and the voyage was pleasant to us, and we ceased not to proceed in this manner for a period of nights and days, from island to island and from sea to sea, until a contrary wind rose against us one day. The master therefore cast the anchors, and stayed the ship in the midst of the sea, fearing that she would sink in the midst of the deep. And while we were in this state, supplicating, and humbling ourselves to God (whose name be exalted!), there rose against us a great tempest, which rent the sails in strips, and the people were submerged with all their bales and their commodities and wealth. I was submerged among the rest, and I swam in the sea for half a day, after which I abandoned myself, but God (whose name be exalted!) aided me to lay hold upon a piece of one of the planks of the ship, and I and a party of the merchants got upon it. We continued sitting upon this plank, striking the sea with our feet, and the waves and the wind helping us, and we remained in this state a day and a night. And on the following day, shortly before the midtime between sunrise and noon, a wind rose against us, the sea became boisterous, the waves and the wind were violent, and the water cast us upon an island, and we were like dead men, from excess of sleeplessness and fatigue, and cold and hunger, and fear and thirst.

We walked along the shores of that island, and found upon it abundant herbs, so we ate some of them to stay our departing spirits, and to sustain us, and passed the next night upon the shore of the island. And when the morning came, and diffused its light and shone, we arose and walked about the island to the right and left, and there appeared to us a building in the distance. We therefore proceeded over the island in the direction of that building which we had seen from a distance, and ceased not to proceed until we stood at its door. And while we were standing there, lo, there came forth to us from that door a party of naked men, who, without

speaking to us, seized us, and took us to their King, and he commanded us to sit. So we sat, and they brought to us some food, such as we knew not, nor in our lives had we seen the like of it, wherefore my stomach consented not to it, and I ate none of it in comparison with my companions, and my eating so little of it was owing to the grace of God (whose name be exalted!), in consequence of which I have lived to the present time. For when my companions ate of that food, their minds became stupefied, and they ate like madmen, and their states became changed. Then the people brought to them cocoa nut oil, and gave them to drink of it, and anointed them with it, and when my companions drank of that oil, their eyes became turned in their faces, and they proceeded to eat of that food contrary to their usual manner. Upon this, therefore, I was confounded respecting their case, and grieved for them, and became extremely anxious by reason of the violence of my fear for myself with regard to these naked men. I observed them attentively, and, lo, they were a Magian people, and the King of their city was a ghoul, and every one who arrived at their country, or whom they saw or met in the valley or the roads, they brought to their King, and they fed him with that food, and anointed him with that oil, in consequence of which his body became expanded, in order that he might eat largely, and his mind was stupefied, his faculty of reflection was destroyed, and he became like an idiot. Then they gave him to eat and drink in abundance of that food and oil, until he became fat and stout, when they slaughtered him and roasted him, and served him as meat to their King. But as to the companions of the King, they ate the flesh of men without roasting or otherwise cooking it. So when I saw them do thus, I was in the utmost anguish on my own account, and on account of my companions. The latter, by reason of the excessive stupefaction of their minds, knew not what was done unto them, the people committed them to a person who took them every day and went forth to pasture them on that island like cattle.

But as for myself, I became, through the violence of fear and hunger, infirm and wasted in body, and my flesh dried upon my bones. So when they saw me in this state, they left me and forgot me, and not one of them remembered me, nor did I occur to their minds, until I contrived a stratagem one day, and, going forth from that place, walked along the island to a distance. And I saw a herdsman sitting upon something elevated in the midst of the sea, and I certified myself of him, and, lo, he was the man to whom they had committed my companions that he might pasture them, and he had with him many like them. As soon, therefore, as that man beheld me, he knew that I was in possession of my reason, and that nought of that which had afflicted my companions had afflicted me. So he made a sign to me from a distance, and said to me, Turn back, and go along the road that is on thy right hand thou wilt so reach the King's highway. Accordingly I turned back, as this man directed me, and, seeing

a road on my right hand, I proceeded along it, and ceased not to go on, sometimes running by reason of fear, and sometimes walking at my leisure until I had taken rest. Thus I continued to do until I was hidden from the eyes of the man who directed me to the way, and I saw him not nor did he see me. The sun had disappeared from me, and darkness approached, wherefore I sat to rest, and desired to sleep, but sleep came not to me that night on account of the violence of my fear and hunger and fatigue. And when it was midnight, I arose and walked on over the island, and I ceased not to proceed until day arrived, and the morning came and diffused its light and shone, and the sun rose over the tops of the high hills and over the low gravelly plains. I was tired and hungry and thirsty so I began to eat of the herbs and vegetables that were upon the island, and continued to eat of them till I was satiated, and my departing spirit was stayed, after which I arose and walked on again over the island, and thus I ceased not to do all the day and the next night, whenever I was hungry, eating of the vegetables.

In this manner I proceeded for the space of seven days with their nights, and on the morning of the eighth day, I cast a glance, and beheld a faint object in the distance. So I went towards it, and ceased not to proceed until I came up to it, after sunset, and I looked at it with a scrutinizing eye, while I was yet distant from it, and with a fearful heart in consequence of what I had suffered first and after, and, lo, it was a party of men gathering pepper. And when I approached them, and they saw me, they hastened to me, and came to me and surrounded me on every side, saying to me, Who art thou, and whence hast thou come? I answered them, Know ye, O people, that I am a poor foreigner. And I informed them of my whole case, and of the horrors and distresses that had befallen me, and what I had suffered, whereupon they said, By Allah, this is a wonderful thing! But how didst thou escape from the blacks, and how didst thou pass by them in this island, when they are a numerous people, and eat men, and no one is safe from them, nor can any pass by them?—So I acquainted them with that which had befallen me among them, and with the manner in which they had taken my companions, and fed them with food of which I did not eat. And they congratulated me on my safety, and wondered at that which had befallen me. Then they made me sit among them until they had finished their work, and they brought me some nice food. I therefore ate of it, being hungry and rested with them a while, after which they took me and embarked with me in a vessel, and went to their island and their abodes. They then took me to their King, and I saluted him, and he welcomed me and treated me with honour, and inquired of me my story. So I related to him what I had experienced, and what had befallen me and happened to me from the day of my going forth from the city of Baghdad until I had come unto him. And the King wondered extremely at my story, and at the

events that had happened to me, he, and all who were present in his assembly After that, he ordered me to sit with him Therefore I sat, and he gave orders to bring the food, which accordingly they brought, and I ate of it as much as sufficed me, and washed my hands, and offered up thanks for the favour of God (whose name be exalted!), praising Him and glorifying Him I then rose from the presence of the King, and diverted myself with a sight of his city, and, lo, it was a flourishing city, abounding with inhabitants and wealth, and with food and markets and goods, and sellers and buyers

So I rejoiced at my arrival at that city, and my heart was at ease, I became familiar with its inhabitants, and was magnified and honoured by them and by their King above the people of his dominions and the great men of his city And I saw that all its great men and its small rode excellent and fine horses without saddles, whereat I wondered, and I said to the King, Wherefore, O my lord, dost thou not ride on a saddle, for therein is ease to the rider, and additional power? He said, What kind of thing is a saddle? This is a thing that in our lives we have never seen, nor have we ever ridden upon it — And I said to him, Wilt thou permit me to make for thee a saddle to ride upon and to experience the pleasure of it? He answered me, Do so I therefore said to him, Furnish me with some wood And he gave orders to bring me all that I required Then I asked for a clever carpenter, and sat with him, and taught him the construction of the saddle, and how he should make it Afterwards I took some wool, and teased it, and made felt of it, and I caused some leather to be brought, and covered the saddle with it, and polished it I then attached its straps and its girth after which I brought the blacksmith, and described to him the form of the stirrups, and he forged an excellent pair of stirrups, and I filed them, and tinned them Then I attached fringes of silk Having done this, I arose and brought one of the best of the King's horses, girded upon him that saddle, attached to it the stirrups, bridled him, and brought him forward to the King, and it pleased him, and was agreeable to him He thanked me, and seated himself upon it, and was greatly delighted with that saddle, and he gave me a large present as a reward for that which I done for him And when his Wezeer saw that I had made that saddle, he desired of me one like it So I made for him a saddle like it The grandees and dignitaries likewise desired of me saddles, and I made for them I taught the carpenter the construction of the saddle, and the blacksmith, the mode of making stirrups, and we employed ourselves in making these things, and sold them to the great men and masters Thus I collected abundant wealth, and became in high estimation with them, and they loved me exceedingly

I continued to enjoy a high rank with the King and his attendants and the great men of the country and the lords of the state, until I sat one day with the King, in the utmost happiness and honour, and while I was

sitting, the King said to me, Know, O thou, that thou hast become magnified and honoured among us, and hast become one of us, and we cannot part with thee, nor can we suffer thee to depart from our city, and I desire of thee that thou obey me in an affair, and reject not that which I shall say So I said to him, And what dost thou desire of me, O King? For I will not reject that which thou shalt say, since thou hast shown favour and kindness and beneficence to me, and (praise be to God!) I have become one of thy servants — And he answered, I desire to marry thee among us to a beautiful, lovely, elegant wife, possessed of wealth and loveliness, and thou shalt become a dweller with us, and I will lodge thee by me in my palace therefore oppose me not, nor reject what I say And when I heard the words of the King, I was abashed at him, and was silent, returning him no answer, by reason of the exceeding bashfulness with which I regarded him So he said, Wherefore dost thou not reply to me, O my son? And I answered him, O my master, it is thine to command, O King of the age! And upon this he sent immediately and caused the Kadee and the witnesses to come, and married me forthwith to a woman of noble rank, of high lineage, possessing abundant wealth and fortune, of great origin, of surprising loveliness and beauty, owner of dwellings and possessions and buildings Then he gave me a great, handsome house standing alone, and he gave me servants and other dependants, and assigned me supplies and salaries Thus I became in a state of the utmost ease and joy and happiness, forgetting all the fatigue and affliction and adversity that had happened to me, and I said within myself, When I set forth on my voyage to my country, I will take her with me But every event that is predestined to happen to man must inevitably take place, and no one knoweth what will befall him I loved her and she loved me with a great affection, concord existed between me and her, and we lived in a most delightful manner, and most comfortable abode, and ceased not to enjoy this state for a length of time

Then God (whose name be exalted!) caused to die the wife of my neighbour, and he was a companion of mine So I went in to him to console him for the loss of his wife, and beheld him in a most evil state, anxious, weary in soul and heart, and upon this I consoled him and comforted him, saying to him, Mourn not for thy wife God will happily compensate thee by giving thee one better than she, and thy life will be long if it be the will of God, whose name be exalted! — But he wept violently, and said to me, O my companion, how can I marry another after her, or how can God compensate me by giving me a better than she, when but one day remaineth of my life? So I replied, O my brother, return to thy reason, and do not announce thine own death, for thou art well, in prosperity and health But he said to me, O my companion, by thy life, to morrow thou wilt lose me, and never in thy life wilt thou see me again — And how so? said I He answered me, This day they will

bury my wife, and they will bury me with her in the sepulchre, for it is our custom in our country, when the wife dieth, to bury with her her husband alive, and when the husband dieth, they bury with him his wife alive, that neither of them may enjoy life after the other I therefore said to him, By Allah, this custom is exceedingly vile, and none can endure it! — And while we were thus conversing, lo, most of the people of the city came, and proceeded to console my companion for the loss of his wife and for himself They began to prepare her body for burial according to their custom, brought a bier, and carried the woman in it, with all her apparel and ornaments and wealth, taking the husband with them, and they went forth with them to the outside of the city, and came to a place in the side of a mountain by the sea They advanced to a spot there, and lifted up from it a great stone, and there appeared, beneath the place of this, a margin of stone, like the margin of a well Into this they threw down that woman, and, lo, it was a great pit beneath the mountain Then they brought the man, tied him beneath his bosom by a rope of fibres of the palm tree, and let him down into the pit They also let down to him a great jug of sweet water, and seven cakes of bread, and when they had let him down, he loosed himself from the rope, and they drew it up and covered the mouth of the pit with that great stone as it was before, and went their ways, leaving my companion with his wife in the pit — So I said within myself, By Allah, this death is more grievous than the first death! I then went to their King, and said to him, O my lord, how is it that ye bury the living with the dead in your country? And he answered me, Know that this is our custom in our country when the husband dieth, we bury with him his wife, and when the wife dieth, we bury with her her husband alive, that we may not separate them in life nor in death, and this custom we have received from our forefathers And I said, O King of the age, and in like manner the foreigner like me, when his wife dieth among you do ye with him as ye have done with this man? He answered me, Yes we bury him with her, and do with him as thou hast seen And when I heard these words from him, my gall bladder almost burst by reason of the violence of my grief and mourning for myself, my mind was stupefied, and I became fearful lest my wife should die before me and they should bury me alive with her Afterwards, however, I comforted myself, and said, Perhaps I shall die before her and no one knoweth which will precede and which will follow And I proceeded to beguile myself with occupations

And but a short time had elapsed after that when my wife fell sick, and she remained so a few days, and died So the greater number of the people assembled to console me, and to console her family for her death, and the King also came to console me for the loss of her, as was their custom They then brought for her a woman to wash her, and they washed her, and decked her with the richest of her apparel, and ornaments of gold, and

necklaces and jewels And when they had attired my wife and put her in the bier, and carried her and gone with her to that mountain, and lifted up the stone from the mouth of the pit, and cast her into it, all my companions, and the family of my wife, advanced to bid me farewell and to console me for the loss of my life I was crying out among them, I am a foreigner, and am unable to endure your custom! But they would not hear what I said, nor pay any regard to my words They laid hold upon me and bound me by force, tying with me seven cakes of bread and a jug of sweet water, according to their custom, and let me down into that pit And, lo, it was a great cavern beneath that mountain They said to me, Loose thyself from the ropes But I would not loose myself So they threw the ropes down upon me, and covered the mouth of the pit with the great stone that was upon it, and went their ways I beheld in that cavern many dead bodies, and their smell was putrid and abominable, and I blamed myself for that which I had done, saying, By Allah, I deserve all that happeneth to me and befalleth me! I knew not night from day, and I sustained myself with little food, not eating until hunger almost killed me, nor drinking until my thirst became violent, fearing the exhaustion of the food and water that I had with me I said, There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! What tempted me to marry in this city? And every time that I say, I have escaped from a calamity, I fall into a calamity that is more mighty than the preceding one! By Allah, my dying this death is unfortunate! Would that I had been drowned in the sea, or had died upon the mountains! It had been better for me than this evil death! — And I continued in this manner, blaming myself I laid myself down upon the bones of the dead, begging aid of God (whose name be exalted!), and wished for death, but I found it not, by reason of the severity of my sufferings Thus I remained until hunger burned my stomach and thirst inflamed me, when I sat, and felt for the bread, and ate a little of it, and I swallowed after it a little water Then I rose and stood up, and walked about the sides of the cavern, and I found that it was spacious sideways, and with vacant cavities, but upon its bottom were numerous dead bodies, and rotten bones, that had laid there from old times And upon this I made for myself a place in the side of the cavern, remote from the fresh corpses, and there I slept

At length my provision became greatly diminished, little remaining with me During each day, or in more than a day, I had eaten but once, and drunk one draught, fearing the exhaustion of the water and food that was with me before my death, and I ceased not to do thus until I was sitting one day, and while I sat, meditating upon my case, thinking what I should do when my food and water were exhausted, lo, the mass of rock was removed from its place, and the light beamed down upon me So I said, What can be the matter? And, behold, the people were standing at the top of the pit, and they let down a dead man with his wife with him

alive, and she was weeping and crying out for herself, and they let down with her a large quantity of food and water I saw the woman, but she saw not me, and they covered the mouth of the pit with the stone, and went their ways Then I arose, and, taking in my hand a long bone of a dead man, I went to the woman, and struck her upon the middle of the head, whereupon she fell down senseless, and I struck her a second and a third time, and she died So I took her bread and what else she had, and I found upon her abundance of ornaments and apparel, necklaces and jewels and minerals And having taken the water and food that was with her, I sat in a place that I had prepared in a side of the cavern, wherein to sleep, and proceeded to eat a little of that food, as much only as would sustain me, lest it should be exhausted quickly, and I should die of hunger and thirst

I remained in that cavern a length of time, and whenever they buried a corpse, I killed the person who was buried with it alive, and took that person's food and drink, to subsist upon it, until I was sleeping one day, and I awoke from my sleep, and heard something make a noise in a side of the cavern So I said, What can this be? I then arose and walked towards it, taking with me a long bone of a dead man, and when it was sensible of my presence, it ran away, and fled from me, and, lo, it was a wild beast But I followed it to the upper part of the cavern, and thereupon a light appeared to me from a small spot, like a star Sometimes it appeared to me, and sometimes it was concealed from me Therefore when I saw it, I advanced towards it, and the nearer I approached to it, the larger did the light from it appear to me So upon this I was convinced that it was a hole in that cavern, communicating with the open country, and I said within myself, There must be some cause for this either it is a second mouth, like that from which they let me down, or it is a fissure in this place I meditated in my mind a while, and advanced towards the light, and, lo, it was a perforation in the back of that mountain, which the wild beasts had made, and through which they entered this place, and they ate of the dead bodies until they were satiated, and went forth through this perforation When I saw it, therefore, my mind was quieted, my soul was tranquillized, and my heart was at ease, I made sure of life after death, and became as in a dream Then I managed to force my way through that perforation, and found myself on the shore of the sea, upon a great mountain, which formed a barrier between the sea on the one side, and the island and city on the other, and to which no one could gain access So I praised God (whose name be exalted!), and thanked Him, and rejoiced exceedingly, and my heart was strengthened I then returned through that perforation into the cavern, and removed all the food and water that was in it, that I had spared I also took the clothes of the dead, and clad myself in some of them, in addition to those I had on me, and I took abundance of the things that were on the dead, consisting of

varieties of necklaces and jewels, long necklaces of pearls, ornaments of silver and gold set with various minerals, and rarities, and, having tied up some clothes of the dead in apparel of my own, I went forth from the perforation to the back of the mountain, and stood upon the shore of the sea. Every day I entered the cavern, and explored it, and whenever they buried a person alive, I took the food and water, and killed that person, whether male or female, after which I went forth from the perforation, and sat upon the shore of the sea, to wait for relief from God (whose name be exalted!), by means of a ship passing by me. And I removed from that cavern all the ornaments that I found, and tied them up in the clothes of the dead.

I ceased not to remain in this state for a length of time, and afterwards, as I was sitting, one day, upon the shore of the sea, meditating upon my case, lo, a vessel passed along in the midst of the roaring sea agitated with waves. So I took in my hand a white garment, of the clothes of the dead, and tied it to a staff, and ran with it along the sea shore, making a sign to the people with that garment until they happened to look, and saw me upon the summit of the mountain. They therefore approached me, and heard my voice, and sent to me a boat in which was a party of men from the ship, and when they drew near to me they said to me, Who art thou, and what is the reason of thy sitting in this place, and how didst thou arrive at this mountain, for in our lives we have never seen anyone who hath come unto it? So I answered them, I am a merchant. The vessel that I was in was wrecked, and I got upon a plank, together with my things, and God facilitated my landing at this place, with my things, by means of my exertion and my skill, after severe toil. They therefore took me with them in the boat, and embarked all that I had taken from the cavern, tied up in the garments and grave clothes, and they proceeded with me until they took me up into the ship to the master, and all my things with me. And the master said to me, O man, how didst thou arrive at this place, which is a great mountain, with a great city behind it? All my life I have been accustomed to navigate this sea, and to pass by this mountain, but have never seen any thing there except the wild beasts and the birds — I answered him, I am a merchant. I was in a great ship, and it was wrecked, and all my merchandise, consisting of these stuffs and clothes which thou seest, was submerged, but I placed it upon a great plank, one of the planks of the ship, and destiny and fortune aided me, so that I landed upon this mountain, where I waited for some one to pass by and take me with him — And I acquainted them not with the events that had befallen me in the city, or in the cavern, fearing that there might be with them in the ship some one from that city. Then I took forth and presented to the owner of the ship a considerable portion of my property, saying to him, O my master, thou hast been the means of my escape from this mountain therefore receive from me this as a recompense for the

favour which thou hast done to me But he would not accept it from me, and he said to me, We take nothing from any one, and when we behold a shipwrecked person on the shore of the sea or on an island, we take him with us, and feed him and give him to drink, and if he be naked, we clothe him, and when we arrive at the port of safety, we give him some thing of our property as a present, and act towards him with kindness and favour for the sake of God, whose name be exalted! — So upon this I offered up prayers for the prolongation of his life

We ceased not to proceed on our voyage from island to island and from sea to sea I hoped to escape, and was rejoiced at my safety, but every time that I reflected upon my abode in the cavern with my wife, my reason left me We pursued our course until we arrived at the Island of the Bell, whence we proceeded to the Island of Kela in six days Then we came to the kingdom of Kela, which is adjacent to India, and in it are a mine of lead, and places where the Indian cane groweth, and excellent camphor, and its King is a King of great dignity, whose dominion extendeth over the Island of the Bell In it is a city called the City of the Bell, which is two days' journey in extent — At length, by the providence of God, we arrived in safety at the city of El Basrah, where I landed, and remained a few days, after which I came to the city of Baghdad, and to my quarter, and entered my house, met my family and my companions, and made inquiries respecting them, and they rejoiced at my safety, and congratulated me I stored all the commodities that I had brought with me in my magazines, gave alms and presents, and clad the orphans and the widows, and I became in a state of the utmost joy and happiness, and returned to my former habit of associating with familiars and companions and brothers, and indulging in sport and merriment — Such were the most wonderful of the events that happened to me in the course of the fourth voyage But, O my brother, [O Sinbad of the Land,] sup thou with me, and observe thy custom by coming to me to-morrow, when I will inform thee what happened to me and what befell me during the fifth voyage, for it was more wonderful and extraordinary than the preceding voyages

He then gave orders to present the porter with a hundred pieces of gold, and the table was spread, and the party supped, after which they went their ways, wondering extremely, each story being more extraordinary than the preceding one Sinbad the Porter went to his house, and passed the night in the utmost joy and happiness, and in wonder, and when the morning came, and diffused its light and shone, he arose, and performed the morning prayers, and walked on until he entered the house of Sinbad of the Sea, and wished him good morning And Sinbad of the Sea welcomed him, and ordered him to sit with him until the rest of his companions came And they ate and drank, and enjoyed themselves and were merry, and conversation flowed round among them Then Sinbad of the Sea began his narrative, saying thus —

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers, that when I returned from the fourth voyage, and became immersed in sport and merriment and joy, and had forgotten all that I had experienced, and what had befallen me, and what I had suffered, by reason of my excessive joy at the gain and profit and benefits that I had obtained, my mind again suggested to me to travel, and to divert myself with the sight of the countries of other people, and the islands. So I arose and meditated upon that subject, and bought precious goods, suited for a sea voyage. I packed up the bales, and departed from the city of Baghdad to the city of El Basrah, and, walking along the bank of the river, I saw a great, handsome, lofty vessel, and it pleased me, wherefore I purchased it. Its apparatus was new, and I hired for it a master and sailors, over whom I set my black slaves and my pages as superintendents, and I embarked in it my bales. And there came to me a company of merchants, who also embarked their bales in it, and paid me hire. We set sail in the utmost joy and happiness, and rejoicing in the prospect of safety and gain, and ceased not to pursue our voyage from island to island and from sea to sea, diverting ourselves with viewing the islands and towns, and landing at them and selling and buying. Thus we continued to do until we arrived one day at a large island, destitute of inhabitants. There was no person upon it: it was deserted and desolate, but on it was an enormous white dome, of great bulk, and we landed to amuse ourselves with a sight of it, and, lo, it was a great egg of a rukh'. Now when the merchants had landed, and were diverting themselves with viewing it, not knowing that it was the egg of a rukh', they struck it with stones, whereupon it broke, and there poured down from it a great quantity of liquid, and the young rukh' appeared within it. So they pulled it and drew it forth from the shell, and killed it, and took from it abundance of meat. I was then in the ship, and knew not of it, and they acquainted me not with that which they did. But in the mean time one of the passengers said to me, O my master, arise and divert thyself with the sight of this egg which we imagined to be a dome. I therefore arose to take a view of it, and found the merchants striking the egg. I called out to them, Do not this deed, for the rukh' will come and demolish our ship, and destroy us. But they would not hear my words.

And while they were doing as above related, behold, the sun became concealed from us, and the day grew dark, and there came over us a cloud by which the sky was obscured. So we raised our heads to see what had intervened between us and the sun, and saw that the wings of the rukh' were what veiled from us the sun's light, so that the sky was darkened. And when the rukh' came, and beheld its egg broken, it cried out at us, whereupon its mate, the female bird, came to it, and they flew in circles over the ship, crying out at us with a voice more vehement than

thunder So I called out to the master and the sailors, and said to them, Push off the vessel, and seek safety before we perish The master therefore hastened, and, the merchants having embarked, he loosed the ship, and we departed from that island And when the rukh's saw that we had put forth to sea, they absented themselves from us for a while We proceeded, and made speed, desiring to escape from them, and to quit their country, but, lo, they had followed us, and they now approached us, each of them having in its claws a huge mass of rock from a mountain, and the male bird threw the rock that he had brought upon us The master, however, steered away the ship, and the mass of rock missed her by a little space It descended into the sea by the ship, and the ship went up with us, and down, by reason of the mighty plunging of the rock, and we beheld the bottom of the sea in consequence of its vehement force Then the mate of the male rukh' threw upon us the rock that she had brought, which was smaller than the former one, and, as destiny had ordained, it fell upon the stern of the ship, and crushed it, making the rudder fly into twenty pieces, and all that was in the ship became submerged in the sea

I strove to save myself, impelled by the sweetness of life, and God (whose name be exalted!) placed within my reach one of the planks of the ship, so I caught hold of it, and, having got upon it, began to row upon it with my feet, and the wind and the waves helped me forward The vessel had sunk near an island in the midst of the sea, and destiny cast me, by permission of God (whose name be exalted!), to that island I therefore landed upon it, but I was at my last breath, and in the state of the dead, from the violence of the fatigue and distress and hunger and thirst that I had suffered I then threw myself down upon the shore of the sea, and remained lying there a while, until my soul felt at ease, and my heart was tranquillized, when I walked along the island, and saw that it resembled one of the gardens of Paradise Its trees bore ripe fruits, its rivers were flowing, and its birds were warbling the praises of Him to whom belongeth might and permanence Upon that island was an abundance of trees and fruits, with varieties of flowers So I ate of the fruits until I was satiated, and I drank of those rivers until I was satisfied with drink, and I praised God (whose name be exalted!) for this, and glorified Him I then remained sitting upon the island till evening came, and night approached, whereupon I rose, but I was like a slain man, by reason of the fatigue and fear that I had experienced, and I heard not in that island a voice, nor did I see in it any person

I slept there without interruption until the morning, and then rose and stood up, and walked among the trees, and I saw a streamlet, by which sat an old man, a comely person, who was clad from the waist downwards with a covering made of the leaves of trees So I said within myself, Perhaps this old man hath landed upon this island and is one of the shipwrecked persons with whom the vessel fell to pieces I then ap-

proached him and saluted him, and he returned the salutation by a sign, without speaking, and I said to him, O sheykh, what is the reason of thy sitting in this place? Whereupon he shook his head, and sighed, and made a sign to me with his hand, as though he would say, Carry me upon thy neck, and transport me from this place to the other side of the streamlet. I therefore said within myself, I will act kindly with this person, and transport him to this place to which he desireth to go perhaps I shall obtain for it a reward [in heaven] Accordingly I advanced to him, and took him upon my shoulders, and conveyed him to the place that he had indicated to me, when I said to him, Descend at thine ease. But he descended not from my shoulders. He had twisted his legs round my neck, and I looked at them, and I saw that they were like the hide of the buffalo in blackness and roughness. So I was frightened at him, and desired to throw him down from my shoulders, but he pressed upon my neck with his feet, and squeezed my throat, so that the world became black before my face, and I was unconscious of my existence, falling upon the ground in a fit, like one dead. He then raised his legs, and beat me upon my back and my shoulders, and I suffered violent pain, wherefore I rose with him. He still kept his seat upon my^s shoulders, and I had become fatigued with bearing him, and he made a sign to me that I should go in among the trees, to the best of the fruits. When I disobeyed him, he inflicted upon me, with his feet, blows more violent than those of whips, and he ceased not to direct me with his hand to every place to which he desired to go, and to that place I went with him. If I loitered, or went leisurely, he beat me, and I was as a captive to him. We went into the midst of the island, among the trees, and he descended not from my shoulders by night nor by day when he desired to sleep, he would wind his legs round my neck, and sleep a little, and then he would arise and beat me, whereupon I would arise with him quickly, unable to disobey him, by reason of the severity of that which I suffered from him, and I blamed myself for having taken him up, and having had pity on him. I continued with him in this condition, enduring the most violent fatigue, and said within myself, I did a good act unto this person, and it hath become an evil to myself. By Allah, I will never more do good unto any one as long as I live! — I begged of God (whose name be exalted!), at every period and in every hour, that I might die, in consequence of the excessive fatigue and distress that I suffered.

Thus I remained for a length of time, until I carried him one day to a place in the island where I found an abundance of pumpkins, many of which were dry. Upon this I took a large one that was dry, and, having opened its upper extremity, and cleansed it, I went with it to a grapevine, and filled it with the juice of the grapes. I then stopped up the aperture, and put it in the sun, and left it for some days, until it had become pure wine, and every day I used to drink of it, to help myself to endure

the fatigue that I underwent with that obstinate devil, for whenever I was intoxicated by it, my energy was strengthened. So, seeing me one day drinking, he made a sign to me with his hand, as though he would say, What is this? And I answered him, This is something agreeable, that invigorateth the heart, and dilateth the mind. Then I ran with him, and danced among the trees, I was exhilarated by intoxication, and clapped my hands, and sang, and was joyful. Therefore when he beheld me in this state, he made a sign to me to hand him the pumpkin, that he might drink from it, and I feared him, and gave it to him, whereupon he drank what remained in it, and threw it upon the ground, and, being moved with merriment, began to shake upon my shoulders. He then became intoxicated, and drowned in intoxication, all his limbs, and the muscles of his sides became relaxed, and he began to lean from side to side upon my shoulders. So when I knew that he was drunk, and that he was unconscious of existence, I put my hand to his feet, and loosed them from my neck. Then I stooped with him, and sat down, and threw him upon the ground. I scarcely believed that I had liberated myself and escaped from the state in which I had been, but I feared him, lest he should arise from his intoxication, and torment me. I therefore took a great mass of stone from among the trees, and, coming to him, struck him upon his head as he lay asleep, so that his flesh became mingled with his blood, and he was killed. May no mercy of God be on him!

After that, I walked about the island, with a happy mind, and came to the place where I was before, on the shore of the sea. And I remained upon that island, eating of its fruits, and drinking of the water of its rivers, for a length of time, and watching to see some vessel passing by me, until I was sitting one day, reflecting upon the events that had befallen me and happened to me, and I said within myself, I wonder if God will preserve me in safety, and if I shall return to my country, and meet my family and my companions. And, lo, a vessel approached from the midst of the roaring sea agitated with waves, and it ceased not in its course until it anchored at that island, whereupon the passengers landed there. So I walked towards them, and when they beheld me, they all quickly approached me, and assembled around me, inquiring respecting my state, and the cause of my coming to that island. I therefore acquainted them with my case, and with the events that had befallen me, whereat they wondered extremely. And they said to me, This man who rode upon thy shoulders is called the Old Man of the Sea, and no one ever was beneath his limbs and escaped from him except thee, and praise be to God for thy safety! Then they brought me some food, and I ate until I was satisfied, and they gave me some clothing, which I put on, covering myself decently. After this, they took me with them in the ship, and when we had proceeded days and nights, destiny drove us to a city of lofty buildings, all the houses of which overlooked the sea. That city is called

the City of the Apes, and when the night cometh, the people who reside in it go forth from the doors that open upon the sea, and, embarking in boats and ships, pass the night upon the sea, in their fear of the apes, lest they should come down upon them in the night from the mountains

I landed to divert myself in this city and the ship set sail without my knowledge So I repented of my having landed there, remembering my companions, and what had befallen them from the apes, first and afterwards, and I sat weeping and mourning And thereupon a man of the inhabitants of the city advanced to me, and said to me, O my master, it seemeth that thou art a stranger in this country I therefore replied, Yes I am a stranger, and a poor man I was in a ship which anchored at this city, and I landed from it to divert myself in the city and returned, but saw not the ship — And he said, Arise and come with us, and embark in the boat, for if thou remain in the city during the night, the apes will destroy thee So I replied, I hear and obey I arose immediately, and embarked with the people in the boat, and they pushed it off from the land until they had propelled it from the shore of the sea to the distance of a mile They passed the night, and I with them, and when the morning came, they returned in the boat to the city, and landed, and each of them went to his occupation Such hath been always their custom, every night, and to every one of them who remaineth behind in the city during the night, the apes come, and they destroy him In the day, the apes go forth from the city, and eat of the fruits in the gardens, and sleep in the mountains until the evening, when they return to the city And this city is in the furthest parts of the country of the blacks — Among the most wonderful of the events that happened to me in the treatment that I met with from its inhabitants, was this A person of the party with whom I passed the night said to me, O my master, thou art a stranger in this country Art thou skilled in any art with which thou mayest occupy thyself? — And I answered him, No, by Allah, O my brother I am acquainted with no art, nor do I know how to make any thing I was a merchant, a person of wealth and fortune, and I had a ship, my own property, laden with abundant wealth and goods, but it was wrecked in the sea, and all that was in it sank, and I escaped not drowning but by the permission of God, for He provided me with a piece of a plank, upon which I placed myself, and it was the means of my escape from drowning — And upon this the man arose and brought me a cotton bag, and said to me, Take this bag, and fill it with pebbles from this city, and go forth with a party of the inhabitants I will associate thee with them, and give them a charge respecting thee, and do thou as they shall do Perhaps thou wilt accomplish that by means of which thou wilt be assisted to make thy voyage, and to return to thy country

Then that man took me and led me forth from the city, and I picked up small pebbles, with which I filled that bag And, lo, a party of men came

out from the city, and he associated me with them, giving them a charge respecting me, and saying to them, This is a stranger, so take him with you, and teach him the mode of gathering. Perhaps he may gain the means of subsistence, and ye will obtain [from God] a reward and recompense — And they replied, We hear and obey. They welcomed me, and took me with them, and proceeded, each of them having a bag like mine, filled with pebbles, and we ceased not to pursue our way until we arrived at a wide valley, wherein were many lofty trees, which no one could climb. In that valley were also many apes, which, when they saw us, fled from us, and ascended those trees. Then the men began to pelt the apes with the stones that they had with them in the bags, upon which the apes began to pluck off the fruits of those trees, and to throw them at the men, and I looked at the fruits which the apes threw down, and, lo, they were cocoa nuts. Therefore when I beheld the party do thus, I chose a great tree, upon which were many apes, and, advancing to it, proceeded to pelt those apes with stones, and they broke off nuts from the tree and threw them at me. So I collected them as the rest of the party did, and the stones were not exhausted from my bag until I had collected a great quantity. And when the party had ended this work, they gathered together all that was with them, and each of them carried off as many of the nuts as he could. We then returned to the city during the remainder of the day, and I went to the man, my companion, who had associated me with the party, and gave him all that I had collected, thanking him for his kindness. But he said to me, Take these and sell them, and make use of the price. And afterwards he gave me the key of a place in his house, and said to me, Put here these nuts that thou hast remaining with thee, and go forth every day with the party as thou hast done this day, and of what thou bringest, separate the bad, and sell them, and make use of their price, and the rest keep in thy possession in this place. Perhaps thou wilt accumulate of them what will aid thee to make thy voyage — So I replied, Thy reward is due from God, whose name be exalted! I did as he told me, and continued every day to fill the bag with stones, and to go forth with the people, and do as they did. They used to commend me, one to another, and to guide me to the tree upon which was abundance of fruit, and I ceased not to lead this life for a length of time, so that I collected a great quantity of good cocoa nuts, and I sold a great quantity, the price of which became a large sum in my possession. I bought every thing that I saw and that pleased me, my time was pleasant, and my good fortune increased throughout the whole city.

I remained in this state for some time, after which, as I was standing by the seaside, lo, a vessel arrived at that city, and cast anchor by the shore. In it were merchants, with their goods, and they proceeded to sell and buy, and to exchange their goods for cocoa-nuts and other things. So I went to my companion, informed him of the ship that had arrived, and

told him that I desired to make the voyage to my country And he replied, It is thine to determine I therefore bade him farewell, and thanked him for his kindness to me Then I went to the ship, and, accosting the master, engaged with him for my passage, and embarked in that ship the cocoa nuts and other things that I had with me, after which they set sail that same day We continued our course from island to island and from sea to sea, and at every island at which we cast anchor I sold some of those cocoa nuts, and exchanged, and God compensated me with more than I had before possessed and lost We passed by an island in which are cinnamon and pepper, and some persons told us that they had seen, upon every bunch of pepper, a large leaf that shadeth it and wardeth from it the rain whenever it raineth, and when the rain ceaseth to fall upon it, the leaf turneth over from the bunch, and hangeth down by its side From that island I took with me a large quantity of pepper and cinnamon, in exchange for cocoa nuts We passed also by the Island of El-'Asirat, which is that wherein is the Kamaree aloes wood And after that we passed by another island, the extent of which is five days' journey, and in it is the Sanfee aloes wood, which is superior to the Kamaree, but the inhabitants of this island are worse in condition and religion than the inhabitants of the island of the Kamaree aloes wood, for they love depravity and the drinking of wines, and know not the call to prayer, nor the act of prayer And we came after that to the pearl fisheries, whereupon I gave to the divers some cocoa nuts, and said to them, Dive for my luck and lot Accordingly they dived in the bay there, and brought up a great number of large and valuable pearls, and they said to me, O my master, by Allah, thy fortune is good! So I took up into the ship what they had brought up for me, and we proceeded, relying on the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!), and continued our voyage until we arrived at El Basrah, where I landed, and remained a short time I then went thence to the city of Baghdad, entered my quarter, came to my house, and saluted my family and companions, who congratulated me on my safety I stored all the goods and commodities that I had brought with me, clothed the orphans and the widows, bestowed alms and gifts, and made presents to my family and my companions and my friends God had compensated me with four times as much as I had lost, and I forgot what had happened to me, and the fatigue that I had suffered, by reason of the abundance of my gain and profits, and resumed my first habits of familiar intercourse and fellowship — Such were the most wonderful things that happened to me in the course of the fifth voyage but sup ye, and to-morrow come again, and I will relate to you the events of the sixth voyage, for it was more wonderful than this

Then they spread the table, and the party supped, and when they had finished their supper, Sinbad of the Sea gave orders to present Sinbad the Porter with a hundred pieces of gold so he took them and departed,

wondering at this affair He passed the night in his abode, and when the morning came, he arose and performed the morning prayers, after which he walked to the house of Sinbad of the Sea, went in to him, and wished him good morning, and Sinbad of the Sea ordered him to sit He therefore sat with him, and he ceased not to converse with him until the rest of his companions came And they conversed together, and the servants spread the table, and the party ate and drank, and enjoyed themselves and were merry Then Sinbad of the Sea began to relate to them the story of the sixth voyage, saying to them, —

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers and my friends and my companions, that when I returned from that fifth voyage, and forgot what I had suffered, by reason of sport and merriment and enjoyment and gayety, and was in a state of the utmost joy and happiness, I continued thus until I was sitting one day in exceeding delight and happiness and gayety, and while I sat, lo, a party of merchants came to me, bearing the marks of travel And upon this I remembered the days of my return from travel, and my joy at meeting my family and companions and friends, and at entering my country, and my soul longed again for travel and commerce So I determined to set forth I bought for myself precious, sumptuous goods, suitable for the sea, packed up my bales, and went from the city of Baghdad to the city of El Basrah, where I beheld a large vessel, in which were merchants and great men, and with them were precious goods I therefore embarked my bales with them in this ship, and we departed in safety from the city of El-Basrah We continued our voyage from place to place and from city to city, selling and buying, and diverting ourselves with viewing different countries Fortune and the voyage were pleasant to us, and we gained our subsistence, until we were proceeding one day, and, lo, the master of the ship vociferated and called out, threw down his turban, slapped his face, plucked his beard, and fell down in the hold of the ship by reason of the violence of his grief and rage So all the merchants and other passengers came together to him and said to him, O master, what is the matter? And he answered them, Know, O company, that we have wandered from our course, having passed forth from the sea in which we were, and entered a sea of which we know not the routes, and if God appoint not for us some means of effecting our escape from this sea, we all perish therefore pray to God (whose name be exalted!) that He may save us from this case Then the master arose and ascended the mast, and desired to loose the sails, but the wind became violent upon the ship, and drove her back, and her rudder broke near a lofty mountain, whereupon the master descended from the mast, and said, There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! No one is able to prevent what is

predestined! By Allah, we have fallen into a great peril, and there remaineth to us no way of safety or escape from it! — So all the passengers wept for themselves they bade one another farewell, because of the expiration of their lives, and their hope was cut off The vessel drove upon that mountain, and went to pieces, its planks were scattered, and all that was in it was submerged, the merchants fell into the sea, and some of them were drowned, and some caught hold upon that mountain, and landed upon it

I was of the number of those who landed upon the mountain, and, lo, within it was a large island By it were many vessels broken in pieces, and upon it were numerous goods, on the shore of the sea, of the things thrown up by the sea from the ships that had been wrecked, and the passengers of which had been drowned Upon it was an abundance, that confounded the reason and the mind, of commodities and wealth that the sea cast upon its shores I ascended to the upper part of the island, and walked about it, and I beheld in the midst of it a stream of sweet water, flowing forth from beneath the nearest part of the mountain, and entering at the furthest part of it, on the opposite side [of the valley] Then all the other passengers went over that mountain to [the interior of] the island and dispersed themselves about it, and their reason was confounded at that which they beheld They became like madmen in consequence of what they saw upon the island, of commodities and wealth lying on the shore of the sea I beheld also in the midst of the above mentioned stream an abundance of various kinds of jewels and minerals, with jacinths and large pearls, suitable to Kings They were like gravel in the channels of the water which flowed through the fields, and all the bed of that stream glittered by reason of the great number of minerals and other things that it contained We likewise saw on that island an abundance of the best kind of Sanfee aloes-wood and Kamaree aloes wood And in that island is a gushing spring of crude ambergris, which floweth like wax over the side of that spring through the violence of the heat of the sun, and spreadeth upon the sea shore, and the monsters of the deep come up from the sea and swallow it, and descend with it into the sea, but it becometh hot in their stomachs, therefore they eject it from their mouths into the sea, and it congealeth on the surface of the water Upon this, its colour and its qualities become changed, and the waves cast it up on the shore of the sea so the travellers and merchants who know it take it and sell it But as to the crude ambergris that is not swallowed, it floweth over the side of that fountain, and congealeth upon the ground, and when the sun shineth upon it, it melteth, and from it the odour of the whole of that valley becometh like the odour of musk Then, when the sun withdraweth from it, it congealeth again The place wherein is this crude ambergris no one can enter no one can gain access to it for the mountain surroundeth that island

We continued to wander about the island, diverting ourselves with the

view of the good things which God (whose name be exalted!) had created upon it, and perplexed at our case, and at the things that we beheld, and affected with violent fear We had collected upon the shore of the sea a small quantity of provisions, and we used it sparingly, eating of it every day, or two days, only one meal, dreading the exhaustion of our stock, and our dying in sorrow, from the violence of hunger and fear Each one of us that died we washed, and shrouded in some of the clothes and linen which the sea cast upon the shore of the island, and thus we did until a great number of us had died, and there remained of us but a small party, who were weakened by a colic occasioned by the sea After this, we remained a short period, and all my associates and companions died, one after another, and each of them who died we buried Then I was alone on that island, and there remained with me but little of the provisions, after there had been much So I wept for myself and said, Would that I had died before my companions, and that they had washed me and buried me! There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! — And I remained a short time longer, after which I arose and dug for myself a deep grave on the shore of the island, and said within myself, When I fall sick, and know that death hath come to me, I will lie down in this grave, and die in it, and the wind will blow the sand upon me, and cover me, so I shall become buried in it I blamed myself for my little sense, and my going forth from my country and my city, and my voyaging to foreign countries, after what I had suffered in the first instance, and the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth, and when I had not performed one of my voyages without suffering in it horrors and distresses more troublesome and more difficult than the horrors preceding I believed not that I could escape and save myself, and repented of undertaking sea-voyages, and of my returning to this life when I was not in want of wealth, but had abundance, so that I could not consume what I had, nor spend half of it during the rest of my life, having enough for me, and more than enough

Then I meditated in my mind, and said, This river must have a beginning and an end, and it must have a place of egress into an inhabited country The right plan in my opinion will be for me to construct for myself a small raft, of sufficient size for me to sit upon it, and I will go down and cast it upon this river, and depart on it If I find safety, I am safe, and escape, by permission of God (whose name be exalted!), and if I find no way of saving myself, it will be better for me to die in this river than in this place — And I sighed for myself Then I arose and went and collected pieces of wood that were upon that island, of Sanfee and Kamaree aloes-wood, and bound them upon the shore of the sea with some of the ropes of the ships that had been wrecked, and I brought some straight planks, of the planks of the ships, and placed them upon those pieces of wood I made the raft to suit the width of the river, less wide than the latter, and bound it well and firmly, and, having taken with me some of

those minerals and jewels and goods, and of the large pearls that were like gravel, as well as other things that were upon the island, and some of the crude, pure, excellent ambergris, I put them upon that raft, with all that I had collected upon the island, and took with me what remained of the provisions I then launched the raft upon the river, made for it two pieces of wood like oars, and acted in accordance with the following saying of one of the poets —

Depart from a place wherein is oppression and leave the house to tell its builder's
fate

For thou wilt find, for the land that thou quittest, another but no soul wilt thou find
to replace thine own

Grieve not on account of nocturnal calamities since every affliction will have its end
And he whose death is decreed to take place in one land will not die in any land but
that

Send not thy messenger on an errand of importance for the soul hath no faithful
minister save itself

I departed upon the raft along the river, meditating upon what might be the result of my case, and proceeded to the place where the river entered beneath the mountain I propelled the raft into that place, and became in intense darkness within it, and the raft continued to carry me in with the current to a narrow place beneath the mountain, where the sides to the raft rubbed against the sides of the channel of the river, and my head rubbed against the roof of the channel I was unable to return thence, and I blamed myself for that which I had done, and said, If this place become narrower to the raft, it will scarcely pass through it, and it cannot return so I shall perish in this place in sorrow, inevitably! I threw myself upon my face on the raft, on account of the narrowness of the channel of the river, and ceased not to proceed, without knowing night from day, by reason of the darkness in which I was involved beneath that mountain, together with my terror and fear for myself lest I should perish In this state I continued my course along the river, which sometimes widened and at other times contracted, but the intensity of the darkness wearied me excessively, and slumber overcame me in consequence of the violence of my distress So I lay upon my face on the raft, which ceased not to bear me along while I slept, and knew not whether the time was long or short

At length I awoke, and found myself in the light, and, opening my eyes, I beheld an extensive tract, and the raft tied to the shore of an island, and around me a company of Indians and [people like] Abyssinians When they saw that I had risen, they rose and came to me, and spoke to me in their language, but I knew not what they said, and imagined that it was a dream, and that this occurred in sleep, by reason of the violence of my distress and vexation And when they spoke to me and I understood not their speech, and returned them not an answer, a man among them advanced to me, and said to me, in the Arabic lan-

guage, Peace be on thee, O our brother! What art thou, and whence hast thou come, and what is the cause of thy coming to this place? We are people of the sown lands, and the fields, and we came to irrigate our fields and our sown lands, and found thee asleep on the raft so we laid hold upon it, and tied it here by us, waiting for thee to rise at thy leisure Tell us then what is the cause of thy coming to this place — I replied, I conjure thee by Allah, O my master, that thou bring me some food, for I am hungry, and after that, ask of me concerning what thou wilt And thereupon he hastened, and brought me food, and I ate until I was satiated and was at ease, and my fear subsided, my satiety was abundant, and my soul returned to me I therefore praised God (whose name be exalted!) for all that had occurred, rejoicing at my having passed forth from that river, and having come to these people, and I told them of all that had happened to me from beginning to end, and of what I had experienced upon that river, and of its narrowness They then talked together, and said, We must take him with us and present him to our King, that he may acquaint him with what hath happened to him Accordingly they took me with them, and conveyed with me the raft, together with all that was upon it, of riches and goods, and jewels and minerals, and ornaments of gold, and they took me in to their King, who was the King of Sarandeeb, and acquainted him with what had happened, whereupon he saluted me and welcomed me, and asked me respecting my state, and respecting the event that had happened to me I therefore acquainted him with all my story, and what I had experienced, from first to last, and the King wondered at this narrative extremely, and congratulated me on my safety Then I arose and took forth from the raft a quantity of the minerals and jewels, and aloes wood and crude ambergris, and gave it to the King, and he accepted it from me, and treated me with exceeding honour, lodging me in a place in his abode I associated with the best and the greatest of the people, who paid me great respect, and I quitted not the abode of the King

The island of Sarandeeb is under the equinoctial line, its night being always twelve hours, and its day also twelve hours Its length is eighty leagues, and its breadth, thirty, and it extendeth largely between a lofty mountain and a deep valley This mountain is seen from a distance of three days, and it containeth varieties of jacinths, and different kind of minerals, and trees of all sorts of spices, and its surface is covered with emery, wherewith jewels are cut into shape in its rivers also are diamonds, and pearls are in its valleys I ascended to the summit of the mountain, and diverted myself with a view of its wonders, which are not to be described, and afterwards I went back to the King, and begged him to give me permission to return to my country He gave me permission after great pressing, and bestowed upon me an abundant present from his treasures, and he gave me a present and a sealed letter, saying to me, Convey these

to the Khaleefeh Haroon Er Rasheed, and give him many salutations from us So I replied, I hear and obey Then he wrote for me a letter on skin of the khawee, which is finer than parchment, of a yellowish colour, and the writing was in ultramarine And the form of what he wrote to the Khaleefeh was this — Peace be on thee, from the King of India, before whom are a thousand elephants, and on the battlements of whose palace are a thousand jewels To proceed we have sent to thee a trifling present accept it then from us Thou art to us a brother and sincere friend, and the affection for you that is in our hearts is great therefore favour us by a reply The present is not suited to thy dignity, but we beg of thee, O brother, to accept it graciously And peace be on thee! — And the present was a cup of ruby, a span high, the inside of which was embellished with precious pearls, and a bed covered with the skin of the serpent that swalloweth the elephant, which skin hath spots, each like a piece of gold, and whosever sitteth upon it never becometh diseased, and a hundred thousand mithkals of Indian aloes wood, and a slave girl like the shining full moon Then he bade me farewell, and gave a charge respecting me to the merchants and the master of the ship

So I departed thence and we continued our voyage from island to island and from country to country until we arrived at Baghdad, whereupon I entered my house, and met my family and my brethren, after which I took the present, with a token of service from myself for the Khaleefeh On entering his presence, I kissed his hand, and placed before him the whole, giving him the letter, and he read it, and took the present, with which he was greatly rejoiced, and he treated me with the utmost honour He then said to me, O Sinbad, is that true which this King hath stated in his letter? And I kissed the ground, and answered, O my lord, I witnessed in his kingdom much more than he hath mentioned in his letter On the day of his public appearance, a throne is set for him upon a huge elephant, eleven cubits high, and he sitteth upon it, having with him his chief officers and pages and guests, standing in two ranks, on his right and on his left At his head standeth a man having in his hand a golden javelin, and behind him a man in whose hand is a great mace of gold, at the top of which is an emerald a span in length, and of the thickness of a thumb And when he mounteth, there mount at the same time with him a thousand horsemen clad in gold and silk, and as the King proceedeth, a man before him proclaimeth, saying, This is the King of great dignity, of high authority! And he proceedeth to repeat his praises in terms that I remember not, at the end of his panegyric saying, This is the King the owner of the crown the like of which neither Suleyman nor the Mihraj possessed! Then he is silent, and one behind him proclaimeth, saying, He will die! Again I say, He will die! Again I say, He will die! — And the other saith, Extolled be the perfection of the Living who dieth not! — Moreover, by reason of his justice and good government and intelligence,

there is no Kadee in his city, and all the people of his country distinguish the truth from falsity — And the Khaleefeh wondered at my words, and said, How great is this King! His letter hath shewn me this, and as to the greatness of his dominion, thou hast told us what thou hast witnessed. By Allah, he hath been endowed with wisdom and dominion! — Then the Khaleefeh conferred favours upon me, and commanded me to depart to my abode. So I came to my house, and gave the legal and other alms, and continued to live in the same pleasant circumstances as at present. I forgot the arduous troubles that I had experienced, discarded from my heart the anxieties of travel, rejected from my mind distress, and betook myself to eating and drinking, and pleasures and joy.

And when Sinbad of the Sea had finished his story, every one who was present wondered at the events that had happened to him. He then ordered his treasurer to give Sinbad of the Land a hundred pieces of gold, and commanded him to depart, and to return the next day with the boon companions, to hear his seventh story. So the porter went away happy to his abode, and on the morrow he was present with all the boon-companions, and they sat according to their usual custom, and employed themselves in eating and drinking and enjoyment until the end of the day, when Sinbad of the Sea made a sign to them that they should hear his seventh story, and said, —

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD OF THE SEA

WHEN I relinquished voyaging, and the affairs of commerce, I said within myself, What hath happened to me sufficeth me. And my time was spent in joy and pleasures. But while I was sitting one day, the door was knocked so the door-keeper opened, and a page of the Khaleefeh entered and said, The Khaleefeh summoneth thee. I therefore went with him to his majesty, and kissed the ground before him and saluted him, whereupon he welcomed me and treated me with honour, and he said to me, O Sinbad, I have an affair for thee to perform. Wilt thou do it? — So I kissed his hand and said to him, O my lord, what affair hath the master for the slave to perform? And he answered me, I desire that thou go to the King of Sarandeeb, and convey to him our letter and our present, for he sent to us a present and a letter. And I trembled thereat and replied, By Allah the Great, O my lord, I have taken a hatred to voyaging, and when a voyage on the sea, or any other travel, is mentioned to me, my joints tremble, in consequence of what hath befallen me and what I have experienced of troubles and horrors, and I have no desire for that whatever. Moreover I have bound myself by an oath not to go forth from Baghdad — Then I informed the Khaleefeh of all that had befallen me from first to last, and he wondered exceedingly, and said, By Allah the Great, O Sinbad, it hath not been heard from times of old

that such events have befallen any one as have befallen thee, and it is incumbent on thee that thou never mention the subject of travel. But for my sake thou wilt go this time, and convey our present and our letter to the King of Sarandeeb, and thou shalt return quickly if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), that we may no longer have a debt of favour and courtesy to the King — So I replied that I heard and obeyed, being unable to oppose his command. He then gave me the present and the letter, with money for my expenses, and I kissed his hand and departed from him.

I went from Baghdad to the sea, and embarked in a ship, and we proceeded days and nights, by the aid of God (whose name be exalted!), until we arrived at the island of Sarandeeb, and with us were many merchants. As soon as we arrived, we landed at the city, and I took the present and the letter, and went in with them to the King, and kissed the ground before him. And when he saw me, he said, A friendly welcome to thee, O Sinbad! By Allah the Great, we have longed to see thee, and praise be to God who hath shewn us thy face a second time! — Then he took me by my hand, and seated me by his side, welcoming me, and treating me with familiar kindness, and he rejoiced greatly. He began to converse with me, and addressed me with courtesy, and said, What was the cause of thy coming to us, O Sinbad? So I kissed his hand, and thanked him, and answered him, O my lord, I have brought thee a present and a letter from my master the Khaleefeh Haroon Er Rasheed. I then offered to him the present and the letter, and he read the letter, and rejoiced at it greatly. The present was a horse worth ten thousand pieces of gold, with its saddle adorned with gold set with jewels, and a book, and a sumptuous dress, and a hundred different kinds of white cloths of Egypt, and silks of Es Suweys and El Koofeh and Alexandria, and Greek carpets, and a hundred mennis of silk and flax, and a wonderful, extraordinary cup of crystal, in the midst of which was represented the figure of a lion with a man kneeling before him and having drawn an arrow in his bow with his utmost force, and also the table of Suleyman the son of Daood, on whom be peace! And the contents of the letter were as follows — Peace from the King Er Rasheed, strengthened by God (who hath given to him and to his ancestors the rank of the noble, and wide spread glory), on the fortunate Sultán. To proceed thy letter hath reached us, and we rejoiced at it, and we have sent the book [entitled] the Delight of the Intelligent, and the Rare Present for Friends, together with varieties of royal rarities, therefore do us the favour to accept them and peace be on thee! — Then the King conferred upon me abundant presents, and treated me with the utmost honour, so I prayed for him, and thanked him for his beneficence, and some days after that, I begged his permission to depart, but he permitted me not save after great pressing. Thereupon I took leave of him, and went forth from his

city, with merchants and other companions, to return to my country, without any desire for travel or commerce

We continued our voyage until we had passed many islands, but in the midst of our course over the sea, there appeared to us a number of boats, which surrounded us, and in them were men like devils, having, in their hands, swords and daggers, and equipped with coats of mail, and arms and bows They smote us, and wounded and slew those of us who opposed them, and, having taken the ship with its contents, conveyed us to an island, where they sold us as slaves, for the smallest price But a rich man purchased me, and took me into his house, fed me and gave me to drink, and clad me and treated me in a friendly manner So my soul was tranquillized, and I rested a little Then, one day, he said to me, Dost thou know any art or trade? I answered him, O my lord, I am a merchant I know nothing but traffic And he said, Dost thou know the art of shooting with the bow and arrow? — Yes, I answered I know that And thereupon he brought me a bow and arrows, and mounted me behind him upon an elephant then he departed at the close of night, and, conveying me among some great trees, came to a lofty and firm tree, upon which he made me climb, and he gave me the bow and arrows, saying to me, Sit here now, and when the elephants come in the daytime to this place, shoot at them with the arrows perhaps thou wilt strike one of them, and if one of them fall, come to me and inform me He then left me and departed, and I was terrified and frightened I remained concealed in the tree until the sun rose, when the elephants came forth wandering about among the trees, and I ceased not to discharge my arrows till I shot one of them I therefore went in the evening to my master, and informed him, and he was delighted with me, and treated me with honour, and he went and removed the slain elephant

In this manner I continued, every day shooting one, and my master coming and removing it, until one day, I was sitting in the tree, concealed, and suddenly elephants innumerable came forth, and I heard the sounds of their roaring and growling, which were such that I imagined the earth trembled beneath them They all surrounded the tree in which I was sitting, their circuit being fifty cubits, and a huge elephant, enormously great, advanced and came to the tree, and, having wound his trunk around it, pulled it up by the roots, and cast it upon the ground I fell down senseless among the elephants, and the great elephant, approaching me, wound his trunk around me, raised me on his back, and went away with me, the other elephants accompanying And he ceased not to proceed with me, while I was absent from the world, until he had taken me into a place, and thrown me from his back, when he departed, and the other elephants followed him So I rested a little, and my terror subsided, and I found myself among the bones of elephants I knew therefore that this was the burial place of the elephants, and that that elephant had conducted me to it on account of the teeth

I then arose, and journeyed a day and a night until I arrived at the house of my master, who saw me changed in complexion by fright and hunger. And he was rejoiced at my return, and said, By Allah, thou hast pained our heart, for I went and found the tree torn up, and I imagined that the elephants had destroyed thee. Tell me, then, how it happened with thee — So I informed him of that which had befallen me, whereat he wondered greatly, and rejoiced, and he said to me, Dost thou know that place? I answered, Yes, O my master. And he took me, and we went out, mounted on an elephant, and proceeded until we came to that place, and when my master beheld those numerous teeth, he rejoiced greatly at the sight of them, and he carried away as much as he desired, and we returned to the house. He then treated me with increased favour, and said to me, O my son, thou hast directed us to a means of very great gain. May God then recompense thee well! Thou art freed for the sake of God, whose name be exalted! These elephants used to destroy many of us on account of [our seeking] these teeth, but God hath preserved thee from them, and thou hast profited us by these teeth to which thou hast directed us — I replied, O my master, may God free thy neck from the fire [of Hell]! And I request of thee, O my master, that thou give me permission to depart to my country — Yes, said he, thou shalt have that permission, but we have a fair, on the occasion of which the merchants come to us and purchase the teeth of these elephants of us. The time of the fair is now near, and when they have come to us, I will send thee with them, and will give thee what will convey thee to thy country — So I prayed for him and thanked him, and I remained with him treated with respect and honour.

Then, some days after this, the merchants came as he had said, and bought and sold and exchanged, and when they were about to depart, my master came to me, and said, The merchants are going, therefore arise that thou mayest depart with them to thy country. Accordingly I arose, determined to go with them. They had bought a great quantity of those teeth, and packed up their loads, and embarked them in the ship, and my master sent me with them. He paid for me the money for my passage in the ship, together with all that was required of me, and gave me a large quantity of goods. And we pursued our voyage from island to island until we had crossed the sea and landed on the shore, when the merchants took forth what was with them, and sold. I also sold what I had at an excellent rate, and I purchased some of the most elegant of things suited for presents, and beautiful rarities, with every thing that I desired. I likewise bought for myself a beast to ride, and we went forth, and crossed the deserts from country to country until I arrived at Baghdad, when I went in to the Khaleefeh, and, having given the salutation, and kissed his hand, I informed him of what had happened and what had befallen me, whereupon he rejoiced at my safety, and thanked God (whose name be ex-

alted!), and he caused my story to be written in letters of gold I then entered my house, and met my family and my brethren — This is the end of the history of the events that happened to me during my voyages, and praise be to God, the One, the Creator, the Maker!

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF SINBAD OF THE SEA
AND SINBAD OF THE LAND

AND when Sinbad of the Sea had finished his story, he ordered his servant to give to Sinbad of the Land a hundred pieces of gold, and said to him, How now, O my brother? Hast thou heard of the like of these afflictions and calamities and distresses, or have such troubles as have befallen me befallen any one else, or hath any one else suffered such hardships as I have suffered? Know then that these pleasures are a compensation for the toil and humiliations that I have experienced — And upon this, Sinbad of the Land advanced, and kissed his hands, and said to him, O my lord, by Allah, thou hast undergone great horrors, and hast deserved these abundant favours continue then, O my lord, in joy and security, for God hath removed from thee the evils of fortune, and I beg of God that He may continue to thee thy pleasures, and bless thy days — And upon this, Sinbad of the Sea bestowed favours upon him, and made him his boon companion, and he quitted him not by night nor by day as long as they both lived

Praise be to God, the Mighty, the Omnipotent, the Strong, the Eminent in power, the Creator of the heaven and the earth, and of the land and the seas!

Great Britain

INTRODUCTION

AT THE very beginning of English literature we find a more or less well developed story in the fragmentary epic poem of *Beowulf*, written by an unknown hand in the Seventh or Eighth Century of the Christian era. The surviving remnants and complete narratives of various sorts that have come down to us between the time of *Beowulf* and Malory's Arthurian romances are enough to show that both prose and verse fiction were written and read by a considerable part of the public throughout the British Isles. Among the earliest of the Celtic tales are those that were translated less than a century ago in *The Mabinogion* of Lady Guest. It is in these ancient Welsh stories that are found some of the first references to the legends of King Arthur and his knights. These were developed and expanded during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and formed the nucleus of a large body of stories treated by French, German, and English writers. But to the Welsh Geoffrey of Monmouth belongs the credit for having popularised the figure of Arthur as a national hero. His *Chronicle* dates from the Twelfth Century.

Sir Thomas Malory was heir to all the Arthurian "matter," and his late Fifteenth Century *Morte d'Arthur* "superseded, for all time, each and every 'French book' which went to its making."

The poets Chaucer, Gower, and Langland made notable contributions to the development of fiction, though much of their best work is more notable for its literary form than for its narrative content as fiction.

After Malory, except for the publication of *Gesta Romanorum* and a few collections of fables and short stories, there is little in the way of fiction by English writers until the later years of the Sixteenth Century. By that time the influence of Italy had begun to spread in England, where several translators and adaptors made known the stories of Boccaccio, Bandello, and several other Italians. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-67), for example, was one of the most popular story books of the day. The Elizabethans Greene, Lyly, Rich, Lodge and Sidney, wrote short stories, longer tales, and novels mostly in the Italian manner, though Deloney and Rich treated native themes with considerable skill. But the age of Elizabeth was an age of poetry and drama, rather than of fiction.

The Seventeenth Century saw the rise of the drama, and until the advent of Defoe there is little to record in the realm of prose fiction. Addison, Steele, and Aphra Behn were all influenced by the French novelists, and produced very little of permanent value. Congreve's one novel is an interesting exception. Not long after them, Richardson inaugurated the novel of manners, and was followed by Fielding, Sterne and Smollett. At about the same time Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Goldsmith took over the moral or philosophical tale from France. Johnson's *Rasselas* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* are among the best works of their kind.

The long story, or short novel, was a favorite form with the Nineteenth Century writers. The Irish writers William Carleton, Samuel Lover, Charles Lever, and Maria Edgeworth, and the Scottish novelist Sir Walter Scott, utilised the form for some of their most characteristic work. Even the great Victorians, Dickens and Thackeray, tried their hand at it the latter with signal success.

Coming to recent times, it is impossible to do more than indicate in a sentence the remarkable development of the short novel in England. Though most of the fiction writers of the past seventy five years excelled in the long novel form and the short story, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith all wrote short novels. Among the later writers who have succeeded conspicuously in the short novel form are Stevenson, George Moore, Kipling, Galsworthy, Conrad and Maugham.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

(Flourished late 15th Century)

VERY little is known of this first outstanding writer of English prose romance. His *Morte d'Arthur* a compilation based on the Arthurian legends is one of the great books of English literature. It was first printed by Caxton in 1485. Malory tinges, says Sir Edmund Gosse, the whole English character; he is the primal fount of our passion for adventure and of our love for active chivalry.

The following tale is taken from a reprint of the original edition in which the spelling and punctuation have been modernised. The title in the original is *Thereafter Followeth the Book Which is of the Noble Knight Sir Galahad*.

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SIR GALAHAD

AS SAITH the history that when Sir Galahad had rescued Sir Percival from the twenty knights, he rode unto a waste forest, wherein he rode many journeys, and found there many adventures which he brought to an end.

And the good knight Sir Galahad rode so long till that he came that night to the castle of Carbonek, and it befell him that he was benighted in a hermitage. And so the good man was full glad when he saw that it was a knight errant. So when they were at rest, there came a gentlewoman knocking at the door and called Sir Galahad. And so the good man came to the door to wit what she would. Then she called the hermit Sir Ulfyn, "I am a gentlewoman that would speak with the knight that is with you." Then the good man awaked Sir Galahad and bade him arise and speak with a gentlewoman, "which seemeth hath great need of you." Then Sir Galahad went to her and asked her what she would. "Sir Galahad," said she, "I will that ye arm you and mount upon your horse and follow me, for I will show you within these three days the highest adventure that ever any knight saw." Anon Sir Galahad armed him and took his horse and commended him to God, and bid the gentlewoman go, and he would follow there as she liked.

So the damsel rode as fast as her palfrey might gallop till that she came to the sea that was called Collibe, and at night they came unto a castle in a valley that was closed with running water, and with high and strong

walls And she entered into the castle with Sir Galahad, and there he had great cheer, for the lady of that castle was the damsel's lady So when he was unarmed, the damsel said to her lady, "Madam, shall we abide here all this night?" "Nay," said she, "but till he hath dined and slept a while" So he ate and slept till that the maid called him and armed him by torchlight And when the maid and he were both horsed, the lady took Sir Galahad a fair shield and a rich, and so they departed from the castle and rode till they came to the seaside, and there they found a ship where Sir Bors and Sir Percival were in, the which cried on the ship board, "Sir Galahad, ye be welcome, we have abyden you long" And when he heard them he asked them what they were "Sir," said the damsel, "leave your horse here, and I shall leave mine" And took their saddles and their bridles with them, and made a cross on them, and so entered into the ship And the two knights received him with great joy, and every each knew other

And so the wind arose and drove them through the sea unto a marvellous place, and within awhile it dawned Then Sir Galahad took off his helm and his sword and asked of his fellows from whence the fair ship came? "Truly," said they, "ye wot as well as we, but of God's grace" And then they told every each to other of all their adventures, and of their great temptation

"Truly," said Sir Galahad, "ye are much bounden to God, for ye have escaped great adventures, and had not the gentlewoman been, I had not come hither, for as for you, I weened never to have found you in this strange country" "Ah Sir Galahad," said Sir Bors, "if that Sir Launcelot your father were here, then were we well at ease, for then me seemeth we should lack nothing" "That may not be," said Sir Galahad, "but if it please our Lord"

And by then the ship went from the land of Logris, and by adventure it arrived between two rocks passing great and marvellous, but there they might not land, for there was a swallow of the sea, but there was another ship and upon it they might go without danger "Go ye thither," said the gentlewoman, "and there shall we see adventures, for so is it our Lord's will" And when they came thither, they found the ship rich enough, but they found neither man nor woman therein, but they found in the end of the ship two fair letters written, which said a dreadful word and a marvellous "Thou man which shall enter into this ship, beware thou be in steadfast belief, for I am faith, and therefore, beware how thou enterest, for and thou fail, I shall not help thee" "Then," said the gentlewoman, "wot ye what I am" "Certainly," said he, "not of my witting" "Wit ye well," said she, "I am thy sister, that am daughter to King Pellmore, and, therefore, wit ye well that ye are the man in the world that I most like and, if ye be not in perfect belief of Jesu Christ, and enter not to no manner of wise, for then should ye perish in the ship, for it is so perfect

it will suffer no sin in it" And when Sir Percival knew that she was his sister, he was inwardly glad, and said, "Fair sister, I shall enter therein, for if I be a miscreature, or an untrue knight, there shall I perish"

In the meanwhile Sir Galahad blessed him and entered therein, and then next the gentlewoman, and then Sir Bors and Sir Percival And when they were within, they found it so marvellous fair and rich, that they had great marvel thereof, and in the midst of the ship was a fair bed, and Sir Galahad went thereto, and found there a crown of silk, and at the feet was a sword, fair and rich, and it was drawn out of the scabbard half a foot and more, and the sword was of divers fashions, and the pommel was of stone, and there was in it all manners of colors that any man might find, and every one of the colors had divers virtues, and the scales of the haft were of two ribs of divers beasts The one beast was a serpent, which was conversant in Calydone, and is called the serpent of the fiend And the bone of him is of such a virtue, that there is no hand that handle it shall never be weary nor hurt And the other beast is a fish, which is not right great, and haunteth the flood of Euphrates And that fish is called Ertanar, and his bones be of such a manner of kind, that who that handleth them he shall have so much courage that he shall never be weary, and he shall not think on joy nor sorrow that he hath had, but only that thing which he beholdeth before him And as for this sword, there shall never no man begripe it at the handle but one, but he shall pass all other "In the name of God," said Sir Percival, "I shall essay to handle it" So he set his hand to the sword, but he might not begripe it "By my faith," said he, "now have I failed" Sir Bors set his hand thereto and failed Then Sir Galahad beheld the sword, and saw the letters as red as blood that said, "Let see who shall essay to draw me out of my scabbard, but if he be more hardier than any other, and who that draweth me, wit ye well that he shall never fail of shame of his body, or to be wounded unto the death" "By my faith," said Sir Galahad, "I would draw this sword out of the scabbard, but the offending is so great that I shall not set my hand thereto" "Now sirs," said the gentlewoman, "wit ye well that the drawing of this sword is warned unto all men, save unto you" And then beheld they the scabbard, which seemed to be of a serpent's skin, and thereon were letters of gold and silver And the girdle was but poorly to account, and not able to sustain such a rich sword, and the letters said, "He that shall wield me ought to be more hardier than any other, if that he bear me as truly as I ought to be borne For the body of him which I ought to hang by, he shall not be shamed in no place while he is girded with this girdle, nor never none shall be so hardy to do away this girdle, for it ought not to be done away but by the hands of a maid, and that she be a King's daughter and a Queen's, and she must be a maid all the days of her life, both in will and in deed, and if she break her virginity, she shall die the most villain-

ous death that ever did any woman" "Sir," said Sir Percival, "turn this sword, that we may see what is on the other side," and it was as red as blood, with black letters as any coal, which said, "He that shall praise me most, most shall he find me to blame at a great necessity, and to whom I shall be most debonaire, shall I be most felon, and that shall be at one time"

"Sir," said she, "there was a King, that hight Pelles, the maimed King And while he might ride, he supported much Christendom, and the holy church So upon a day he hunted in a wood of his, which lasted unto the sea, and at the last he lost his hounds and his knights, save only one, and there he and his knight went till that they came towards Ireland, and there he found the ship And when he saw the letters and understood them, yet he entered, for he was right perfect of his life But his knight had no hardness to enter, and there found he this sword, and drew it out as much as ye may see So therewithal entered a spear, wherewith he was smitten through both his thighs, and never sith might he be healed, nor nought shall before we come to him Thus," said she, "Was not King Pelles, your grandsire, maimed for his hardness" "In the name of God, damsel," said Sir Galahad So they west toward the bed to behold all about it, and above the bed's head there hung two fair swords Also there were two spindles which were as white as any snow, and there were other that were as red as any blood, and other above as green as any emerald Of these colors were the spindles, and of natural color within, and without any painting "These spindles," said the damsel, "were when sinful Eve came to gather fruit, for which Adam and she were put out of paradise, she took with her the bough on which the apple hung Then perceived she that the branch was fair and green, and she remembered her of the loss that came from the tree Then she thought to keep the branch as long as she might, and because she had no coffer to keep it in, she put it into the ground So by the will of our Lord, the branch grew to a great tree, within a little while, and was as white as any snow, branches, boughs, and leaves, that it was a token a maid planted it But after God came unto Adam, and bade him know his wife So was Adam with his wife under the same tree And anon the tree that was white became as green as any grass, and all that came of it And in the same time was Abel begotten Thus was the tree long of green color And so it befell, a long time after, under the same tree Cain slew his brother Abel, whereof befell full great marvel, for anon as Abel had received the death under the green tree, it lost the green color and became red, and that was in tokening of the blood And anon all the plants died thereof, but the tree grew, and waxed marvellous fair, and it was the fairest tree and the most delectable that any man might behold, and so died the plants that grew out of it before the time that Abel was slain under it So long endured the tree till that Solomon, King David's son, reigned, and held the land after his

father This Solomon was wise, and knew the virtues of stones and of trees, and so he knew the course of the stars, and many other things This Solomon had an evil wife, where through he weened that there had never been no good woman, and so he despised them in his books So a voice answered him once, "Solomon, if heaviness come unto a man by a woman, yet reck thou never, for there shall come a woman, whereof there shall come greater joy unto man a hundred times more than the heaviness giveth sorrow or heaviness, and the same woman shall be born of thy lineage "

Then when King Solomon heard these words, he held himself but a fool, and the truth he perceived by old books Also the Holy Ghost showed him the coming of the glorious Virgin Mary Then asked he of the voice, If it should be in the line of his lineage "Nay," said the voice, "But there shall come a man which shall be of a pure maid, and the last of your blood, and he shall be as good a knight as was Duke Josue, thy brother in law "

Now have I certified thee of that thou stoodest in doubt Then was Solomon glad that there should come such a one of his lineage, but ever he marvelled and studied who that should be, and what his name might be His wife perceived that he studied, and thought that she would know it at some season And so she awaited her time, and asked of him the cause of his studying, and there he told her all together how the voice told him "Well," said she, "I shall let a ship be made of the best wood, and most durable that men may find " So Solomon sent for all the best carpenters in the land And when they had made the ship, the lady said unto Solomon, "Sir," said she, "Since it is so that this knight ought to pass all other knights of chivalry, which have been before him, and also that shall come after him, moreover I shall tell you," said she, "Ye shall go into our Lord's temple, whereas is King David's sword, your father, the which is the marvellous and the sharpest that ever was taken in any knight's hand Therefore take that, and take ye off the pommel, and thereto make ye a pommel of precious stones, that it be so subtly made that no man perceive it, but that they be all one And after make a hilt so marvellously and wondrously, that no man may know it, and after, make a marvellous sheath And when you have made all this, I shall let a girdle be made thereto, such as shall please you " And thus King Solomon made it as she devised, both the ship and all the remnant And when the ship was ready in the sea for to sail, the lady let make a great bed, and marvellous rich, and set herself upon the bed's head, covered with silk, and laid the sword at the bed's feet, and the girdles were of hemp And therewith was the King angry "Sir, wit ye well," said she, "that I have none so high a thing that were worthy to sustain so big a sword, and a maid shall bring other knights thereto, but I wot not when it shall be, nor what time " And there she let a covering be made

to the ship of cloth, that shall never rot for no manner of weather Yet went that lady and made a carpenter to come to that tree which Abel was slain under "Now," said she, "carve me out of this tree as much wood as will make me a spindle" "Ah, madam," said the carpenter, "this is the tree, the which our first mother planted" "Do it," said she, "or else I shall destroy thee" Anon as the carpenter began to work, there came out drops of blood, and then would he have left, but she would not suffer him And so he took away as much wood as might well make a spindle And so she made him take as much of the green tree, and of the white tree And when these three spindles were shapen, she made them to be fastened on the canopy of the bed When Solomon saw this, he said to his wife, "Ye have done marvellously, for, though all the world were here now, they could not tell wherefore all this was made, but our Lord himself, and thou that hast done it wottest not what it shall be-token" "Now let it be," said she, "for ye shall hear tidings sooner than ye ween"

That night lay King Solomon before the ship with a small fellowship And when King Solomon was asleep, he thought there came from heaven a great company of angels and alighted into the ship, and took water which was brought by an angel in a vessel of silver, and besprent all the ship And after, he came to the sword, and drew letters in the hilts And after, went to the ship-board, and wrote there other letters which said, "Thou man that wilt enter within me, beware that thou be full within of faith, for I am but faith and belief" When King Solomon espied these letters, he was sore abashed, so that he durst not enter, and so drew him back And anon the ship was shoven into the sea, and it went so fast that he lost the sight of it within a little while And then a little voice said, "Solomon, the last knight of thy lineage shall rest in this bed" Then went King Solomon and awaked his wife, and told her the adventures of the ship

Now saith the history, that a great while the three fellows beheld the bed and the three spindles Then they were of natural colors, without any manner of painting Then they lift up a cloth which was above the ground, and there they found a rich purse by seeming And Sir Percival took it, and found therein a writing, and so he read it, and spake of the manner of the spindles, and of the ship from whence it came, and by whom it was made "Now," said Sir Galahad, "where shall we find the gentlewoman that shall make new girdles to the sword?" "Fair sir," said Sir Percival's sister, "Dismay you not, for by the leave of God I shall let make a girdle to the sword, such a one as shall belong thereto" And then she opened a box and took out girdles, which were seemly wrought with golden threads And thereupon were set full of precious stones, and a rich buckle of gold "Lo, lords," said the gentlewoman, "here is a girdle that ought to be set about the sword And wit ye well that the greatest part of this girdle was

made of my hair, the which I loved full well while I was a woman of the world. But as soon as I wist that this adventure was ordained me, I clipped off my hair, and made this girdle in the name of God." "Ye are well found," said Sir Bors, "for truly ye have put us out of a great pain, wherein we should have entered, nor had your teaching been." Then went the gentlewoman, and set it up on the girdle of the sword. "Now," said the three fellows, "what is the right name of the sword, and what shall we call it?" "Truly," said she, "the name of the sword is, the sword with the strange girdles, and the scabbard mover of blood, for no man that hath blood in him shall never see the one part of the scabbard which was made of the tree of life." Then they said unto Sir Galahad, "In the name of Jesu Christ, we pray you that ye gird you with this sword, which hath been so much desired in the realm of Logris." "Now let me begin," said Sir Galahad, "to gripe this sword for to give you courage. But wit ye well that it belongeth no more to me than it doth to you." And then he griped about it with his fingers a great deal, and then she gird him about the middle with the sword. "Now reck I not, though I die, for now I hold me one of the blessed maidens of the world, which hath made thee now the worthiest knight of the world." "Fair damsel," said Sir Galahad, "ye have done so much, that I shall be your knight all the days of my life."

And so they came unto a castle, and passed by. So there came a knight armed, and said, "Lords, hearken what I shall say unto you. This gentle woman that ye lead with you is a maid." "Sir," said she, "a maid I am." Then he took her by the bridle and said, "By the holy cross, ye shall not escape me, before ye have yielded the custom of the castle." "Let her go," said Sir Percival, "be ye not wise, for a maid, in what place soever she cometh, she is free." So in the meanwhile, there came out of the castle a ten or twelve knights, armed, and with them came a gentlewoman which held a dish of silver. And then, "This gentlewoman must yield us the custom of this castle." "Sir," said a knight, "What maid that passeth hereby shall give this dish full of blood of her right arm." "Blame have ye," said Sir Galahad, "that brought up such customs, and, so God me save, I ensure you, that of this gentlewoman ye shall fail as long as I live." "So God me help," said Sir Percival, "I had leaver be slain." "And I also," said Sir Bors. "By my faith," said the knight, "then shall ye die, for ye may not endure against us, though ye were the best knights of the world." Then let they run each to other, and the three fellows beat the ten knights, and then set their hands unto their swords, and beat them down, and slew them. Then there came out of the castle well a threescore knights all armed. "Fair lords," said the three fellows, "have mercy upon yourselves, and have not to do with us." "Nay, fair lords," said the knights of the castle, "we counsel you to withdraw you, for ye are the best knights of the world, and therefore, do ye no more. We will let you with this harm, but we must needs have the custom." "Certainly," said

Sir Galahad, "for nought speak ye well" Said they, "Will ye die" "We be not come thereto," said Sir Galahad Then began they to meddle together And Sir Galahad, with the strange girdles, drew his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and slew whom that would abide him, and did such marvel, that there was none that saw him but that they weened he had been none earthly knight, but a monster And his two fellows helped him passing well And so they held their journey every each in like hard, till that it was night Then must they needs depart So there came a good knight, and said to the three fellows, 'If ye will come in to night, and take such harbor as here is, ye shall be right welcome, and we shall ensure you, by the faith of our bodies, as we are true knights, to leave you in such estate to morrow as we find you, without any falsehood, and, as soon as ye know of the custom, we dare say that ye will accord thereto" "Therefore, for God's love," said the gentle woman, "Go thither, and spare not for me" "Go we," said Sir Galahad And so they entered into the castle, and when they were alighted, they made of them great joy So, within a while the three knights asked the custom of the castle, and wherefore it was "What it is," said they, "we will say you the truth"

"There is in this castle a gentlewoman, which we have, and this castle is hers and many other more So it befell, many years ago, there fell upon her a malady And, when she had lain a great while, she fell into a mesell, and of no leech she could have no remedy But at the last an old man said, 'And she might have a dish full of the blood of a maid and a clean virgin in will and in work, and a king's daughter, that blood would be her health, and for to anoint her therewith' And for this thing was this custom made" "Now," said Sir Percival's sister, "fair knights, I see well that this gentlewoman is but dead, but if she have so much of my blood" "Certainly," said Sir Galahad, "and if ye bleed so much as ye may die" "Truly," said she, "and I die for to heal her, then shall I get me great worship and soul's health, and worship unto my lineage And better is one harm than twain And therefore, there shall be no more battle, but to-morrow I shall yield you your custom of the castle"

And then there was great joy, more than ever there was afore, for else had there been mortal war on the morrow, notwithstanding she would none other, whether they would or not

All that night were the three fellows eased with the best And on the morrow, they heard mass And Sir Percival's sister bad bring forth the sick lady So she was brought forth before her which was full evil at ease Then said she, "Who shall let me bleed?" So anon there came one forth to let her bleed And she bled so much that the dish was full Then she lift up her hand and blessed her And then she said unto the lady, "Madam, I am come by my death to make you whole, for God's love pray for me" With that she fell into a swoon Then Sir Galahad, Sir

Percival, and Sir Bors started up to her and lift her up, and staunched her blood. But she had bled so much, that she might not live. Then when she was awake, she said, "Fair brother, Sir Percival, I must die for the healing of this lady, so I require you that ye bury not me in this country, but as soon as I am dead, put me in a boat at the next haven, and let me go as adventure will lead me. And as soon as ye three come to the city of Sarras, there to achieve the Holy Grail, ye shall find me under a tower arrived, and there bury me in the spiritual place. For I say you so much, there shall Sir Galahad be buried, and ye also in the same place." So when Sir Percival understood these words, he granted it her all weeping. And then said a voice, "Lords and fellows, to morrow at the hour of prime ye three shall depart every one from other, till the adventure bring you unto the maimed King." Then asked she her Savior, and as soon as she had received him, the soul departed from the body. So the same day was the lady healed, when she was anointed withal. Then Sir Percival made a letter of all that she had holpen them, as in strange adventures, and put it in her right hand, and so laid her in a barge, and covered it with silk. And so the wind arose, and drove the barge from the land, and all knights beheld it, till it was out of their sight. Then they drew all unto the castle, and so forthwith there fell a sudden tempest of thunder, lightning and rain, as all the earth would have broken. So half the castle turned upside down. So it passed even song or the tempest was ceased. Then they saw before them a knight armed, and wounded hard in the body and in the head, that said, "O, Lord God succor me, for now it is need." After this knight came another knight and a dwarf which cried to him afar "Stand, ye may not escape." Then the wounded knight held up his hands unto God, that he should not die in such tribulation. "Truly," said Sir Galahad, "I shall succor him, for his sake that he calleth upon." "Sir," said Sir Bors, "I shall do it, for it is not for you, for he is but one knight." "Sir," said he, "I grant." So Sir Bors took his horse, and commended him to God, and rode after to rescue the wounded knight.

The story saith, that all night Sir Galahad and Sir Percival were in a chapel, in their prayers, for to save Sir Bors. So on the morrow they dressed them in their harness, toward the castle, for to wit what was the tide of them therein. And, when they came there, they found neither man nor woman but that they were dead, by the vengeance of the Lord. With that they heard a voice, which said, "This vengeance is for blood shedding of maidens." Also they found, at the end of the chapel a churchyard, and therein they might see forty fair tombs. And that place was so fair, and so delectable, that it seemed them there had been no tempest, for there lay the bodies of all the dead maidens, which were martyred for the sick lady's sake. Also they found the name of every each of them, and of what blood they were come. And were all of kings blood, and twelve of them were

king's daughters Then they departed, and went into a forest "Now," said Sir Percival unto Sir Galahad, "we must depart, so pray we our Lord that we may meet together in short time" Then took they off their helms and kissed together, and wept at their departing

The story saith, that when Sir Launcelot was come to the water of Morteyse, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril And so he laid him down and slept, and took his adventure that God would send him So when he was asleep, there came a vision unto him and said, "Launcelot, arise up and take thine armor and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find" And when he had heard these words he start up, and saw a great clearness about him And then he lift up his hand, and blessed him, and so took his armor, and made him ready And by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship, the which was without sail and oars And, as soon as he was within the ship, there he felt the most sweetest savor that ever he felt And he was filled with all things that he thought on or desired Then he said, "Fair Father Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in," and so in this joy he laid him down on the ship board and slept till daylight And when he awoke, he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percival's sister And as Sir Launcelot beheld her, he espied in her right hand a writing, the which he read, wherein he found all the adventures as ye have heard before, and of what lineage she was come So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more If ye would ask me how he lived, he that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert in likewise fed him For every day, when he had said his prayers, he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost

So upon a night he went to play him by the water's side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship, and then he listened, and heard a horse come, and one riding upon him And, when he came nigh, he seemed a knight, and so he let him pass, and went there as the ship was And there he alighted, and took the saddle and bridle, and put the horse from him, and went into the ship And then Sir Launcelot went toward him, and said, "Sir ye be welcome" And he answered and saluted him again, and asked him his name, "For much my heart giveth unto you" "Truly," said he, "my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake" "Sir," said he, "then ye be welcome, for ye were the beginner of me in this world" "Ah," said Sir Launcelot, "Are ye Sir Galahad?" "Yea forsooth," said he And so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm, and kissed him And so there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word was spoken between them, as kind would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed And there every each told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen them in many journeys, since they departed from the court And anon as Sir Galahad saw the gentle-

woman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, and that she was the best maid living and it was great pity of her death. But when Sir Launcelot heard how the marvellous sword was gotten, and who made it, and all the marvels rehearsed before, then he prayed Sir Galahad, his son, that he would show him the sword. And so he did. And anon he kissed the pommel, the hilts, and the scabbard. "Truly," said Sir Launcelot, "never till now, knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange." So dwelled Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly, with all their power. And oft they arrived in isles, far from folk, where were but wild beasts. And there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end. But because those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sancgreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention, for it would be long to tell that befell them.

So after upon a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest, before a cross of stone. And then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse. And so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights upon the high Lord's high behalf, and said, "Sir Galahad, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and leap upon this horse, and ride where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sancgreal." Then he went unto his father and kissed him full courteously and said unto him, "Fair Father, I wot not when I shall see you any more, till that I see the body of our Lord Jesu Christ." "I pray you," said Sir Launcelot, "pray you unto the high Father, that he hold me in his service." And so he took his horse. And there they heard a voice that said, "Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other till the dreadful day of doom." "Now my son Sir Galahad," said Sir Launcelot, "sith we shall depart and never see other more, I pray unto the high Father of heaven for to preserve both you and me." "Sir," said Sir Galahad, "no prayer availeth so much as yours." And therewith Sir Galahad entered into the forest. And the wind arose, and drove Sir Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, and prayed unto God that he might have a sight of the Holy Sancgreal. So it befell upon a night at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair. And there was a postern that opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry, and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said, "Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire." Then he ran to his arms, and armed him. And so he went unto the gate, and saw the two lions. Then he set hands to his sword and drew it. Then came there suddenly a dwarf, that smote him upon the arm so sore, that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard

he a voice, that said, "Oh, man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore believeest thou more in thy harness than in thy Maker, for he might more avail thee than thy armor, in whose service thou art set?" Then said Sir Launcelot, "Fair Father, Jesu Christ, I thank thee of thy great mercy, that thou reprovest me of my misdeed. Now see I well that thou holdest me for thy servant." Then took he again his sword, and put it by in his sheath, and made a cross on his forehead, and came to the lions. And they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding, he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle, to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Sir Launcelot entered in so armed, and he found no gate, nor door but it was opened. And so at the last, he found a chamber, whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto, for to have opened it, but he might not.

Then he enforced him much for to undo the door. Then he listened, and heard a voice which sung so sweetly, that it seemed none earthly thing. And him thought that the voice said, "Joy and honor be to the Father of heaven." Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down before the chamber, for well he wist that there was the Sancgreal in that chamber. Then said he, "Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased the Lord, for thy pity nor have me not in despite for my foul sins done here before time, and that thou show me something of that which I seek." And with that he saw the chamber-door open, and with that there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as though all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said unto him, "Flee, Sir Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it, and if thou enter thou shalt forethink it." Then he withdrew him back, and was right heavy in his mind. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one of them held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of the altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man, clothed like a priest. And it seemed that he was at the consecrating of the mass. And it seemed unto Sir Launcelot that above the priest's hands there were three men, whereof the two put the youngest, by likeness, between the priest's hands, and so he lift it up right high. And it seemed to show so to the people. And then Sir Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought that the priest was so greatly changed of the figure, that him seemed that he should have fallen to the ground. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then he came to the door a great pace, and said, "Fair Father, Jesu Christ, nor take it for no sin though I help the good man, which hath great need of help." Right so he entered into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver. And when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought was intermeddled with fire which smote him so sore in the visage that him

thought it all to break his visage And therewith he fell to the ground and had no power to arise As he was so enraged that he had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his saying, then felt he many hands about him, which took him up, and bear him out of the chamber, without any amendment of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all the people So on the morrow, when it was fair davlight, they within were arisen, and found Sir Launcelot lying before the chamber door, all they marvelled how he came in And so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse, to wit whether there were any life in him, and so they found life in him, but he might neither stand nor stir no member that he had And so they took him by every part of the body and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk, and so he lay four days Then the one said he was alive, and the other said nay "In the name of God," said an old man, "for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all, and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept, till God send him life again "

In such a manner they kept Sir Launcelot twenty four days, and as many nights, which lay still like a dead man, and at the twenty fifth day befel him after midnight, that he opened his eyes, and when he saw folk, he made great sorrow, and said, "Why have ye wakened me, for I was better at ease than I am now? Oh, Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed, that might see openly the great marvels of secretness there where no sinner may be " "What have ye seen?" said they about him "I have seen," said he, "so great marvels, that no tongue can tell, and more than any heart can think, and if my son had not been here before me, I had seen much more " Then they told him how he had lain there twenty-four days, and as many nights Then him thought how it was a punishment for the twenty four years he had been a sinner wherefore our Lord put him in penance twenty four days and nights Then looked Sir Launcelot before him, and saw the hair [shirt], which that he had borne nigh a year, for that he forethought him right much that he had broken his promise unto the hermit, which he had vowed to do Then they asked him how it stood with him "Forsooth," said he "I am whole of my body, thanked be our Lord, therefore, sirs, for God's love, tell me where I am " Then said they all, He was in the castle of Carbonek Therewith came a gentle woman, and brought him a shirt of fine linen cloth, but he changed not there, but took the hair to him again "Sir," said they, "the quest of the Sancgreal is achieved right now in you that never shall ye see more of the Sancgreal than ye have seen " "Now, I thank God," said Sir Launcelot, "of his great mercy, of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me, for as I suppose, no man in this world hath lived better than I have done, to achieve that I have done " And therewith he took the hair, and clothed him in it, and above that he put a linen shirt, and after, a robe of scarlet, fresh and new And when he was so arrayed, they marvelled all, for they

knew that he was Sir Launcelot the good knight And then they said all, "O Lord, Sir Launcelot be that ye?" And then he said, "Truly, I am he Then came word to King Pelles that the knight which had lain so long dead was Sir Launcelot Then was King Pelles wondrous glad, and went to see him And when Sir Launcelot saw him come, he dressed him against him And there the King made great joy of him, and there the King told him tidings that his fair daughter was dead Then was Sir Launcelot right heavy of it, and said, "Sir, it me forethinketh your daughter, for she was a full fair lady, fresh and young, and well I wot she bare the best knight that is now on the earth, or that ever was since God was born " So King Pelles held Sir Launcelot there four days, and on the morrow he took his leave of King Pelles, and of all the fellowship that were there, and thanked them of their great labor Right so they sat at their dinner in the chief hall, then it was so that the Sancgreal had fulfilled the table with all manner of meats, so that any heart might think So, as they sat, they saw all the doors and windows of the place were shut without man's hand, whereof they were all abashed, and none wist what to do And then it happened, suddenly, that a knight came unto the chief door, and knocked mightily, and cried, "Undo the door " But they would not And ever he cried, "Undo," but they would not And, at the last, it annoyed him so much that the King himself arose, and came to a window, where the knight called, then he said, "Sir knight, ye shall not enter at this time, while the Sancgreal is here, and therefore go into another, for certainly ye be none of the knights of the quest, but one of them that hath served the fiend, and hath left the service of our Lord " Then was he wondrous wrath at the King's words "Sir knight," said the King, "since ye would so fain enter, tell me of what country ye be " "Sir," said he, "I am of the country and realm of Logris, and my name is Sir Ector de Marys, and brother unto the noble knight Sir Launcelot " "In the name of God," said King Pelles, "me forethinketh that I have said for your brother is here within " And when Sir Ector de Marys understood that his brother was there, for he was the man in the world that he most dread and loved, and then he said, "Ah Lord God, now doubleth my sorrow and shame Full truly said the good man of the hill unto Sir Gawain and me of our dreams " Then went he out of the court as fast as his courser might run, and so throughout the castle

Now saith the story that Sir Galahad rode many journeys in vain And at the last he came unto the abbey where King Mordrains was, and when he heard that, he thought he would abide to see him And on the morrow, when he had heard mass, Sir Galahad came unto King Mordrains, and anon the King saw him, which had lain blind a long time And then he dressed him against him and said, "Sir Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ whose coming I have abidden long, now embrace me, and let me rest on thy breast, so that I may rest between thine arms, for thou

art a clean virgin above all knights, as the flower of the lily, in whom virginity is signified, and thou art the rose, the which is the flower of all good virtues, and in the color of fire For the fire of the Holy Ghost is so taken in thee that my flesh which was of dead oldness is become young again " When Sir Galahad heard his words, he embraced him in his arms Then said King Mordrains, "Fair Lord Jesu Christ, now I have my will, now I require thee in this point that I am in, that thou come and visit me " And anon our Lord heard his prayer Therewith the soul departed from the body And then Sir Galahad put him in the earth as a king ought to be

So departed he from thence And so he rode five days, till that he came to the maimed King And ever followed Sir Percival the five days, asking where he had been, and so one told him how the adventures of Logris were achieved So upon a day it befell that they came out of a great forest to rest, and there they met at a travers with Sir Bors that rode alone It is no need to tell if they were glad And then he saluted, and they yielded him honor and good adventure, and each told other their adventures Then said Sir Bors, "It is more than a year and a half that I never lay ten times where men dwelled, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort " Then rode they a great while, till they came to the castle of Carbonek, and when they were entered within the castle, King Pelles knew them all Then was there made great joy, for he knew well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought before them the broken sword, wherewith Joseph was smitten through the thigh Then Sir Bors set his hand thereto, if he might have forced it again together, but it would not be Then he took it to Sir Percival, but he had no more power thereto than he "Now have ye it," said Sir Percival unto Sir Galahad, "for and it be ever achieved by one bodily man, ye must do it " And then took he the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged And then they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword unto Sir Bors, for it might not be better set, for he was a full good knight and a worthy man And a little before even, the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat, that many men fell for dead And anon alight a voice among them and said, "They that ought not to sit at the table of our Lord Jesu Christ, arise, for now shall very knights be fed " So they went thence all, save King Pelles, and Eliazar his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece And so these three fellows and they three were there and no more Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their harness, and said unto Sir Galahad, "Sir, we have hied sore to be with you at this table, where the holy meat shall be departed " "Then," said he, "ye be welcome, but of whence be

ye?" So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sate thus, there came a bed of tree out of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought, and in that bed lay a good man, sick, and a crown of gold upon his head, and there in the midst of the place they sat him down and went their way again. Then he lift up his head and said, "Sir Galahad, knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and anguish as ye see have I been long. But now I trust to God the time is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world, so as it was promised me long ago." Therewith a voice said, "There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sancgreal, and therefore depart ye."

Then King Pelles and his son departed. And therewith it seemed them that there came a man and four angels from heaven, clothed in the likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand, and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver, whereupon the Sancgreal was, and it seemed that he had in the midst of his forehead letters that said, "See ye here, Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which our Lord succored in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place." Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred years before. "O knights," said he, "marvel not for I was sometime an earthly man." With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels, and two bear candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear, which bled marvellously, that the drops fell within a bier, the which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third put the towel upon the vessel and the fourth set the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblant as though he would have gone to the consecrating of the mass. And then he took a wafer, which was made in the likeness of bread, and at the lifting up there came a figure in the likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread, so that they all saw that the bread was formed of a fleshly man. And then he put it into the holy vessel again. And then he did that belonged unto a priest to do at mass. And then he went unto Sir Galahad and kissed him. And then bade him go and kiss his fellows. And as he was bidden, so he did. "Now," said he, "ye servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed before this table with sweet meats, which never no knights tasted." And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers. Then looked they and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said, "My knights and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of mine hidings. Now hold and receive the

high meat which ye have so much desired ” Then took he himself the holy vessel, and came to Sir Galahad, and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and so after him received all his fellows, and they thought it so sweet that it was marvel to tell Then he said, “Galahad, son, wottest thou what I hold between my hands?” “Nay,” said Sir Galahad, “but if ye tell me ” “This is,” said he, “the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher Thursday, and now hast thou seen that thou desired most to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place Therefore thou must go hence, and bear with thee this holy vessel, for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here, and wottest thou therefore, for it is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned unto evil living Therefore I shall disherit them And therefore go ye three to morrow unto the sea, whereas ye shall find your ship ready And with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percival and Sir Bors Also I will ye take with you of the blood of this spear, for to anoint the maimed King, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health ” “Sir,” said Sir Galahad, “why shall not these other fellows go with us?” “For this cause, for right as I departed mine apostles, one here and another there, so will I that ye depart And two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again, and tell tidings ” Then gave he them his blessing, and vanished away

Then Sir Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came to the maimed King, and anointed his legs And therewith he clothed him anon, and started upon his feet, out of his bed, as a whole man, and thanked our Lord that he had healed him, and that was not to the world ward For anon he yielded him unto a place of religion of white monks, and was a full holy man That same night about midnight, there came a voice among them, that said thus, “Mine own sons, and not my chief sons, my friends, and not my warriors, go ye hence where ye hope best to do, and as I bade you ” “Ah, thanked be thou, Lord,” said they, “that thou wilt vouchsafe to call us so, now may we prove that we have not lost our pain ” And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed, but the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Claudine, King Claudas’ son, and the other two were great gentlemen Then prayed Sir Galahad unto every each of them, “If ye go unto King Arthur’s court, that ye will salute my lord Sir Launcelot my father, and all the fellowship of the Round Table And pray them that if they come in those parts, that they should not forget it ” Right so departed Sir Galahad, and Sir Percival and Sir Bors with him And so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh before And when they came within board, they found in the midst the table of silver which they had

left with the maimed King, and the Sancgreal, which was covered with red samite. Then they were passing glad for to have such things in their fellowship. And so they entered and made great reverence thereto, and Sir Galahad fell in his prayers long time unto our Lord, that at what time he asked he might pass out of this world. And so much he prayed, till at the last a voice said to him, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and when thou askest the death of thy body, thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of thy soul." Sir Percival heard this, and prayed him of fellowship that was between them, for to tell him wherefore he asked such things. "That shall I tell you," said Sir Galahad. "The other day when we saw the part of the adventures of the Sancgreal, I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly, and therefore I wot well that when my body is dead, my soul shall be in great joy for to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the majesty of our Lord Jesu Christ." So long were they in the ship, that they said unto Sir Galahad, "Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the Scripture." And then he laid him down, and slept a great while, and when he awaked, he looked afore him, and saw the city of Sarras. And as they would have landed, they saw the ship wherein Sir Percival had put his sister. "Truly," said Sir Percival, "in the name of God, well hath my sister held us covenant." Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Sir Percival and to Sir Bors to go before, and Sir Galahad came behind. Right so they went into the city. And at the gate of the city they saw an old man sit crooked. Then Sir Galahad called him, and bade him help to bear this heavy thing. "Truly," said the old man, "it is ten years ago that I might not go but with crutches." "Care thou not," said Sir Galahad, "arise up, and show thy good will." And so he essayed and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then he ran to the table, and took one part against Sir Galahad. And anon there arose a great noise in the city that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that were entered into the city. Then anon after the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Sir Percival's sister, and burned her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was called Estourause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sancgreal, and the power that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the lineage of Paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

But as soon as they were there, our Lord sent them the Sancgreal, through whose grace they were always fulfilled while they were in prison. So at the year's end, it befell that this King Estourause lay sick and felt that he should die, then he sent for the three knights. And they came before him, and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave him goodly, and he died anon. When the king was dead, all

the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king Right so, as they were in counsel together, there came a voice among them, and bid them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king, "for he shall maintain you and all yours " So they made Sir Galahad king by all the assent of the whole city, and else they would have slain him And when he was come for to behold the land, he let make about the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that covered the holy vessel, and every day in the morning the three fellows would come before it, and say their devotions

Now, at the year's end, and the same day after that Sir Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early, and his fellows, and came unto the palace, and saw before them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling upon his knees in the likeness of a bishop which had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ himself And then he arose and began a mass of our Lady And when he came to the consecrating of the mass, and had done, anon he called Sir Galahad, and said unto him, "Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired to see " And then Sir Galahad began to tremble right sore when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things Then he held up both his hands toward heaven and said, "Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that which hath been my desire many a day Now, blessed Lord, would I no longer live, if it might please thee, good Lord " And therewith the good man took our Lord's body between his hands, and proffered it unto Sir Galahad And he received it right gladly and meekly Now said the good man, "Wottest thou whom I am?" "Nay," said Sir Galahad "I am Joseph of Arimathye, which our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship And wottest thou wherefore he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things One is that thou hast seen the Sancgreal And the other is in that thou hast been a clean maiden as I am " And when he had said these words, Sir Galahad went to Sir Percival and kissed him, and commended him to God, and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him and commended him to God And said, "Fair lords, salute me to my lord Sir Launcelot, my father, and soon as ye see him, bid him remember this unstable world " And therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers And then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that his two fellows might behold it Also his two fellows saw come from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven Since then was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal

BARNABE RICHE

(1540? - 1620)

BARNABE RICHE (or Barnaby Rich — there are several variants) was born probably about 1540 in Essex. He was a soldier in the Low Countries and wrote a novel and several tales. He probably began writing in 1574.

The most interesting of Riche's works is the collection of tales first published in London in 1581 under the title *Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession containing verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme*.

Apolonius and Silla is a tale done in the Italian manner and doubtless based on an Italian original. It has special interest for us because it formed the basis of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

The text used is that of the original edition, with modernised spelling and punctuation. The full title is *Of Apolonius and Silla*.

APOLONIUS AND SILLA

THERE is no child that is born into this wretched world but before it doth suck the mother's milk, it taketh first a sup of the cup of error, which maketh us, when we come to riper years, not only to enter into actions of injury, but many times to stray from that is right and reason, but in all other things, wherein we show ourselves to be most drunken with this poisoned cup, it is in our actions of love, for the lover is so estranged from that is right and wandereth so wide from the bounds of reason, that he is not able to deem white from black, good from bad, virtue from vice, but only led by the appetite of his own affections, and grounding them on the foolishness of his own fancies, will so settle his liking on such a one, as either by desert or unworthiness will merit rather to be loathed than loved.

If a question might be asked, what is the ground indeed of reasonable love, whereby the knot is knit of true and perfect friendship, I think those that be wise would answer desert that is, where the party be loved doth requite us with the like, for otherwise, if the bare show of beauty, or the comeliness of personage might be sufficient to confirm us in our love, those that be accustomed to go to fairs and markets might some times fall in love with twenty in a day. Desert must then be (of force) the ground of reasonable love, for to love them that hate us, to follow them

that fly from us, to faun on them that frown on us, to curry favor with them that disdain us, to be glad to please them that care not how they offend us, who will not confess this to be an erroneous love, neither grounded upon wit nor reason? Wherefore, right courteous gentlewomen, if it please you with patience to peruse this history following, you shall see Dame Error so play her part with a leash of lovers, a male and two females, as shall work a wonder to your wise judgment, in noting the effect of their amorous devises and conclusions of their actions the first neglecting the love of a noble dame, young, beautiful, and fair, who only for his good will played the part of a serving man, contented to abide any manner of pain only to behold him he again setting his love of a dame that, despising him, (being a noble Duke,) gave herself to a serving man (as she had thought), but it otherwise fell out, as the substance of this tale shall better describe And because I have been something tedious in my first discourse, offending your patient ears with the hearing of a circumstance over long, from henceforth, that which I mind to write shall be done with such celerity, as the matter that I pretend to pen may in anywise permit me, and thus followeth the history

During the time that the famous city of Constantinople remained in the hands of Christians, amongst many other noblemen that kept their abiding in that flourishing city, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthy duke, who being but a very young man and even then new come to his possessions, which were very great, levied a mighty band of men at his own proper charges, with whom he served against the Turk during the space of one whole year in which time, although it were very short, this young Duke so behaved himself, as well by prowess and valance showed with his own hands, as otherwise by his wisdom and liberality used towards his soldiers, that all the world was filled with the fame of this noble Duke When he had thus spent one year's service, he caused his trumpet to sound a retreat, and gathering his company together, and embarking themselves, he set sail, holding his course towards Constantinople but, being upon the sea, by the extremity of a tempest which suddenly fell, his fleet was dissevered, some one way, and some another, but he himself recovered the Isle of Cyprus, where he was worthily received by Pontus, duke and governor of the same isle, with whom he lodged while his ships were new repairing

This Pontus, that was lord and governor of this famous Isle, was an ancient duke, and had two children, a son and a daughter his son was named Silvio, of whom hereafter we shall have further occasion to speak, but at this instant he was in the parts of Africa, serving in the wars

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beauty was so peerless that she had the sovereignty amongst all other dames, as well for her beauty as for the nobleness of her birth This Silla, having heard of the worthiness of Apolonius, this young Duke, who besides his beauty and good graces

had a certain natural allurements, that being now in his company in her father's court, she was so strangely attached with the love of Apolonius, that there was nothing might content her but his presence and sweet sight, and although she saw no manner of hope to attain to that she most desired, knowing Apolonius to be but a guest, and ready to take the benefit of the next wind and to depart into a strange country, whereby she was bereaved of all possibility ever to see him again, and therefore strived with herself to leave her fondness, but all in vain, it would not be, but, like the fowl which is once lured, the more she striveth, the faster she tieth herself So Silla was now constrained, perforce her will, to yield to love, wherefore, from time to time, she used so great familiarity with him as her honor might well permit, and fed him with such amorous baits as the modesty of a maid could reasonably afford, which when she perceived did take but small effect, feeling herself so much outraged with the extremity of her passion, by the only countenance that she bestowed upon Apolonius, it might have been well perceived that the very eyes pleaded unto him for pity and remorse But Apolonius, coming but lately from out the field from the chasing of his enemies, and his fury not yet thoroughly dissolved nor purged from his stomach, gave no regard to those amorous enticements which, by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted withal But his mind ran more to hear his pilots bring news of a merry wind to serve his turn to Constantinople, which in the end came very prosperously, and giving Duke Pontus hearty thanks for his great entertainment, taking his leave of himself and the Lady Silla his daughter, departed with his company, and with a happy gale, arrived at his desired port

Gentlewomen, according to my promise, I will here for brevity's sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla for this sudden departure of her Apolonius, knowing you to be as tenderly hearted as Silla herself, whereby you may the better conjecture the fury of her fever But Silla, the further that she saw herself bereaved of all hope ever any more to see her beloved Apolonius, so much the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speed to execute that she had premeditated in her mind, which was this Amongst many servants that did attend upon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited upon her in her chamber, whereby she was well assured of his fidelity and trust to that Pedro therefore she bewrayed first the fervency of her love borne to Apolonius, conjuring him in the name of the goddess of love herself, and binding him by the duty that a servant ought to have, that tendereth his mistress safety and good liking, and desiring him, with tears trickling down her cheeks, that he would give his consent to aid and assist her in that she had determined, which was for that she was fully resolved to go to Constantinople, where she might again take the view of her beloved Apolonius, that he, according

to the trust she had reposed in him, would not refuse to give his consent, secretly to convey her from out her father's court, according as she should give him direction, and also to make himself partaker of her journey, and to wait upon her till she had seen the end of her determination

Pedro, perceiving with what vehemency his lady and mistress had made request unto him, albeit he saw many perils and doubts depending in her pretence, notwithstanding, gave his consent to be at her disposition, promising her to further her with his best advice, and to be ready to obey whatsoever she would please to command him. The match being thus agreed upon, and all things prepared in a readiness for their departure, it happened there was a galley of Constantinople ready to depart, which Pedro understanding, came to the captain, desiring him to have passage for himself and for a poor maid that was his sister, which were bound to Constantinople upon certain urgent affairs to which request the captain granted, willing him to prepare aboard with all speed, because the wind served him presently to depart

Pedro now coming to his mistress, and telling her how he had handled the matter with the captain, she liking very well of the device, disguising herself into very simple attire, stole away from out her father's court, and came with Pedro, whom now she calleth brother, aboard the galley, where all things being in readiness, and the wind serving very well, they launched forth with their oars, and set sail. When they were at the sea, the captain of the galley, taking the view of Silla, perceiving her singular beauty, he was better pleased in beholding of her face than in taking the height either of the sun or star, and thinking her, by the homeliness of her apparel, to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin, he began to break with her, after the sea fashion, desiring her to use his own cabin for her better ease, and during the time that she remained at the sea, she should not want a bed, and then, whispering softly in her ear, he said that, for want of a bedfellow, he himself would supply that room. Silla, not being acquainted with any such talk, blushed for shame, but made him no answer at all. My captain, feeling such a bickering within himself the like whereof he had never endured upon the sea, was like to be taken prisoner aboard his own ship, and forced to yield himself a captive without any cannon shot, wherefore, to salve all sores, and thinking it the readiest way to speed, he began to break with Silla in the way of marriage, telling her how happy a voyage she had made, to fall into the liking of such a one as himself was, who was able to keep and maintain her like a gentlewoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom he would by some means prefer in such sort, that both of them should have good cause to think themselves thrice happy, she to light of such a husband, and he to light of such a brother. But Silla, nothing pleased with these preferments, desired him to cease his talk, for that she did think herself indeed to be too unworthy such a

one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marry, and therefore desired him to fix his fancy upon some that were better worthy than herself was, and that could better like of his courtesy than she could do. The captain, seeing himself thus refused, being in a great chafe, he said as followeth.

“Then, seeing you make so little account of my courtesy, proffered to one that is so far unworthy of it, from henceforth I will use the office of my authority you shall know that I am the captain of this ship, and have power to command and dispose of things at my pleasure, and seeing you have so scornfully rejected me to be your loyal husband, I will now take you by force, and use you at my will, and so long as it shall please me will keep you for mine own store, there shall be no man able to defend you, nor yet to persuade me from that I have determined.”

Silla, with these words being struck into a great fear, did think it now too late to rue her rash attempt, determined rather to die with her own hands, than to suffer herself to be abused in such sort, therefore, she most humbly desired the captain, so much as he could, to save her credit, and seeing that she must needs be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer till night, when in the dark he might take his pleasure, without any manner of suspicion to the residue of his company. The captain, thinking now the goal to be more than half won, was contented so far to satisfy her request, and departed out, leaving her alone in his cabin.

Silla, being alone by herself, drew out her knife, ready to strike herself to the heart, and, falling upon her knees, desired God to receive her soul, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, craving pardon for her sin and so forth, continuing a long and pitiful reconciliation to God, in the midst whereof there suddenly fell a wonderful storm, the terror whereof was such that there was no man but did think the seas would presently have swallowed them. The billows so suddenly arose with the rage of the wind, that they were all glad to fall to heaving out of water, for otherwise their feeble galley had never been able to have brooked the seas. This storm continued all that day and the next night, and they being driven to put before the wind, to keep the galley ahead the billow, were driven upon the main shore, where the galley brake all to pieces. There was every man providing to save his own life, some gat upon hatches, boards, and casks, and were driven with the waves to and fro, but the greatest number were drowned, amongst the which Pedro was one, but Silla herself being in the cabin, as you have heard, took hold of a chest that was the captain's, the which, by the only providence of God, brought her safe to the shore, the which when she had recovered, not knowing what was become of Pedro her man, she deemed that both he and all the rest had been drowned, for that she saw nobody upon the shore but herself. Wherefore, when she had a while made great lamentations, complaining her mishaps, she began in the end to comfort

herself with the hope that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such means that she brake open the chest that brought her to land, wherein she found good store of coin, and sundry suits of apparel that were the captain's. And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be profured to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her apparel, and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety and, as she changed her apparel, she thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

In this manner she travelled to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the serving man, she presented herself to the Duke, craving his service. The Duke, very willing to give succor unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smug young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him, the which the Duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber who but Silvio then was most near about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well, that above all the rest of his servants about him, he had the greatest credit, and the Duke put him most in trust.

At this very instant there was remaining in the city a noble dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Greece, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina who, besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this Lady Julina Apolonius became in earnest suitor, and, according to the manner of wooers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, brooches, rings, tablets, gems, jewels, and presents, — I know not what. So my Duke, who in the time that he remained in the Isle of Cyprus had no skill at all in the art of love, although it were more than half profured unto him, was now become a scholar in love's school, and had already learned his first lesson, that is, to speak pitifully, to look ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully. Now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man

that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love-letters to the Lady Julna, but Silvio, his man? In him the Duke reposed his only confidence to go between him and his lady

Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will, as if it had been in her own preferment

Julna, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth, Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the master was with herself, and on a time, Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the Lady Julna, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julna, interrupting him in his tale, said "Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master, from henceforth, either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all" Silla, abashed to hear these words, began in her mind to accuse the blindness of Love, that Julna, neglecting the good will of so noble a Duke, would prefer her love unto such a one, as nature itself had denied to recompense her liking

And now, for a time leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed, (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla,) was come to his father's court into the Isle of Cyprus, where, understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro her man (that was missing with her) and herself but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that as she was his natural sister, both by father and mother, so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favor, that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman

Silvio, therefore, vowed to his father, not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villain which he conceived in Pedro for the carrying away of his sister, and thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where as he was walking in an evening for his own recreation, on a pleasant green yard without the walls of the city, he fortun'd to meet with the Lady Julna, who likewise had been abroad to take the air, and as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, "Sir Silvio, if your haste be not the greater, I pray you, let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place"

Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger, not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say

Julina, commanding her train something to stand back, said as followeth "Seeing my good will and friendly love hath been the only cause to make me so prodigal to offer that I see is so lightly rejected, it maketh me to think that men be of this condition, rather to desire those things which they cannot come by, than to esteem or value of that which both largely and liberally is offered unto them but if the liberality of my proffer hath made to seem less the value of the thing that I meant to present, it is but in your own conceit, considering how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, which hath both served, sued, and most humbly entreated, to attain to that which to you of myself I have freely offered and I perceive is despised, or at the least very lightly regarded "

Silvio, wondering at these words, but more amazed that she could so rightly call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himself that she was deceived and did mistake him, did think, notwithstanding, it had been a point of great simplicity if he should for sake that which Fortune had so favorably proffered unto him, perceiving by her train that she was some lady of great honor, and viewing the perfection of her beauty and the excellency of her grace and countenance, did think it impossible that she should be despised, and therefore answered thus

"Madam, if before this time I have seemed to forget myself in neglecting your courtesy which so liberally you have meant unto me, please it you to pardon what is past, and from this day foreward Silvio remaineth ready prest to make such reasonable amends as his ability may anyways permit, or as it shall please you to command "

Julina, the gladdest woman that might be to hear these joyful news, said "Then, my Silvio, see you fail not to morrow at night to sup with me at my own house, where I will discourse farther with you what amends you shall make me " To which request Silvio gave his glad consent, and thus they departed, very well pleased And as Julina did think the time very long till she had reaped the fruit of her desire, so Silvio he wished for harvest before corn could grow, thinking the time as long till he saw how matters would fall out, but, not knowing what lady she might be, he presently (before Julina was out of sight) demanded of one that was walking by, what she was, and how she was called? who satisfied Silvio in every point, and also in what part of the town her house did stand, whereby he might enquire it out

Silvio, thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with very unquiet sleeps, and the next morning his mind ran so much of his supper, that he never cared neither for his breakfast nor dinner, and the day, to his seem-

ing, passed away so slowly, that he had thought the stately steeds had been tired that draw the chariot of the sun, or else some other Joshua had commanded them again to stand, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whip

Julna, on the other side, she had thought the clock setter had played the knave, the day came no faster forwards but six o'clock being once struck, recovered comfort to both parties, and Silvio, hastening himself to the palace of Julna, where by her he was friendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper being made ready, furnished with sundry sorts of delicate dishes, they sat them down, passing the supper time with amorous looks, loving countenances, and secret glances conveyed from the one to the other, which did better satisfy them than the feeding of their dainty dishes

Supper time being thus spent, Julna did think it very unfitly if she should turn Silvio to go seek his lodging in an evening, desired him therefore that he would take a bed in her house for that night, and, bringing him up into a fair chamber that was very richly furnished, she found such means, that when all the rest of her household servants were a bed and quiet, she came herself to bear Silvio company, where, concluding upon conditions that were in question between them, they passed the night but the morning approaching, Julna took her leave, and conveyed herself into her own chamber, and when it was fair daylight, Silvio, making himself ready, departed likewise about his affairs in the town, debating with himself how things had happened, being well assured that Julna had mistaken him, and, therefore, for fear of further evils, determined to come no more there, but took his journey towards other places in the parts of Greece, to see if he could learn any tidings of his sister Silla

The Duke Apolonius, having made a long suit and never a whit the nearer of his purpose, came to Julna to crave her direct answer, either to accept of him and of such conditions as he proffered unto her, or else to give him his last farewell

Julna, as you have heard, had taken an earnest penny of another, whom she had thought had been Silvio the Duke's man, was at a controversy in herself what she might do one while she thought, seeing her occasion served so fit, to crave the Duke's good will, for the marrying of his man, then again, she could not tell what displeasure the Duke would conceive, in that she should seem to prefer his man before himself, did think it therefore best to conceal the matter till she might speak with Silvio, to use his opinion how these matters should be handled and here upon resolving herself, desiring the Duke to pardon her speeches, said as followeth

"Sir Duke, for that from this time forwards I am no longer of myself, having given my full power and authority over to another whose wife I

now remain by faithful vow and promise, and albeit I know the world will wonder when they shall understand the fondness of my choice, yet I trust you yourself with nothing dislike with me, sith I have meant no other thing than the satisfying of mine own contentation and liking ”

The Duke, hearing these words, answered “Madam, I must then content myself, although against my will, having the law in your own hands to like of whom you list, and to make choice where it pleaseth you ”

Julna, giving the Duke great thanks, that would content himself with such patience, desired him likewise to give his free consent, and good will to the party whom she had chosen to be her husband

“Nay, surely, madam, ([quoth] the Duke) I will never give my consent that any other man shall enjoy you than myself I have made too great account of you, than so lightly to pass you away with my good will But seeing it lieth not in me to let you, having (as you say) made your own choice, so from henceforward I leave you to your own liking, always willing you well, and thus will take my leave ”

The Duke departed towards his own house, very sorrowful that Julna had thus served him but in the mean space that the Duke had remained in the house of Julna, some of his servants fell into talk and conference with the servants of Julna, where, debating between them of the likelihood of the marriage between the Duke and the lady, one of the servants of Julna said that he never saw his lady and mistress use so good countenance to the Duke himself, as she had done to Silvio his man, and began to report with what familiarity and courtesy she had received him, feasted him, and lodged him, and that, in his opinion, Silvio was like to speed before the Duke, or any other that were suitors

This tale was quickly brought to the Duke himself, who, making better inquiry in the matter, found it to be true that was reported, and, better considering of the words which Julna had used towards himself, was very well assured that it could be no other than his own man that had thrust his nose so far out of joint wherefore, without any further respect, caused him to be thrust into a dungeon, where he was kept prisoner in a very pitiful plight

Poor Silvio, having got intelligence by some of his fellows what was the cause that the Duke his master did bear such displeasure unto him, devised all the means he could, as well by mediation by his fellows, as otherwise by petitions and supplications to the Duke, that he would suspend his judgment till perfect proof were had in the matter, and then, if any manner of thing did fall out against him, whereby the Duke had cause to take any grief, he would confess himself worthy not only of imprisonment, but also of most vile and shameful death With these petitions he daily plied the Duke, but all in vain, for the Duke thought he had made so good proof that he was thoroughly confirmed in his opinion against his man

But the Lady Julina, wondering what made Silvio that he was so slack in his visitation, and why he absented himself so long from her presence, began to think that all was not well, but in the end, perceiving no decoction of her former surfeit, received as you have heard, and assuring herself to be with child, fearing to become quite bankrupt of her honor, did think it more than time to seek out a father, and made such secret search and diligent inquiry, that she learned the truth, how Silvio was kept in prison by the Duke his master, and minding to find a present remedy, as well for the love she bare to Silvio as for the maintenance of her credit and estimation, she speedily hasted to the palace of the Duke, to whom she said as followeth

“Sir Duke, it may be that you will think my coming to your house in this sort doth something pass the limits of modesty, the which I protest, before God, proceedeth of this desire, that the world should know how justly I seek means to maintain my honor. But to the end I seem not tedious with prolixity of words, nor to use other than direct circumstances, know, sir, that the love I bear to my only beloved Silvio, whom I do esteem more than all the jewels in the world, whose personage I regard more than my own life, is the only cause of my attempted journey, beseeching you, that all the whole displeasure which I understand you have conceived against him, may be imputed unto my charge, and that it would please you lovingly to deal with him, whom of myself I have chosen, rather for the satisfaction of mine honest liking, than for the vain preeminences or honorable dignities looked after by ambitious minds”

The Duke, having heard this discourse, caused Silvio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before him, to whom he said “Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed myself in thy fidelity and the trustiness of thy service, that thou shouldst so traitorously deal with me, but since that time hast not spared still to abuse me with so many forgeries and perjured protestations, not only hateful unto me, whose simplicity thou thinkest to be such, that by the plot of thy pleasant tongue thou wouldst make me believe a manifest untruth, but most abominable be thy doings in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name by calling him to be a witness to maintain thy leasings, and so detestably wouldst forswear thyself in a matter that is so openly known”

Poor Silvio, whose innocence was such that he might lawfully swear, seeing Julina to be there in place, answered thus

“Most noble Duke, well understanding your concerned grief, most humbly I beseech you patiently to hear my excuse, not minding thereby to aggravate or heap up your wrath and displeasure, protesting, before God, that there is nothing in the world which I regard so much, or do esteem so dear, as your good grace and favor, but desirous that Your Grace should know my innocence, and to clear myself of such impositions,

wherewith I know I am wrongfully accused, which, as I understand, should be in the practising of the Lady Julina, who standeth here in place, whose acquittance for my better discharge now I most humbly crave, protesting, before the Almighty God, that neither in thought, word, nor deed, I have not otherwise used myself than according to the bond and duty of a servant, that is both willing and desirous to further his master's suites, which if I have otherwise said than that is true, you, Madam Julina, who can very well decide the depths of all this doubt, I most humbly beseech you to certify a truth, if I have in any thing mis-said, or have otherwise spoken than is right and just "

Julina, having heard this discourse which Silvio had made, perceiving that he stood in great awe of the Duke's displeasure, answered thus "Think not, my Silvio, that my coming hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanor towards your master, so I do not deny but in all such embassies wherein towards me you have been employed, you have used the office of a faithful and trusty messenger, neither am I ashamed to confess that the first day that mine eyes did behold the singular behavior, the notable courtesy, and other innumerable gifts wherewith my Silvio is endued, but that beyon'd all measure my heart was so inflamed that impossible it was for me to quench the fervent love, or extinguish the least part of my conceived torment, before I had bewrayed the same unto him, and of my own motion craved his promised faith and loyalty of marriage, and now is the time to manifest the same unto the world which hath been done before God and between ourselves, knowing that it is not needful to keep secret that which is neither evil done nor hurtful to any person Therefore (as I said before) Silvio is my husband by plighted faith, whom I hope to obtain without offence or displeasure of any one, trusting that there is no man that will so far forget himself as to restrain that which God hath left at liberty for every wight, or that will seek by cruelty to force ladies to marry otherwise than according to their own liking Fear not then, my Silvio, to keep your faith and promise, which you have made unto me, and as for the rest, I doubt not things will so fall out as you shall have no manner of cause to complain "

Silvio, amazed to hear these words, for that Julina by her speech seemed to confirm that which he most of all desired to be quit of, said "Who would have thought that a lady of so great honor and reputation would herself be the ambassador of a thing so prejudicial and uncomely for her estate! What plighted promises be these which be spoken of? altogether ignorant unto me, which if it be otherwise than I have said, you sacred goddess, consume me straight with flashing flames of fire But what words might I use to give credit to the truth and innocence of my cause? Ah, Madame Julina! I desire no other testimony than your own, I desire no other testimony than your own honesty and virtue, thinking that you will not so much blemish the brightness of your honor, knowing

that a woman is, or should be, the image of courtesy, continence, and shamefastness, from the which so soon as she stoopeth, and leaveth the office of her duty and modesty, besides the degradation of her honor, she thrusteth herself into the pit of perpetual infamy. And as I can not thank you would so far forget yourself by the refusal of a noble Duke, to dim the light of your renown and glory which hitherto you have maintained amongst the best and noblest ladies, by such a one as I know myself to be, too far unworthy your degree and calling, so most humbly I beseech you to confess a truth, whereto tendeth those vows and promises you speak of, which speeches be so obscure unto me, as I know not for my life how I might understand them."

Julna, something nipped with these speeches, said "And what is the matter, that now you make so little account of your Julna, that, being my husband indeed, have the face to deny me to whom thou art contracted by so many solemn oaths? What! art thou ashamed to have me to thy wife? How much oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to break thy promised faith, and to have despised the holy and dreadful name of God? but that time constraineth me to lay open that which shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keep secret, behold me then here, Silvio, whom thou hast gotten with child, who, if thou be of such honesty as I trust for all this I shall find, then the thing is done without prejudice, or any hurt to my conscience, considering that by the professed faith thou didst account me for thy wife, and I received thee for my spouse and loyal husband, swearing by the Almighty God that no other than you have made the conquest and triumph of my chastity, whereof I crave no other witness then yourself and mine own conscience"

But now to return to our Silvio who, hearing an oath sworn so divinely that he had gotten a woman with child, was like to believe that it had been true in very deed, but, remembering his own impediment, thought it impossible that he should commit such an act, and therefore, half in a chafe, he said "What law is able to restrain the foolish indiscretion of a woman that yeldeth herself to her own desires? What shame is able to bridle or withdraw her from her mind and madness, or with what snaffle is it possible to hold her back from the execution of her filthiness? But what abomination is this, that a lady of such a house should so forget the greatness of her estate, the alliance whereof she is descended, the nobility of her deceased husband, and maketh no conscience to shame and slander herself with such a one as I am, being so far unfit and unseemly for her degree! But how horrible is it to hear the name of God so defaced, that we make no more account but for the maintenance of our mischiefs, we fear no whit at all to forswear his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealings most righteous, true, and just, and will not only lay open our leasings to the world, but will likewise punish the same with most sharp and bitter scourges"

Julina, not able to endure him to proceed any farther in his sermon, was already surprised with a vehement grief, began bitterly to cry out, uttering these speeches following

“Alas! Is it possible that the sovereign justice of God can abide a mischief so great and cursed? Why may I not now suffer death, rather than the infamy which I see to wander before mine eyes? Oh, happy, and more than right happy, had I been, if inconstant fortune had not devised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught! Am I thus become to be entangled with snares, and in the hands of him who, enjoying the spoils of my honor, will openly deprive me of my fame, by making me a common fable to all posterity in time to come? Ah, traitor, and discourteous wretch! Is this the recompense of the honest and firm amity which I have borne thee? Wherein have I deserved this discourtesy? By loving thee more than thou art able to deserve? Is it I, arrant thief! is it I, upon whom thou thinkest to work thy mischiefs? Dost thou think me no better worth but that thou mayest prodigally waste my honor at thy pleasure? Didst thou dare to adventure upon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason? Ah, unhappy, and, above all other, most unhappy! that have so charily preserved mine honor, and now am made a prey to satisfy a young man’s lust, that hath coveted nothing but the spoil of my chastity and good name!”

Here withal her tears so gushed down her cheeks, that she was not able to open her mouth to use any farther speech

The Duke, who stood by all this while and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moved with compassion towards Julina, knowing that from her infancy she had ever so honorably used herself, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanor, otherwise than beseeemed a lady of her estate wherefore, being fully resolved that Silvio, his man, had committed this villainy against her, in a great fury drawing his rapier, he said unto Silvio

“How canst thou, arrant thief! show thyself so cruel and careless to such as do thee honor? Hast thou so little regard of such a noble lady, as humbleth herself to such a villain as thou art, who, without any respect either of her renown or noble estate, canst be content to seek the wrack and utter ruin of her honor? But frame thyself to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I know, unworthy wretch, that thou art not able to make her the least part of amends, or I swear by God that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister thee with my own hands, and therefore advise thee well what thou doest”

Silvio, having heard this sharp sentence, fell down on his knees before the Duke, craving for mercy, desiring that he might be suffered to speak with the Lady Julina apart, promising to satisfy her according to her own contentation

“Well, ([quoth] the Duke) I take thy word, and therewithal I advise

thee that thou perform thy promise, or otherwise I protest, before God, I will make thee such an example to the world, that all traitors shall tremble for fear how they do seek the dishonoring of ladies "

But now Julna had conceived so great grief against Silvio, that there was much ado to persuade her to talk with him, but remembering her own case, desirous to hear what excuse he could make in the end she agreed, and being brought into a place severally by themselves, Silvio began with a piteous voice to say as followeth

"I know not, madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of myself, or rather of Fortune, which hath conducted and brought us both into so great adversity, I see that you receive great wrong, and I am condemned against all right, you in peril to abide the brute of spiteful tongues, and I in danger to lose the thing that I most desire, and although I could allege many reasons to prove my sayings true, yet I refer myself to the experience and bounty of your mind " And herewithal loosing his garment and showed Julna his breasts surmounting far the whiteness of snow itself, saying "Lo, Madam! behold here the party whom you have challenged to be the father of your child See, I am a woman, the daughter of a noble Duke, who, only for the love of him whom you so lightly have shaken off, have forsaken my father, abandoned my country, and, in manner as you see, am become a serving-man, satisfying myself but with the only sight of my Apolonius And now, Madam, if my passion were not vehement, and my torments without comparison, I would wish that my feigned griefs might be laughed to scorn, and my dissembled pains to be rewarded with flouts but my love being pure, my travail continual, and my griefs endless, I trust, madam, you will not only excuse me of crime, but also pity my distress, the which, I protest, I would still have kept secret, if my fortune would so have permitted "

Julna did now think herself to be in a worse case then ever she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child, wherefore, when she had told the Duke the very certainty of the discourse which Silvio had made unto her, she departed to her own house, with such grief and sorrow that she purposed never to come out of her own doors again alive, to be a wonder and mocking stock to the world

But the Duke, more amazed to hear this strange discourse of Silvio, came unto him, whom when he had viewed with better consideration, perceived indeed that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and embracing her in his arms, he said

"Oh, the branch of all virtue and the flower of courtesy itself! Pardon me, I beseech you, of all such discourtesies as I have ignorantly committed towards you, desiring you that without further memory of ancient griefs, you will accept of me, who is more joyful and better contented with your presence, than if the whole world were at my commandment Where hath there ever been found such liberality in a lover, which having been

trained up and nourished amongst the delicacies and banquets of the court, accompanied with trains of many fair and noble ladies, living in pleasure and in the midst of delights, would so prodigally adventure yourself, neither fearing mishaps, nor mishing to take such pains as I know you have not been accustomed unto? Oh, liberality never heard of before! Oh, fact that can never be sufficiently rewarded! Oh, true love most pure and unfeigned!" Here withal sending for the most artificial workmen, he provided for her sundry suits of sumptuous apparel, and the marriage day appointed, which was celebrated with great triumph through the whole city of Constantinople, everyone praising the nobleness of the Duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beauty of Silla gave her the praise above all the rest of the ladies in the troupe

The matter seemed so wonderful and strange, that the bruit was spread throughout all the parts of Grecia, in so much that it came to the hearing of Silvio, who, as you have heard, remained in those parts to inquire of his sister he being the gladdest man in the world, hasted to Constantinople, where, coming to his sister, he was joyfully received, and most lovingly welcomed, and entertained of the Duke his brother-in-law After he had remained there two or three days, the Duke revealed unto Silvio the whole discourse, how it happened between his sister and the Lady Julna, and how his sister was challenged for getting a woman with child Silvio, blushing with these words, was stricken with great remorse to make Julna amends, understanding her to be a noble lady, and was left defamed to the world through his default he therefore bewrayed the whole circumstance to the Duke, whereof the Duke being very joyful, immediately repaired with Silvio to the house of Julna, whom they found in her chamber in great lamentation and mourning To whom the Duke said "Take courage, madam, for behold here a gentleman that will not stick both to father your child and to take you for his wife, no inferior person, but the son and heir of a noble Duke, worthy of your estate and dignity "

Julna, seeing Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her child, and was so ravished with joy, that she knew not whether she were awake, or in some dream Silvio, embracing her in his arms, craving forgiveness of all that was past, concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently accomplished with great joy and contentation to all parties And thus, Silvio having attained a noble wife, and Silla, his sister, her desired husband, they passed the residue of their days with such delight as those that have accomplished the perfection of their felicities

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670-1729)

CONGREVE is known as one of the great English writers of comedy. As a writer of fiction his claim on our consideration rests entirely upon the little known novel *Incognita*. He was born in Yorkshire but spent his early years in Ireland. After graduating from Trinity College Dublin he returned to England in 1688. His first play was produced in London in 1693. *Love for Love* (1695) and *The Way of the World* (1700) were his most brilliant and famous comedies. The last twenty seven years of his life were spent in affluence but were almost barren of literary productions.

Congreve's only novel was first published in a magazine in 1691 and for a time enjoyed a certain popularity. *Incognita* is a clever and brilliant example of a type of fiction that was practised by several writers of the time.

The present version is a reprint (with modernised spelling and punctuation) of the edition of 1692. The full title reads *Incognita or Love and Duty Reconcil'd A Novel*

INCOGNITA

AURELIAN was the only son to a principal gentleman of Florence. The indulgence of his father prompted, and his wealth enabled him, to bestow a generous education upon him whom he now began to look upon as the type of himself, an impression he had made in the gaiety and vigor of his youth, before the rust of age had debilitated and obscured the splendor of the original. He was sensible that he ought not to be sparing in the adornment of him, if he had resolution to beautify his own memory. Indeed, Don Fabio (for so was the old gentleman called) has been observed to have fixed his eyes upon Aurelian when much company has been at table, and have wept through earnestness of intention, if nothing happened to divert the object, whether it were for regret at the recollection of his former self, or for the joy he conceived in being, as it were, revived in the person of his son, I never took upon me to enquire, but supposed it might be sometimes one, and sometimes both together.

Aurelian, at the age of eighteen years, wanted nothing but a beard that the most accomplished Cavalier in Florence could pretend to. He had been educated from twelve years old at Siena, where it seems his father kept a receiver, having a large income from the rents of several houses in that town. Don Fabio gave his servant orders, that Aurelian should not

be stunted in his expenses, when he came up to years of discretion. By which means he was enabled not only to keep company with, but also to confer many obligations upon strangers of quality, and gentlemen who travelled from other countries into Italy, of which Siena never wanted store, being a town most delightfully situate, upon a noble hill, and very well suited with strangers at first, by reason of the agreeableness and purity of the air. There also is the quaintness and delicacy of the Italian tongue most likely to be learned, there being many public professors of it in that place, and indeed the very vulgar of Siena do express themselves with an easiness and sweetness surprising, and even grateful to their ears who understand not the language.

Here Aurelian contracted an acquaintance with persons of worth of several countries, but among the rest an intimacy with a gentleman of quality of Spain, and nephew to the Archbishop of Toledo, who had so wrought himself into the affections of Aurelian, through a conformity of temper, an equality in years, and something of resemblance in feature and proportion, that he looked upon him as his second self. Hippolito, on the other hand, was not ungrateful in return of friendship, but thought himself either alone or in ill company, if Aurelian were absent, but his Uncle having sent him to travel, under the conduct of a governor, and the two years which limited his stay at Siena being expired, he was put in mind of his departure.

His friend grew melancholy at the news, but considering that Hippolito had never seen Florence, he easily prevailed with him to make his first journey thither, whither he would accompany him, and perhaps prevail with his father to do the like throughout his travels.

They accordingly set out, but not being able easily to reach Florence the same night, they rested a league or two short, at a villa of the great Duke's called Poggio Imperiale, where they were informed by some of his Highness's servants, that the nuptials of Donna Catharina (near kinswoman to the great Duke) and Don Ferdinand de Rovori, were to be solemnized the next day, and that extraordinary preparations had been making for some time past, to illustrate the solemnity with balls and masques, and other divertisements, that a tilting had been proclaimed, and to that purpose scaffolds erected around the spacious court, before the Church di Santa Croce, where were usually seen all cavalcades and shows, performed by assemblies of the young nobility, that all mechanics and tradesmen were forbidden to work or expose any goods to sale for the space of three days, during which time all persons should be entertained at the Great Duke's cost, and public provision was to be made for the setting forth and furnishing a multitude of tables, with entertainment for all comers and goers, and several houses appointed for that use in all streets.

This account alarmed the spirits of our young travellers, and they were

overjoyed at the prospect of pleasures they foresaw Aurelian could not contain the satisfaction he conceived in the welcome fortune had prepared for his dear Hippolito In short, they both remembered so much of the pleasing relation had been made them, that they forgot to sleep, and were up as soon as it was light, pounding at poor Signior Claudio's door (so was Hippolito's governor called) to rouse him, that no time might be lost till they were arrived at Florence, where they would furnish themselves with disguises and other accoutrements necessary for the prosecution of their design of sharing in the public merriment, the rather were they for going so early because Aurelian did not think fit to publish his being in town for a time, lest his father knowing of it, might give some restraint to that loose they designed themselves

Before sunrise they entered Florence at Porta Romana, attended only by two servants, the rest being left behind to avoid notice, but, alas! they needed not to have used half that caution, for early as it was, the streets were crowded with all sorts of people passing to and fro, and every man employed in something relating to the diversions to come, so that no notice was taken of anybody, a marquess and his train might have passed by as unregarded as a single fahin or cobbler Not a window in the streets but echoed the tuning of a lute or thrumming of a gutiar, for, by the way, the inhabitants of Florence are strangely addicted to the love of music, insomuch that scarce their children can go, before they can scratch some instrument or other It was no unpleasing spectacle to our cavaliers (who, seeing they were not observed, resolved to make observations) to behold the diversity of figures and postures of many of these musicians Here you should have an affected valet, who mimicked the behavior of his master, leaning carelessly against the window, with his head on one side, in a languishing posture, whining in a low mournful voice, some dismal complaint, while, from his sympathizing theorbo, issued a bass no less doleful to the hearers In opposition to him was set up perhaps a cobbler, with the wretched skeleton of a gutiar, battered and waxed together by his own industry, and who with three strings out of tune, and his own tearing hoarse voice, would rack attention from the neighborhood, to the great affliction of many more moderate practitioners who, no doubt, were full as desirous to be heard By this time Aurelian's servant had taken a lodging and was returned, to give his master an account of it The cavaliers, grown weary of that ridiculous entertainment, which was diverting at first sight, retired whither the lackey conducted them, who, according to their directions, had sought out one of the most obscure streets in the city All that day, to the evening, was spent in sending from one broker's shop to another, to furnish them with habits, since they had not time to make any new

There was, it happened, but one to be got rich enough to please our young gentlemen, so many were taken up upon this occasion While they

were in dispute and complimenting one another, (Aurelian protesting that Hippolito should wear it, and he, on t'other hand, forswearing it as bitterly,) a servant of Hippolito's came up and ended the controversy, telling them, that he had met below with the valet de chambre of a gentleman who was one of the greatest gallants about the town, but was at this time in such a condition he could not possibly be at the entertainment, whereupon the valet had designed to dress himself up in his master's apparel, and try his talent at court, which he hearing, told him he would inform him how he might bestow the habit for some time much more to his profit if not to his pleasure, so acquainted him with the occasion his master had for it Hippolito sent for the fellow up, who was not so fond of his design as not to be bought off it, but upon having his own demand granted for the use of it, brought it, it was very rich, and upon trial, as fit for Hippolito as if it had been made for him The ceremony was performed in the morning, in the great Dome, with all magnificence correspondent to the wealth of the great Duke, and the esteem he had for the noble pair The next morning was to be a tilting, and the same night a masquing ball at Court To omit the description of the universal joy, (that had diffused itself through all the conduits of wine, which conveyed it in large measures to the people,) and only relate those effects of it which concern our present adventurers, you must know, that about the fall of the evening, and at that time when the equilibrium of day and night for some time holds the air in a gloomy suspense between an unwillingness to leave the light and a natural impulse into the dominion of darkness, about this time our heroes, shall I say, sallied or slunk out of their lodgings, and steered toward the great palace whither, before they were arrived, such a prodigious number of torches were on fire that the day, by help of these auxiliary forces, seemed to continue its dominion, the owls and bats apprehending their mistake, in counting the hours, retired again to a convenient darkness, for Madam Night was no more to be seen than she was to be heard, and the chemists were of opinion that her fuliginous damps, rarefied by the abundance of flame, were evaporated

Now the reader I suppose to be upon thorns at this and the like impertinent digressions, but let him alone and he'll come to himself, at which time I think fit to acquaint him, that when I digress, I am at that time writing to please myself, when I continue the thread of the story, I write to please him, supposing him a reasonable man, I conclude him satisfied to allow me this liberty, and so I proceed

If our cavaliers were dazzled at the splendor they beheld without doors, what surprise, think you, must they be in when, entering the Palace, they found even the lights there to be but so many foils to the bright eyes that flashed upon 'em at every turn

A more glorious troop no occasion ever assembled, all the fair of Florence, with the most accomplished cavaliers, were present, and how-

ever Nature had been partial in bestowing on some better faces than others, art was alike indulgent to all, and industriously supplied those defects she had left, giving some addition also to her greatest excellencies. Everybody appeared well shaped, as it is to be supposed none who were conscious to themselves of any visible deformity would presume to come thither. Their apparel was equally glorious, though each differing in fancy. In short, our strangers were so well bred, as to conclude from these apparent perfections, that there was not a masque which did not at least hide the face of a cherubim. Perhaps the ladies were not behindhand in return of a favorable opinion of them for they were both well dressed, and had something inexpressibly pleasing in their air and mien, different from other people, and indeed differing from one another. They fancied that while they stood together they were more particularly taken notice of than any in the room, and being unwilling to be taken for strangers, which they thought they were by reason of some whispering they observed near them, they agreed upon an hour of meeting after the company should be broke up, and so separately mingled with the thickest of the assembly. Aurelian had fixed his eye upon a lady whom he had observed to have been a considerable time in close whisper with another woman. He expected with great impatience the result of that private conference, that he might have an opportunity of engaging the lady whose person was so agreeable to him. At last he perceived they were broke off, and the t'other lady seemed to have taken her leave. He had taken no small pains in the meantime to put himself in a posture to accost the lady, which, no doubt, he had happily performed had he not been interrupted, but scarce had he acquitted himself of a preliminary bow (and which, I have heard him say, was the lowest that ever he made) and had just opened his lips to deliver himself of a small compliment, which, nevertheless he was very big with, when he unluckily miscarried, by the interposal of the same lady, whose departure not long before, he had so zealously prayed for but, as Providence would have it, there was only some very small matter forgot, which was recovered in a short whisper. The coast being again cleared, he took heart and bore up and, striking sail, repeated his ceremony to the lady, who, having obligingly returned it, he accosted her in these or the like words:

“If I do not usurp a privilege reserved for someone more happy in your acquaintance, may I presume, Madam, to entreat (for a while) the favor of your conversation, at least till the arrival of whom you expect, provided you are not tired of me before? For then upon the least intimation of un easiness, I will not fail of doing myself the violence to withdraw for your release.” The lady made him answer, she did not expect anybody, by which he might imagine her conversation not of value to be bespoke, and to afford it him, were but farther to convince him to her own cost. He replied, She had already said enough to convince him of something he

heartily wished might not be to his cost in the end She pretended not to understand him, but told him, If he already found himself grieved with her conversation, he would have sufficient reason to repent the rashness of his first demand before they had ended for that now she intended to hold discourse with him on purpose to punish his unadvisedness, in presuming upon a person whose dress and mien might not (may be) be disagreeable to have wit "I must confess," replied Aurelian, "myself guilty of a presumption, and willingly submit to the punishment you intend and though it be an aggravation of a crime to persevere in its justification, yet I can not help defending an opinion in which now I am more confirmed, that probable conjectures may be made of the ingenious disposition of the mind, from the fancy and choice of apparel" "The humor I grant ye," said the lady, "or constitution of the person, whether melancholic or brisk, but I should hardly pass my censure upon so slight an indication of wit for there is your brisk fool as well as your brisk man of sense, and so of the melancholic I confess 'tis possible a fool may reveal himself by his dress, in wearing something extravagantly singular and ridiculous, or in preposterous suiting of colors, but a decency of habit (which is all that men of best sense pretend to) may be acquired by custom and example, without putting the person to a superfluous expense of wit for the contrivance, and though there should be occasion for it, few are so unfortunate in their relations and acquaintance not to have some friend capable of giving them advice, if they are not too ignorantly conceited to ask it" Aurelian was so pleased with the easiness and smartness of her expostulation, that he forgot to make a reply, when she seemed to expect it, but being a woman of a quick apprehension and justly sensible of her own perfections, she soon perceived he did not grudge his attention However, she had a mind to put it upon him to turn the discourse so went on upon the same subject "Signior," said she, "I have been looking round me, and by your maxims I cannot discover one fool in the company, for they are all well drest" This was spoken with an air of raillery that awakened the cavalier, who immediately made answer "'Tis true, Madam, we see there may be as much variety of good fancies as of faces, yet there may be many of both kinds borrowed and adulterate if inquired into, and as you were pleased to observe, the invention may be foreign to the person who puts it in practice, and as good an opinion as I have of an agreeable dress, I should be loth to answer for the wit of all about us" "I believe you," says the lady, "and hope you are convinced of your error, since you must allow it impossible to tell who of all this assembly did or did not make choice of their own apparel" "Not all," said Aurelian, "there is an ungainliness in some which betrays them Look ye there," says he, pointing to a lady who stood playing with the tassels of her girdle, "I dare answer for that lady, though she be very well dressed, 'tis more than she knows" His fair unknown could not forbear laughing at his particular

distinction, and freely told him he had indeed lighted upon one who knew as little as anybody in the room, herself excepted "Ah! Madam," replied Aurelian, "you know everything in the world but your own perfections, and you only know not those, because 'tis the top of perfection not to know them "How?" replied the lady, "I thought it had been the extremity of knowledge to know one's self" Aurelian had a little overstrained himself in that compliment, and I am of opinion would have been puzzled to have brought himself off readily, but by good fortune the music came into the room and gave him an opportunity to seem to decline an answer, because the company prepared to dance He only told her he was too mean a conquest for her wit who was already a slave to the charms of her person She thanked him for his compliment, and briskly told him she ought to have made him a return in praise of his wit, but she hoped he was a man more happy than to be dissatisfied with any of his own endowments, and if it were so, that he had not a just opinion of himself, she knew herself incapable of saying anything to beget one Aurelian did not know well what to make of this last reply, for he always abhorred anything that was conceited, with which this seemed to reproach him But however modest he had been heretofore in his own thoughts, yet never was he so distrustful of his good behavior as now, being rallied so by a person whom he took to be of judgment Yet he resolved to take no notice, but with an air unconcerned and full of good humor entreated her to dance with him She promised him to dance with nobody else, nor I believe had she inclination, for notwithstanding her tartness, she was upon equal terms with him as to the liking of each other's person and humor, and only gave those little hints to try his temper, there being certainly no greater sign of folly and ill breeding, than to grow serious and concerned at anything spoken in raillery for his part, he was strangely and insensibly fallen in love with her shape, wit and air, which, together with a white hand, he had seen (perhaps not accidentally) were enough to have subdued a more stubborn heart than ever he was master of, and for her face, which he had not seen, he bestowed upon her the best his imagination could furnish him with I should by right now describe her dress, which was extremely agreeable and rich, but 'tis possible I might err in some material pin or other, in the sticking of which maybe the whole grace of the drapery depended Well, they danced several times together, and no less to the satisfaction of the whole company than of themselves, for at the end of each dance, some public note of applause or other was given to the graceful couple

J Aurelian was amazed that among all that danced or stood in view he could not see Hippolito, but concluding that he had met with some pleasing conversation, and was withdrawn to some retired part of the room, he forbore his search till the mirth of that night should be over, and the company ready to break up, where we will leave him for a while, to see what became of his adventurous friend

Hippolito, a little after he had parted with Aurelian, was got among a knot of ladies and cavaliers, who were looking upon a large gold cup set with jewels, in which his Royal Highness had drunk to the prosperity of the new married couple at dinner, and which afterward he presented to his Cousin Donna Catharina. He among the rest was very intent admiring the richness, workmanship and beauty of the cup, when a lady came behind him and pulling him by the elbow, made a sign she would speak with him. Hippolito, who knew himself an utter stranger to Florence and everybody in it, immediately guessed she had mistaken him for her acquaintance, as indeed it happened. However, he resolved not to discover himself till he should be assured of it, having followed her into a set window remote from company, she addressed herself to him in this manner "Signior Don Lorenzo," said she, "I am overjoyed to see you are so speedily recovered of your wounds, which by report were much more dangerous than to have suffered your coming abroad so soon, but I must accuse you of great indiscretion, in appearing in a habit which so many must needs remember you to have worn upon the like occasion not long ago, I mean at the Marriage of Don Cynthio with your sister Atalanta. I do assure you, you were known by it, both to Juliana and myself, who was so far concerned for you as to desire me to tell you that her brother Don Fabritio (who saw you when you came in with another gentleman) had eyed you very narrowly, and is since gone out of the room, she knows not upon what design. However, she would have you for your own sake be advised and circumspect when you depart this place, lest you should be set upon unawares, you know the hatred Don Fabritio has borne you ever since you had the fortune to kill his kinsman in a duel." Here she paused as if expecting his reply, but Hippolito was so confounded that he stood mute, and contemplating the hazard he had ignorantly brought himself into, forgot his design of informing the lady of her mistake. She, finding he made her no answer, went on "I perceive," continued she, "you are in some surprise at what I have related, and maybe are doubtful of the truth, but I thought you had been better acquainted with your cousin Leonora's voice, than to have forgot it so soon. Yet in complaisance to your ill memory, I will put you past doubt, by showing you my face." With that she pulled off her mask, and discovered to Hippolito (now more amazed than ever) the most angelic face that he had ever beheld. He was just about to have made her some answer when, clapping on her mask again without giving him time, she happily for him pursued her discourse (For 'tis odds but he had made some discovery of himself in the surprise he was in.) Having taken him familiarly by the hand, now she had made herself known to him "Cousin Lorenzo," added she, "you may perhaps have taken it unkindly that, during the time of your indisposition, by reason of your wounds, I have not been to visit you, I do assure you it was not for want of any inclination I had both to see and serve you to

my power, but you are well acquainted with the severity of my father, whom you know how lately you have disoblged I am mightv glad that I have met with you here, where I have had an opportunity to tell you what so much concerns your safety, which I am afraid you will not find in Florence, considering the great power Don Fabritio and his father, the Marquess of Viterbo, have in this city I have another thing to inform you of, that whereas Don Fabio had interested himself in your cause, in opposition to the Marquess of Viterbo, by reason of the long animosity between them, all hopes of his countenance and assistance are defeated, for there has been a proposal of reconciliation made to both Houses, and it is said it will be confirmed (as most such ancient quarrels are at last) by the marriage of Juliana the Marquess's daughter with Aurelian, son to Don Fabio to which effect the old gentleman sent t'other day to Siena, where Aurelian has been educated, to hasten his coming to town, but the messenger returning this morning, brought word, that the same day he arrived at Siena, Aurelian had set out for Florence in company with a young Spanish nobleman, his intimate friend, so it is believed they are both in town, and not unlikely in this room in masquerade

Hippolito could not forbear smiling to himself at these last words For ever since the naming of Don Fabio he had been very attentive, but before, his thoughts were wholly taken up with the beauty of the face he had seen, and from the time she had taken him by the hand, a successive warmth and chillness had played about his heart, and surprised him with an unusual transport He was in a hundred minds whether he should make her sensible of her error or no, but considering he could expect no farther conference with her after he should discover himself, and that as yet he knew not of her place of abode, he resolved to humor the mistake a little further Having her still by the hand, which he squeezed somewhat more eagerly than is usual for cousins to do, in a low and undistinguishable voice, he let her know how much he held himself obliged to her, and avoiding as many words as handsomely he could, at the same time entreated her to give him her advice, toward the management of himself in this affair Leonora, who never from the beginning had entertained the least scruple of distrust, imagined he spoke faintly, as not being yet perfectly recovered in his strength, and withal considering that the heat of the room, by reason of the crowd, might be uneasy to a person in his condition, she kindly told him that if he were as inclinable to dispense with the remainder of that night's diversion as she was, and had no other engagement upon him, by her consent they should both steal out of the assembly and go to her house, where they might with more freedom discourse about a business of that importance, and where he might take something to refresh himself, if he were, as she conceived him to be, indisposed with his long standing Judge you whether the

proposal were acceptable to Hippolito or no He had been ruminating with himself how to bring something like this about, and had almost despaired of it, when of a sudden he found the success of his design had prevented his own endeavors He told his cousin in the same key as before, that he was unwilling to be the occasion of her divorce from so much good company, but for his own part, he was afraid he had presumed too much upon his recovery in coming abroad so soon, and that he found himself so unwell, he feared he should be quickly forced to retire Leonora stayed not to make him any other reply, only tipped him upon the arm, and bid him follow her at a convenient distance to avoid observation

Whoever had seen the joy that was in Hippolito's countenance, and the sprightliness with which he followed his beautiful conductress, would scarce have taken him for a person grieved with uncured wounds She led him down a back pair of stairs, into one of the Palace gardens which had a door opening into the Piazza, not far from where Don Mario her father lived They had little discourse by the way, which gave Hippolito time to consider of the best way of discovering himself A thousand things came into his head in a minute, yet nothing that pleased him, and after so many contrivances as he had formed for the discovery of himself, he found it more rational for him not to reveal himself at all that night, since he could not foresee what effect the surprise would have, she must needs be in, at the appearance of a stranger whom she had never seen before, yet whom she had treated so familiarly He knew women were apt to shriek or swoon upon such occasions, and should she happen to do either, he might be at a loss how to bring himself off He thought he might easily pretend to be indisposed somewhat more than ordinary, and so make an excuse to go to his own lodging It came into his head, too, that under pretence of giving her an account of his health, he might enquire of her the means how a letter might be conveyed to her the next morning, wherein he might inform her gently of her mistake, and insinuate something of that passion he had conceived, which he was sure he could not have opportunity to speak of if he bluntly revealed himself He had just resolved upon this method, as they were come to the great gates of the court, when Leonora stopping to let him go in before her, he of a sudden fetched his breath violently as if some stitch or twingeing smart had just then assaulted him She enquired the matter of him, and advised him to make haste into the house that he might sit down and rest him He told her he found himself so ill that he judged it more convenient for him to go home while he was in a condition to move, for he feared if he should once settle himself to rest, he might not be able to stir She was much troubled, and would have had a chair made ready and servants to carry him home, but he made answer, he would not have any of her father's servants know of his being abroad, and that just now he had an interval of ease, which he hoped would continue till he made a shift to reach his

own lodgings Yet if she pleased to inform him how he might give an account of himself the next morning, in a line or two, he would not fail to give her the thanks due to her great kindness, and withal would let her know something which would not a little surprise her, though now he had not time to acquaint her with it She showed him a little window at the corner of the house, where one should wait to receive his letter, and was just taking her leave of him, when seeing him search hastily in his pocket, she asked him if he missed anything, he told her he thought a wound which was not thoroughly healed bled a little, and that he had lost his handkerchief His design took, for she immediately gave him hers which indeed accordingly he applied to the only wound he was then grieved with, which though it went quite through his heart, yet thank God, was not mortal He was not a little rejoiced at his good fortune in getting so early a favor from his mistress, and notwithstanding the violence he did himself to personate a sick man, he could not forbear giving some symptoms of an extraordinary content, and telling her that he did not doubt to receive a considerable proportion of ease from the application of what had so often kissed her fair hand Leonora who did not suspect the compliment, told him she should be heartily glad if that or anything in her power might contribute to his recovery, and wishing him well home, went into her house, as much troubled for her cousin as he was joyful for his mistress

Hippolito as soon as she was gone in, began to make his remarks about the house, walking round the great court, viewing the gardens and all the passages leading to that side of the Piazza Having sufficiently informed himself, with a heart full of love, and a head full of stratagem, he walked toward his lodging, impatient till the arrival of Aurelian that he might give himself vent In which interim, let me take the liberty to digress a little, and tell the reader something which I do not doubt he has apprehended himself long ago, if he be not the dullest reader in the world, yet only for order's sake, let me tell him I say, that a young Gentleman (Cousin to the aforesaid Don Fabritio) happened one night to have some words at a gaming house with one Lorenzo, which created a quarrel of fatal consequence to the former, who was killed upon the spot, and likely to be so to the latter, who was very desperately wounded

Fabritio being much concerned for his kinsman, vowed revenge (according to the ancient and laudable custom of Italy) upon Lorenzo if he survived, or in case of his death (if it should happen to anticipate that, much more swinging death which he had in store for him) upon his next of kin, and so to descend lineally like an English estate, to all the heirs male of this family This same Fabritio had indeed (as Leonora told Hippolito) taken particular notice of him from his first entrance into the room, and was so far doubtful as to go out immediately himself, and make enquiry concerning Lorenzo, but was quickly informed of the greatness

of his error, in believing a man to be abroad who was so ill of his wounds, that they now despaired of his recovery, and thereupon returned to the ball very well satisfied, but not before Leonora and Hippolito were departed

So, Reader, having now discharged my conscience of a small discovery which I thought myself obliged to make to thee, I proceed to tell thee, that our friend Aurelian had by this time danced himself into a net which he neither could nor, which is worse, desired to untangle

His soul was charmed to the movement of her body an air so graceful, so sweet, so easy and so great, he had never seen She had something of majesty in her, which appeared to be born with her, and though it struck an awe into the beholders, yet was it sweetened with a familiarity of behavior, which rendered it agreeable to everybody The grandeur of her mien was not stiff, but unstudied and unforced, mixed with a simplicity, free, yet not loose nor affected If the former seemed to condescend, the latter seemed to aspire, and both to unite in the center of perfection Every turn she gave in dancing snatcht Aurelian into a rapture, and he had like to have been out two or three times with following his eyes, which she led about as slaves to her heels

As soon as they had done dancing, he began to complain of his want of breath and lungs, to speak sufficiently in her commendation She smilingly told him he did ill to dance so much then, yet in consideration of the pains he had taken more than ordinary upon her account, she would bate him a great deal of compliment, but with this proviso, that he was to discover to her who he was Aurelian was unwilling for the present to own himself to be really the man he was, when a sudden thought came into his head to take upon him the name and character of Hippolito, who he was sure was not known in Florence He thereupon, after a little pause, pretended to recall himself in this manner "Madam, it is no small demonstration of the entire resignation which I have made of my heart to your chains, since the secrets of it are no longer in my power I confess I only took Florence in my way, not designing any longer residence than should be requisite to inform the curiosity of a traveller, of the rarities of the place Whether happiness or misery will be the consequence of that curiosity, I am yet in fear, and submit to your determination, but sure I am, not to depart Florence till you have made me the most miserable man in it, and refuse me the fatal kindness of dying at your feet I am by birth a Spaniard, of the city of Toledo, my name Hippolito di Saviolina I was yesterday a man free as Nature made the first, to day I am fallen into a captivity which must continue with my life, and which it is in your power to make much dearer to me Thus in obedience to your commands, and contrary to my resolution of remaining unknown in this place, I have informed you, Madam, what I am, what I shall be, I desire to know from you, at least, I hope the free discovery I have made of myself will encourage you to trust me with the knowledge of your person "

Here a low bow and a deep sigh put an end to his discourse, and signified his expectation of her reply, which was to this purpose — (But I had forgot to tell you, that Aurelian kept off his mask from the time that he told her he was of Spain, till the period of his relation) “Had I thought,” said she, “that my curiosity would have brought me in debt, I should certainly have forborne it, or at least have agreed with you before hand about the rate of your discovery, then I had not brought myself to the inconveniency of being censured, either of too much easiness, or reservedness, but to avoid, as much as I can, the extremity of either, I am resolved but to discover myself in part, and will endeavor to give you as little occasion as I can, either to boast of or ridicule the behavior of the women of Florence in your travels”

Aurelian interrupted her, and swore very solemnly (and the more heartily, I believe, because he then indeed spoke truth) that he would make Florence the place of his abode, whatever concerns he had elsewhere. She advised him to be cautious how he swore to his expressions of gallantry, and farther told him she now hoped she should make him a return to all the fine things he had said, since she gave him his choice whether he would know who she was, or see her face.

Aurelian, who was really in love, and in whom consideration would have been a crime, greedily embraced the latter, since she assured him at that time he should not know both. Well, what followed? Why, she pulled off her mask, and appeared to him at once in the glory of beauty. But who can tell the astonishment Aurelian felt? He was for a time senseless admiration had suppressed his speech, and his eyes were entangled in light. In short, to be made sensible of his condition, we must conceive some idea of what he beheld, which is not to be imagined till seen, nor then to be expressed. Now see the impertinence and conceitedness of an author, who will have a fling at a description, which he has prefaced with an impossibility. One might have seen something in her composition resembling the formation of Epicurus his world, as if every atom of beauty had concurred to unite an excellency. Had that curious painter lived in her days, he might have avoided his painful search, when he collected from the choicest pieces the most choice features, and by a due disposition and judicious symmetry of those exquisite parts, made one whole and perfect Venus. Nature seemed here to have played the plagiarist, and to have molded into substance the most refined thoughts of inspired poets. Her eyes diffused rays comfortable as warmth, and piercing as the light, they would have worked a passage through the straightest pores, and with a delicious heat, have played about the most obdurate frozen heart, until ’twere melted down to love. Such majesty and affability were in her looks, so alluring, yet commanding was her presence, that it mingled awe with love, kindling a flame which trembled to aspire. She had danced much, which, together with her being close masked, gave her a tincture of carna-

tion more than ordinary But Aurelian (from whom I had every tittle of her description) fancied he saw a little nest of cupids break from the tresses of her hair, and every one officiously betake himself to his task Some fanned with their downy wings, her glowing cheeks, while others brushed the balmy dew from off her face, leaving alone a heavenly moisture bubbling on her lips, on which they drank and revelled for their pains Nay, so particular were their allotments in her service, that Aurelian was very positive a young cupid who was but just pin feathered, employed his naked quills to pick her teeth And a thousand other things his transport represented to him, which none but lovers who have experience of such visions will believe

As soon as he awaked and found his speech come to him, he employed it to this effect

“’Tis enough that I have seen a Divinity — nothing but mercy can in habit these perfections — their utmost rigor brings a death preferable to any life, but what they give — Use me, Madam, as you please, for by your fair self, I cannot think a bliss beyond what now I feel — You wound with pleasure, and if you kill, it must be with transport — Ah! Yet methinks to live — O Heaven! to have Life pronounced by those blessed lips — Did they not inspire where they command, it were an immediate death of joy ”

Aurelian was growing a little too loud with his admiration, had she not just then interrupted him, by clapping on her masque, and telling him they should be observed, if he proceeded in his extravagance, and withal, that his passion was too sudden to be real, and too violent to be lasting He replied, Indeed it might not be very lasting, (with a submissive mournful voice) but it would continue during his life That it was sudden he denied, for she had raised it by degrees from his first sight of her, by a continued discovery of charms, in her mien and conversation, till she thought fit to set fire to the train she had laid, by the lightning of her face, and then he could not help it, if he were blown up

He begged her to believe the sincerity of his passion, at least to enjoin him something which might tend to the convincing of her incredulity She said she should find a time to make some trials of him, but for the first, she charged him not to follow or observe her after the dissolution of the assembly He promised to obey, and entreated her to tell him but her name, that he might have recourse to that in his affliction for her absence, if he were able to survive it She desired him to live by all means, and if he must have a name to play with, to call her Incognita, till he were better informed

The company breaking up, she took her leave, and at his earnest entreaty, gave him a short vision of her face, which, then dressed in an obliging smile, caused another fit of transport, which lasted till she was gone out of sight Aurelian gathered up his spirits and walked slowly

towards his lodging, never remembering that he had lost Hippolito, till upon turning the corner of a street, he heard a noise of fighting, and coming near, saw a man make a vigorous defence against two, who pressed violently upon him. He then thought of Hippolito, and fancying he saw the glimmering of diamond buttons such as Hippolito had upon the sleeves of his habit, immediately drew to his assistance, and with that eagerness and resolution that the assailants, finding their unmanly odds defeated, took to their heels. The person rescued by the generous help of Aurelian, came toward him, but as he would have stooped to have saluted him, dropped fainting at his feet. Aurelian, now he was so near him, perceived plainly Hippolito's habit, and stepped hastily to take him up. Just as some of the guards (who were going the rounds, apprehensive of such disorders in an universal merriment) came up to him with lights, and had taken prisoners the two men, whom they met with their swords drawn, when looking in the face of the wounded man, he found it was not Hippolito, but his governor Claudio, in the habit he had worn at the ball. He was extremely surprised, as were the prisoners, who confessed their design to have been upon Lorenzo, grounding their mistake upon the habit which was known to have been his. They were two men who formerly had been servants to him whom Lorenzo had unfortunately slain.

They made a shift to bring Claudio to himself, and part of the guard carrying off the prisoners, whom Aurelian desired they would secure, the rest accompanied him, bearing Claudio in their arms to his lodging. He had not patience to forbear asking for Hippolito by the way, whom Claudio assured him he had left safe in his chamber, above two hours since. That his coming home so long before the diversions were ended, and undressing himself, had given him the unhappy curiosity to put on his habit and go to the palace, in his return from whence, he was set upon in the manner he found him, which if he recovered, he must own his life indebted to his timely assistance.

Being come to the house, they carried him to his bed, and having sent for surgeons, Aurelian rewarded and dismissed the guard. He stayed the dressing of Claudio's wounds, which were many, though they hoped none mortal, and leaving him to his rest, went to give Hippolito an account of what had happened, whom he found with a table before him, leaning upon both his elbows, his face covered with his hands, and so motionless that Aurelian concluded he was asleep. Seeing several papers he before him, half written and blotted out again, he thought to steal softly to the table and discover what he had been employed about. Just as he reached forth his hand to take up one of the papers, Hippolito started up so on the sudden, as surprised Aurelian and made him leap back, Hippolito, on the other hand, not supposing that anybody had been near him, was so disordered with the appearance of a man at his elbow, whom his amazement did not permit him to distinguish, that he leaped hastily to his sword,

and in turning him about, overthrew the stand and candles Here were they both left in the dark, Hippolito groping about with his sword, and thrusting at every chair that he felt oppose him Aurelian was scarce come to himself when, thinking to step back toward the door that he might inform his friend of his mistake, without exposing himself to his blind fury, Hippolito heard him stir, and made a full thrust with such violence, that the hilt of the sword meeting with Aurelian's breast, beat him down, and Hippolito atop of him, as a servant, alarmed with the noise, came into the chamber with a light The fellow trembled, and thought they were both dead, till Hippolito, raising himself to see whom he had got under him, swooned away upon the discovery of his friend But such was the extraordinary care of Providence in directing the sword, that it only passed under his arm, giving no wound to Aurelian, but a little bruise between his shoulder and breast with the hilt He got up, scarce recovered of his fright, and by the help of the servant laid Hippolito upon the bed, who when he was come to himself could hardly be persuaded that his friend was before him and alive, till he showed him his breast, where was nothing of a wound Hippolito begged his pardon a thousand times, and cursed himself as often, who was so near to committing the most execrable act of amicide

They dismissed the fellow, and with many embraces, congratulated their fortunate delivery from the mischief which came so near them, each blaming himself as the occasion, Aurelian accusing his own unadvisedness in stealing upon Hippolito, Hippolito blaming his own temerity and weakness in being so easily frightened to disorder, and last of all, his blindness in not knowing his dearest friend But there he gave a sigh, and passionately taking Aurelian by the hand, cried, "Ah! my friend, love is indeed blind, when it would not suffer me to see you" — There arose another sigh, a sympathy seized Aurelian immediately (For, by the way, sighing is as catching among lovers, as yawning among the vulgar) Besides, hearing the name of love made him fetch such a sigh, that Hippolito's were but fly blows in comparison, that was answered with all the might Hippolito had, Aurelian pled him close till they were both out of breath

Thus not a word passed, though each wondered why t'other sighed, at last concluded it to be only complaisance to one another

Aurelian broke the silence, by telling him the misfortune of his governor Hippolito rejoiced as at the luckiest accident which could have befallen him Aurelian wondered at his unseasonable mirth, and demanded the cause of it He answered It would necessitate his longer stay in Florence, and for aught he knew, be the means of bringing a happy period to his amour

His friend thought him to be little better than a madman, when he perceived him of a sudden snatch out of his bosom a handkerchief, which

having kissed with a great deal of ardor, he took Aurelian by the hand, and smiling at the surprise he saw him in

“Your Florentine Cupid is certainly,” said he, “the most expert in the world I have since I saw you beheld the most beautiful of women I am fallen desperately in love with her, and those papers which you see so blotted and scattered, are but so many essays which I have made to the declaration of my passion And this handkerchief which I so zealously caress is the inestimable token which I have to make myself known to her Oh, Leonora!” continued he, “how hast thou stamped thine image on my soul! How much dearer am I to myself, since I have had thy heavenly form in keeping! Now, my Aurelian, I am worthy thee, my exalted love has dignified me, and raised me far above thy poor former despicable Hippolito”

Aurelian seeing the rapture he was in, thought it in vain to expect a settled relation of the adventure, so was reaching to the table for some of the papers, but Hippolito told him, if he would have a little patience he would acquaint him with the whole matter, and thereupon told him word for word how he was mistaken for Lorenzo, and his management of himself Aurelian commended his prudence in not discovering himself, and told him, if he could spare so much time from the contemplation of his mistress, he would inform him of an adventure, though not so accidental, yet of as great concern to his own future happiness So related all that had happened to him with his beautiful Incognita

Having ended the story, they began to consider of the means they were to use toward a re-view of their mistresses Aurelian was confounded at the difficulty he conceived on his part He understood from Hippolito's adventure that his father knew of his being in town, whom he must unavoidably disoblige if he yet concealed himself, and disobey if he came into his sight, for he had already entertained an aversion for Juliana, in apprehension of her being imposed on him His Incognita was rooted in his heart, yet could he not comfort himself with any hopes when he should see her he knew not where she lived, and she had made him no promise of a second conference Then did he repent his inconsiderate choice in preferring the momentary vision of her face to a certain intelligence of her person Every thought that succeeded distracted him, and all the hopes he could presume upon were within compass of the two days' merriment yet to come, for which space he hoped he might excuse his remaining concealed to his father

Hippolito, on the other side (though Aurelian thought him in a much better way), was no less afflicted for himself The difficulties which he saw in his friend's circumstances, put him upon finding out a great many more in his own, than really there were But what terrified him most of all, was his being an utter stranger to Leonora she had not the least knowledge of him but through mistake, and consequently could form no

idea of him to his advantage He looked upon it as an unlucky thought in Aurelian to take upon him his name, since possibly the two ladies were acquainted, and should they communicate to each other their adventures, they might both reasonably suffer in their opinions, and be thought guilty of falsehood, since it would appear to them as one person pretending to two Aurelian told him there was but one remedy for that, which was for Hippolito, in the same manner that he had done, to make use of his name when he writ to Leonora, and use what arguments he could to persuade her to secrecy, lest his father should know of the reason which kept him concealed in town And it was likely, though perhaps she might not immediately entertain his passion, yet she would out of generosity conceal what was hidden only for her sake

Well, this was concluded on, after a great many other reasons used on either side, in favor of the contrivance They at last argued themselves into a belief that Fortune had befriended them with a better plot than their regular thinking could have contrived So soon had they convinced themselves in what they were willing to believe

Aurelian laid himself down to rest, that is, upon the bed, for he was a better lover than to pretend to sleep that night, while Hippolito set himself again to frame his letter designed for Leonora He writ several, at last pitched upon one, — and very probably the worst, — as you may guess when you read it in its proper place

It was break of day when the servant who had been employed all the foregoing day in procuring accoutrements for the two cavaliers to appear in at the tilting, came into the room, and told them all the young gentlemen in the town were trying their equipage and preparing to be early in the lists They made themselves ready with all expedition at the alarm and Hippolito having made a visit to his governor, dispatched a messenger with the letter and directions to Leonora At the signal agreed upon, the casement was opened and a string let down, to which the bearer having fastened the letter, saw it drawn up, and returned It were a vain attempt to describe Leonora's surprise, when she read the superscription The Unfortunate Aurelian, to the Beautiful Leonora After she was a little recovered from her amaze, she recollected to herself all the passages between her and her supposed cousin, and immediately concluded him to be Aurelian Then several little circumstances which she thought might have been sufficient to have convinced her, represented themselves to her, and she was in a strange uneasiness to think of her free carriage to a stranger

She was once in a mind to have burned the letter, or to have stayed for an opportunity to send it again But she was a woman, and her curiosity opposed itself to all thoughts of that nature At length, with a firm resolution, she opened it, and found word for word, what is under written

“MADAM,

If your fair eyes, upon the breaking up of this, meet with somewhat too quick a surprise, make thence, I beseech you, some reflection upon the condition I must needs have been in, at the sudden appearance of that sun of beauty, which at once shone so full upon my soul I could not immediately disengage myself from that maze of charms, to let you know how unworthy a captive your eyes had made through mistake Sure, Madam, you cannot but remember my disorder, of which your innocent (innocent, though perhaps to me, fatal) error made a charitable (but wide) construction Your tongue pursued the victory of your eyes, and you did not give me time to rally my poor disordered senses, so as to make a tolerable retreat Pardon, Madam, the continuation of the deceit, and call it not so, that I appeared to be other than myself, for Heaven knows I was not then myself, nor am I now my own You told me something that concerned me nearly, as to a marriage my father designed me, and much more nearly in being told by you For Heaven's sake, disclose not to anybody your knowledge of me, that I may not be forced to an immediate act of disobedience, for if my future services and inviolate love cannot recommend me to your favor, I shall find more comfort in the cold embraces of a grave, than in the arms of the never so-much-admired (but by me dreaded) Juliana Think, Madam, of those severe circumstances I lie under, and withal I beg you, think it is in your power, and only in your power, to make them happy as my wishes, or much more miserable than I am able to imagine That dear, inestimable (though undesigned) favor which I received from you, shall this day distinguish me from the crowd of your admirers, that which I really applied to my inward bleeding wound, the welcome wound which you have made, and which, unless from you, does wish no cure, then pardon and have pity on, Oh Adored Leonora, him who is yours by creation as he is Heaven's, though never so unworthy Have pity on

Your
Aurelian ”

She read the letter over and over, then flung it by, then read it again, the novelty of the adventure made her repeat her curiosity, and take more than ordinary pains to understand it At last her familiarity with the expressions grew to an intimacy, and what she at first permitted, she now began to like She thought there was something in it a little more serious than to be barely gallantry She wondered at her own blindness, and fancied she could remember something of a more becoming air in the stranger than was usual to Lorenzo This thought was parent to another of the same kind, till a long chain successively had birth, and every one somewhat more than other, in favor of the supposed Aurelian She reflected upon his discretion, in deferring the discovery of himself, till a little time had, as it were, weaned her from her persuasion, and by re-

moving her farther from her mistake, had prepared her for a full and determinate conviction. She thought his behavior in personating a sick man so readily upon the first hint, was not amiss, and smiled to think of his excuse to procure her handkerchief, and last of all, his sifting out the means to write to her, which he had done with that modesty and respect she could not tell how to find fault with it.

She had proceeded thus far in a maze of thought, when she started to find herself so lost to her reason, and would have trod back again that path of deluding fancy, accusing herself of fondness and inconsiderate easiness in giving credit to the letter of a person whose face she never saw, and whose first acquaintance with her was a treachery, and he who could so readily deliver his tongue of a lie upon a surprise, was scarce to be trusted when he had sufficient time allowed him to beget a fiction, and means to perfect the birth.

How did she know this to be Aurelian, if he were? Nay farther, put it to the extremity, What if she should upon farther conversation with him proceed to love him? What hopes were there for her? Or how could she consent to marry a man already destined for another woman? Nay, a woman that was her friend, whose marrying with him was to complete the happy reconciliation of two noble families, and which might prevent the effusion of much blood likely to be shed in that quarrel. Besides, she should incur share of the guilt, which he would draw upon him by disobedience of his father, who she was sure would not be consenting to it.

'Tis strange, now, but all accounts agree that just here Leonora, who had run like a violent stream against Aurelian hitherto, now retorted with as much precipitation in his favor. I could never get anybody to give me a satisfactory reason for her sudden and dexterous change of opinion just at that stop, which made me conclude she could not help it, and that Nature boiled over in her at that time when it had so fair an opportunity to show itself. For Leonora, it seems, was a woman beautiful and otherwise of an excellent disposition, but in the bottom a very woman. This last objection, this opportunity of persuading man to disobedience, determined the matter in favor of Aurelian, more than all his excellencies and qualifications, take him as Aurelian, or Hippolito, or both together.

Well, the spirit of contradiction and of Eve was strong in her, and she was in a fair way to love Aurelian, for she liked him already, that it was Aurelian she no longer doubted, for had it been a villain who had only taken his name upon him for any ill designs, he would never have slipped so favorable an opportunity as when they were alone, and in the night coming through the garden and broad space before the Piazza. In short, thus much she resolved, at least to conceal the knowledge she had of him, as he had entreated her in his letter, and to make particular remarks of his behavior that day in the lists, which should it happen to

charm her with an absolute liking of his person, she resolved to dress herself to the best advantage, and mustering up all her graces, out of pure revenge to kill him downright

I would not have the reader now be impertinent and look upon this to be force or a whim of the author's, that a woman should proceed so far in her approbation of a man whom she never saw, that it is impossible, therefore ridiculous, to suppose it Let me tell such a critic that he knows nothing of the sex if he does not know that a woman may be taken with the character and description of a man, when general and extraordinary, that she may be prepossessed with an agreeable idea of his person and conversation, and though she cannot imagine his real features or manner of wit, yet she has a general notion of what is called a fine gentleman, and is prepared to like such a one who does not disagree with that character Aurelian, as he bore a very fair character, so was he extremely deserving to make it good, which otherways might have been to his prejudice, for oftentimes, through an imprudent indulgence to our friend's merit, we give so large a description of his excellencies that people make more room in their expectation than the intrinsic worth of the man will fill, which renders him so much the more despicable as there is emptiness to spare 'Tis certain, though the women seldom find that out, for though they do not see so much in a man as was promised, yet they will be so kind to imagine he has some hidden excellencies which time may discover to them, so are content to allow him a considerable share of their esteem, and take him into favor upon tick Aurelian, as he had good credit, so he had a good stock to support it, and his person was a good promising security for the payment of any obligation he could lie under to the fair sex Hippolito, who at this time was our Aurelian, did not at all lessen him in appearing for him, so that although Leonora was indeed mistaken, she could not be said to be much in the wrong

I could find in my heart to beg the reader's pardon for this digression if I thought he would be sensible of the civility, for I promise him, I do not intend to do it again throughout the story, though I make never so many, and though he take them never so ill But because I began this upon a bare supposition of his impertinence, which might be somewhat impertinent in me to suppose, I do, and hope to make him amends by telling him that by the time Leonora was dressed, several ladies of her acquaintance came to accompany her to the place designed for the tilting, where we will leave them drinking chocolate till 'tis time for them to go

Our cavaliers had by good fortune provided themselves of two curious suits of light armor, finely enamelled and gilt Hippolito had sent to Poggio Imperiale for a couple of fine led horses which he had left there with the rest of his train at his entrance into Florence Mounted on these and every way well equipped, they took their way, attended only by two lackeys, toward the Church di Santa Croce, before which they were to

perform their exercises of chivalry Hippolito wore upon his helm a large plume of crimson feathers, in the midst of which was artificially placed Leonora's handkerchief His armor was gilt, and enamelled with green and crimson Aurelian was not so happy as to wear any token to recommend him to the notice of his mistress, so had only a plume of sky color and white feathers, suitable to his armor, which was silver enamelled with azure I shall not describe the habits of any other cavaliers, or of the ladies, let it suffice to tell the reader they were all very fine and very glorious, and let him dress them in what is most agreeable to his own fancy

Our gallants entered the lists, and having made their obeisance to His Highness, turned round to salute and view the company The scaffold was circular, so that there was no end of the delightful prospect It seemed a glory of beauty which shone around the admiring beholders Our lovers soon perceived the stars which were to rule their destiny, which sparkled a lustre beyond all the inferior constellations, and seemed like two suns to distribute light to all the planets in that heavenly sphere Leonora knew her slave by his badge and blushed till the lilies and roses in her cheeks had resemblance to the plume of crimson and white handkerchief in Hippolito's crest He made her a low bow, and reined his horse back with an extraordinary grace, into a respectful retreat Aurelian saw his angel, his beautiful Incognita, and had no other way to make himself known to her but by saluting and bowing to her after the Spanish mode she guessed him by it to be her new servant Hippolito, and signified her apprehension by making him a more particular and obliging return than to any of the cavaliers who had saluted her before

The exercise that was to be performed was in general a running at the ring, and afterwards two cavaliers undertook to defend the beauty of Donna Catharina, against all who would not allow her preeminence of their mistresses This thing was only designed for show and form, none presuming that anybody would put so great an affront upon the bride and Duke's kinswoman as to dispute her pretensions to the first place in the court of Venus But here our cavaliers were under a mistake, for seeing a large shield carried before two knights with a lady painted upon it, not knowing who, but reading the inscription which was (in large gold letters) *Above the Insolence of Competition* They thought themselves obliged, especially in the presence of their mistresses, to vindicate their beauty, and were just spurring on to engage the champions, when a gentleman stopping them, told them their mistake, that it was the picture of Donna Catharina, and a particular honor done to her by his Highness' commands, and not to be disputed Upon this they would have returned to their post, much concerned for their mistake, but notice being taken by Don Ferdinand of some show of opposition that was made, he would have begged leave of the Duke to have maintained his lady's honor against

the insolence of those cavaliers, but the Duke would by no means permit it. They were arguing about it when one of them came up, before whom the shield was borne, and demanded His Highness' permission to inform those gentlemen better of their mistake, by giving them the foil. By the intercession of Don Ferdinand, leave was given them, whereupon a civil challenge was sent to the two strangers, informing them of their error, and withal telling them they must either maintain it by force of arms, or make a public acknowledgment by riding bareheaded before the picture once round the lists. The stranger cavaliers remonstrated to the Duke how sensible they were of their error, and though they would not justify it, yet they could not decline the combat, being pressed to it beyond an honorable refusal. To the bride they sent a compliment wherein, having first begged her pardon for not knowing her picture, they gave her to understand that now they were not about to dispute her undoubted right to the crown of beauty, but the honor of being her champions was the prize they fought for, which they thought themselves as able to maintain as any other pretenders. Wherefore they prayed her that if fortune so far befriended their endeavors as to make them victors, they might receive no other reward, but to be crowned with the titles of their adversaries, and be ever after esteemed as her most humble servants. The excuse was so handsomely designed, and much better expressed than it is here, that it took effect. The Duke Don Ferdinand and his lady were so well satisfied with it as to grant their request.

While the running at the ring lasted, our cavaliers alternately bore away great share of the honor. That sport ended, marshals were appointed for the field, and everything in great form settled for the combat. The cavaliers were all in good earnest, but orders were given to bring 'em blunted lances, and to forbid the drawing of a sword upon pain of His Highness' displeasure. The trumpets sounded and they began their course. The ladies' hearts, particularly the Incognita and Leonora's beat time to the horses' hoofs, and hope and fear made a mock fight within their tender breasts, each wishing and doubting success where she liked. But as the generality of their prayers were for the graceful strangers, they accordingly succeeded. Aurelian's adversary was unhorsed in the first encounter, and Hippolito's lost both his stirrups and dropt his lance to save himself. The honor of the field was immediately granted to them, and Donna Catharina sent them both favors, which she prayed them to wear as her knights. The crowd breaking up, our cavaliers made a shift to steal off unmarked, save by the watchful Leonora and Incognita, whose eyes were never off from their respective servants. There was enquiry made for them, but to no purpose, for they, to prevent their being discovered had prepared another house, distant from their lodging, where a servant attended to disarm them, and another carried back their horses to the villa, while they walked unsuspected to their lodging, but Incognita had given command to a page

to dog 'em till the evening, at a distance, and bring her word where they were latest housed

While several conjectures passed among the company, who were all gone to dinner at the Palace, who those cavaliers should be, Don Fabio thought himself the only man able to guess, for he knew for certain that his son and Hippolito were both in town, and was well enough pleased with his humor of remaining *incognito* till the diversions should be over, believing then that the surprise of his discovery would add much to the gallantry he had shown in masquerade, but hearing the extraordinary liking that everybody expressed, and in a particular manner, the great Duke himself, to the persons and behavior of the unknown cavaliers, the old gentleman could not forbear the vanity to tell His Highness, that he believed he had an interest in one of the gentlemen, whom he was pleased to honor with so favorable a character, and told him what reason he had to believe the one to be his son, and the other a Spanish nobleman, his friend

This discovery having thus got vent, was diffused like air, everybody sucked it in, and let it out again with their breath to the next they met withal, and in half an hour's time it was talked of in the house where our adventurers were lodged Aurelian was stark mad at the news, and knew what search would be immediately made for him Hippolito, had he not been desperately in love, would certainly have taken horse and rode out of town just then, for he could make no longer doubt of being discovered, and he was afraid of the just exceptions Leonora might make to a person who had now deceived her twice Well, we will leave them both fretting and contriving to no purpose, to look about and see what was done at the Palace, where their doom was determined much quicker than they imagined

Dinner ended, the Duke retired with some chosen friends to a glass of wine, among whom were the Marquess of Viterbo and Don Fabio His Highness was no stranger to the long feud that had been between the two families, and also understood what overtures of reconciliation had been lately made, with the proposals of marriage between Aurelian and the Marquess' daughter Having waited till the wine had taken the effect proposed, and the company were raised to an uncommon pitch of cheerfulness, which he also encouraged by an example of freedom and good humor, he took an opportunity of rallying the two grave Signiors into an accommodation, that was seconded with the praises of the young couple, and the whole company joined in a large encomium upon the graces of Aurelian and the beauties of Juliana The old fellows were tickled with delight to hear their darlings so admired, which the Duke perceiving, out of a principle of generosity and friendship, urged the present consummation of the marriage, telling them there was yet one day of public rejoicing to come, and how glad he should be to have it improved by so

acceptable an alliance, and what an honor it would be to have his cousin's marriage attended by the conjunction of so extraordinary a pair, the performance of which ceremony would crown the joy that was then in agitation, and make the last day vie for equal glory and happiness with the first. In short, by the complaisant and persuasive authority of the Duke, the Dons were wrought into a compliance, and accordingly embraced and shook hands upon the matter. This news was dispersed like the former, and Don Fabio gave orders for the enquiring out his son's lodging, that the Marquess and he might make him a visit as soon as he had acquainted Juliana with his purpose, that she might prepare herself. He found her very cheerful with Donna Catharina and several other ladies, whereupon the old gentleman, pretty well warmed with the Duke's good fellowship, told her aloud he was come to crown their mirth with another wedding, that His Highness had been pleased to provide a husband for his daughter, and he would have her provide herself to receive him to-morrow. All the company at first, as well as Juliana herself, thought he had rallied, till the Duke coming in, confirmed the serious part of his discourse. Juliana was confounded at the haste that was imposed on her, and desired a little time to consider what she was about. But the Marquess told her she should have all the rest of her life to consider in, that Aurelian should come and consider with her in the morning, if she pleased, but in the meantime, he advised her to go home and call her maids to counsel.

Juliana took her leave of the company very gravely, as if not much delighted with her father's raillery. Leonora happened to be by, and heard all that passed, she was ready to swoon, and found herself seized with a more violent passion than ever for Aurelian. Now, upon her apprehensions of losing him, her active fancy had brought him before her with all the advantages imaginable, and though she had before found great tenderness in her inclination toward him, yet was she somewhat surprised to find she really loved him. She was so uneasy at what she had heard, that she thought it convenient to steal out of the presence and retire to her closet, to bemoan her unhappy helpless condition.

Our two cavalier lovers had racked their invention till it was quite disabled, and could not make discovery of one contrivance more for their relief. Both sat silent, each depending upon his friend, and still expecting when t'other should speak. Night came upon them while they sat thus thoughtless, or rather drowned in thought, but a servant bringing lights into the room awakened them. And Hippolito's speech, ushered by a profound sigh, broke silence. "Well!" said he, "what must we do, Aurelian?" "We must suffer," replied Aurelian faintly. When, immediately raising his voice, he cried out, "Oh, ye unequal Powers, why do ye urge us to desire what ye doom us to forbear? Give us a will to choose, then curb us with a duty to restrain that choice! Cruel father, will nothing else

suffice! Am I to be the sacrifice to expiate your offences past, past ere I was born? Were I to lose my life, I'd gladly seal your reconcilment with my blood But, oh my soul is free, you have no title to my immortal being, that has existence independent of your power And must I lose my love, the extract of that being, the joy, light, life, and darling of my soul? No, I'll own my flame, and plead my title too — But hold, wretched Aurelian, hold, whither does thy passion hurry thee? Alas! the cruel fair Incognita loves thee not! She knows not of thy love! If she did, what merit hast thou to pretend? — Only love — Excess of love And all the world has that All that have seen her Yet I had only seen her orce, and in that once I loved above the world, nay, loved beyond myself, such vigorous flame, so strong, so quick she darted at my breast, it must rebound, and by reflection, warm herself Ah! welcome thought, lovely deluding fancy, hang still upon my soul, let me but think that once she loves, and perish my despair ”

Here a sudden stop gave a period also to Hippolito's expectation, and he hoped now that his friend had given his passion so free a vent, he might recollect and bethink himself of what was convenient to be done, but Aurelian, as if he had mustered up all his spirits purely to acquit himself of that passionate harangue, stood mute and insensible like an alarum clock, that had spent all its force in one violent emotion Hippolito shook him by the arm to rouse him from his lethargy, when his lackey coming into the room out of breath, told him there was a coach just stopped at the door, but he did not take time to see who came in it Aurelian concluded immediately it was his father in quest of him, and without saying any more to Hippolito than that he was ruined if discovered, took his sword and slipped down a back pair of stairs into the garden, from whence he conveyed himself into the street Hippolito had not bethought himself what to do, before he perceived a lady come into the chamber close veiled and make toward him At the first appearance of a woman, his imagination flattered him with a thought of Leonora, but that was quickly over upon nearer approach to the lady, who had much the advantage in stature of his mistress He very civilly accosted her, and asked, if he were the person to whom the honor of that visit was intended She said her business was with Don Hippolito di Saviolina, to whom she had matter of concern to import, and which required haste He had like to have told her that he was the man, but by good chance reflecting upon his friend's adventure who had taken his name, he made answer that he believed Don Hippolito not far off, and if she had a moment's patience he would enquire for him

He went out, leaving the lady in the room, and made search all round the house and garden for Aurelian, but to no purpose The lady, impatient of his long stay, took a pen and ink and some paper which she found upon the table, and had just made an end of her letter, when hearing a

noise of more than one coming up stairs, she concluded his friend had found him, and that her letter would be to no purpose, so tore it in pieces, which she repented, when, turning about, she found her mistake, and beheld Don Fabio and the Marquess of Viterbo just entering at the door. She gave a shriek at the surprise of their appearance, which much troubled the old gentlemen, and made them retire in confusion for putting a gentlewoman into such a fright. The Marquess thinking they had been misinformed or had mistaken the lodgings, came forward again, and made an apology to the lady for their error, but she making no reply, walked directly by him down-stairs and went into her coach, which hurried her away as speedily as the horses were able to draw.

The Dons were at a loss what to think when, Hippolito coming into the room to give the lady an account of his errand, was no less astonished to find she was departed, and had left two old Signiors in her stead. He knew Don Fabio's face, for Aurelian had shown him his father at the tilting, but being confident he was not known to him, he ventured to ask him concerning a lady whom just now he had left in that chamber. Don Fabio told him she was just gone down, and doubted they had been guilty of a mistake in coming to enquire for a couple of gentlemen whom they were informed were lodged in that house, he begged his pardon if he had any relation to that lady, and desired to know if he could give them any account of the persons they sought for. Hippolito made answer, he was a stranger in the place, and only a servant to that lady whom they had disturbed, and whom he must go and seek out. And in this perplexity he left them, going again in search of Aurelian, to inform him of what had passed.

The old gentlemen at last meeting with a servant of the house, were directed to Signior Claudio's chamber, where they were no sooner entered but Aurelian came into the house. A servant who had skulked for him by Hippolito's order, followed him up into the chamber, and told him who was with Claudio then making enquiry for him. He thought that to be no place for him, since Claudio must needs discover all the truth to his father, wherefore he left directions with the servant where Hippolito should meet him in the morning. As he was going out of the room he espied the torn paper which the lady had thrown upon the floor: the first piece he took up had *Incognita* written upon it, the sight of which so alarmed him, he scarce knew what he was about, but hearing a noise of a door opening overhead, with as much care as was consistent with the haste he was then in, he gathered up the scattered pieces of paper, and betook himself to a ramble.

Coming by a light which hung at the corner of a street, he joined the torn papers and collected thus much, that his *Incognita* had written the note, and earnestly desired him (if there were any reality in what he pretended to her) to meet her at twelve o'clock that night at a convent

gate, but unluckily the bit of paper which should have mentioned what convent, was broken off and lost

Here was a large subject for Aurelian's passion, which he did not spare to pour forth in abundance of curses on his stars. So earnest was he in the contemplation of his misfortunes, that he walked on unwittingly, till at length a silence (and such as was only to be found in that part of the town whither his unguided steps had carried him) surprised his attention. I say, a profound silence roused him from his thought, and a clap of thunder could have done no more.

Now because it is possible this at some time or other may happen to be read by some malicious or ignorant person, (no reflection upon the present reader,) who will not admit or does not understand that silence should make a man start, and have the same effect in provoking his attention with its opposite noise, I will illustrate this matter, to such a diminutive critic by a parallel instance of light, which, though it does chiefly entertain the eyes and is indeed the prime object of the sight, yet should it immediately cease, to have a man left in the dark by a sudden deficiency of it, would make him stare with his eyes, and though he could not see, endeavor to look about him. Why just thus did it fare with our adventurer, who seeming to have wandered both into the dominions of silence and of night, began to have some tender for his own safety, and would willingly have groped his way back again, when he heard a voice, as from a person whose breath had been stopped by some forcible oppression, and just then, by a violent effort, was broke through the restraint — "Yet — Yet" — (again replied the voice, still struggling for air,) "Forbear — and I'll forgive what's past — I have done nothing yet that needs a pardon," (says another) "and what is to come, will admit of none."

Here the Person who seemed to be the oppressed, made several attempts to speak, but they were only inarticulate sounds, being all interrupted and choked in their passage.

Aurelian was sufficiently astonished, and would have crept nearer to the place whence he guessed the voice to come, but he was got among the ruins of an old monastery, and could not stir so silently, but some loose stones he met with made a rumbling. The noise alarmed both parties, and as it gave comfort to the one, it so terrified t'other, that he could not hinder the oppressed from calling for help. Aurelian fancied it was a woman's voice, and immediately drawing his sword, demanded what was the matter. He was answered with the appearance of a man, who had opened a dark lantern which he had by him, and came toward him with a pistol in his hand, ready cocked.

Aurelian seeing the irresistible advantage his adversary had over him, would fain have retired, and, by the greatest Providence in the world, going backwards fell down over some loose stones that lay in his way, just in that instant of time when the villain fired his pistol, who, seeing him

fall, concluded he had shot him. The cries of the afflicted person were redoubled at the tragical sight, which made the murderer, drawing a poniard, to threaten him, that the next murmur should be his last. Aurelian, who was scarce assured that he was unhurt, got softly up, and coming near enough to perceive the violence that was used to stop the injured man's mouth, (for now he saw plainly it was a man) cried out "Turn, villain, and look upon thy death!"—The fellow, amazed at the voice, turned about to have snatched up the lantern from the ground, either to have given light only to himself, or to have put out the candle that he might have made his escape, but which of the two he designed, nobody could tell but himself and if the reader have a curiosity to know, he must blame Aurelian, who, thinking there could be no foul play offered to such a villain, ran him immediately through the heart, so that he dropped down dead at his feet, without speaking a word. He would have seen who the person was he had thus happily delivered, but the dead body had fallen upon the lantern, which put out the candle. However, coming up toward him, he asked him how he did, and bid him be of good heart. He was answered with nothing but prayers, blessings and thanks, called a thousand deliverers, good geniuses and guardian angels. And the rescued would certainly have gone upon his knees to have worshipped him, had he not been bound hand and foot, which Aurelian understanding, groped for the knots, and either untied them or cut them asunder, but 'tis more probable the latter, because more expeditious.

They took little heed what became of the body which they left behind them, and Aurelian was conducted from out the runs by the hand of him he had delivered. By a faint light issuing from the just rising moon, he could discern that it was a youth, but coming into a more frequented part of the town where several lights were hung out, he was amazed at the extreme beauty which appeared in his face, though a little pale and disordered with his late fright. Aurelian longed to hear the story of so odd an adventure, and entreated his charge to tell it him by the way, but he desired him to forbear till they were come into some house or other, where he might rest and recover his tired spirits, for yet he was so faint he was unable to look up. Aurelian thought these last words were delivered in a voice whose accent was not new to him. That thought made him look earnestly in the youth's face, which he now was sure he had somewhere seen before, and thereupon asked him if he had never been at Siena? That question made the young gentleman look up, and something of a joy appeared in his countenance, which yet he endeavored to smother, so praying Aurelian to conduct him to his lodging, he promised him that as soon as they should come thither, he would acquaint him with anything he desired to know. Aurelian would rather have gone anywhere else than to his own lodging, but being so very late, he was at a loss, and so forced to be contented.

As soon as they were come into his chamber and that lights were brought them and the servant dismissed, the paleness which so visibly before had usurped the sweet countenance of the afflicted youth vanished, and gave place to a more lively flood of crimson, which with a modest heat glowed freshly on his cheeks Aurelian waited with a pleasing admiration the discovery promised him, when the youth still struggling with his resolution, with a timorous haste pulled off a peruke which had concealed the most beautiful abundance of hair that ever graced one female head, those dishevelled spreading tresses as at first they made a discovery of, so at last they served for a veil to the modest lovely blushes of the fair Incognita, for she it was and none other But Oh! the inexpressible, inconceivable joy and amazement of Aurelian! As soon as he durst venture to think, he concluded it to be all vision and never doubted so much of anything in his life as of his being then awake But she taking him by the hand and desiring him to sit down by her, partly convinced him of the reality of her presence

“This is the second time, Don Hippolito,” said she to him, “that I have been here this night What the occasion was of my seeking you out, and how by miracle you preserved me, would add too much to the surprise I perceive you to be already in, should I tell you Nor will I make any further discovery till I know what censure you pass upon the confidence which I have put in you, and the strange circumstances in which you find me at this time I am sensible they are such that I shall not blame your severest conjectures, but I hope to convince you, when you shall hear what I have to say in justification of my virtue ”

“Justification!” cried Aurelian, “what infidel dares doubt it!” Then kneeling down, and taking her hand, “Ah, Madam,” says he, “would Heaven would no other ways look upon, than I behold your perfections — Wrong not your creature with a thought, he can be guilty of that horrid impiety as once to doubt your virtue — Heavens!” cried he, starting up, “am I so really blessed to see you once again! May I trust my sight? — Or does my fancy now only more strongly work? For still I did preserve your image in my heart, and you were ever present to my dearest thoughts ”

“Enough, Hippolito, enough of rapture,” said she, “you cannot much accuse me of ingratitude, for you see I have not been unmindful of you, but moderate your joy till I have told you my condition, and if for my sake you are raised to this delight, it is not of a long continuance ”

At that, as Aurelian tells the story, a sigh diffused a mournful sweetness through the air, and liquid grief fell gently from her eyes, triumphant sadness sat upon her brow, and even sorrow seemed delighted with the conquest he had made See what a change Aurelian felt! His heart bled tears and trembled in his breast, sighs struggling for a vent had choked each other's passage up, his floods of joys were all suppressed, cold doubts

and fears had chilled 'em with a sudden frost, and he was troubled to excess, yet knew not why Well, the learned say it was sympathy, and I am always of the opinion with the learned, if they speak first!

After a world of condolence had passed between them, he prevailed with her to tell him her story So having put all her sighs into one great sigh, she discharged herself of 'em all at once, and formed the relation you are just about to read

“Having been in my infancy contracted to a man I could never endure, and now by my parents being likely to be forced to marry him, is in short, the great occasion of my grief I fancied,” continued she, “something so generous in your countenance and uncommon in your behavior while you were diverting yourself and rallying me with expressions of gallantry at the ball, as induced me to hold conference with you I now freely confess to you, out of design, that if things should happen as I then feared and as now they are come to pass, I might rely upon your assistance in a matter of concern, and in which I would sooner choose to depend upon a generous stranger, than any acquaintance I have What mirth and freedom I then put on were, I can assure you, far distant from my heart, but I did violence to myself out of complaisance to your temper — I knew you at the tilting, and wished you might come off as you did, though I do not doubt but you would have had as good success had it been opposite to my inclinations — Not to detain you by too tedious a relation, every day my friends urged me to the match they had agreed upon for me, before I was capable of consenting At last their importunities grew to that degree that I found I must either consent, which would make me miserable, or be miserable by perpetually enduring to be baited by my father, brother and other relations I resolved yesterday, on a sudden, to give firm faith to the opinion I had conceived of you, and accordingly came in the evening to request your assistance in delivering me from my tormentors, by a safe and private conveyance of me to a monastery about four leagues hence, where I have an aunt who would receive me, and is the only relation I have averse to the match I was surpris'd at the appearance of some company I did not expect at your lodgings, which made me in haste tear a paper which I had written to you with directions where to find me, and get speedily away in my coach to an old servant's house, whom I acquainted with my purpose By my order she provided me of this habit which I now wear, I ventured to trust myself with her brother, and resolv'd to go under his conduct to the monastery, he prov'd to be a villain, and pretending to take me a short and private way to the place where he was to take up a hackney coach (for that which I came in was broke somewhere or other, with the haste it made to carry me from your lodging) led me into an old ruin'd monastery, where it pleas'd Heaven, by what accident I know not, to direct you I need not tell you how you sav'd my life and my honor, by revenging me with the death of my per-

fidious guide This is the sum of my present condition, bating the apprehensions I am in of being taken by some of my relations, and forced to a thing so quite contrary to my inclinations ”

Aurelian was confounded at the relation she had made, and began to fear his own estate to be more desperate than ever he had imagined. He made her a very passionate and eloquent speech in behalf of himself (much better than I intend to insert here), and expressed a mighty concern that she should look upon his ardent affection to be only raillery or gallantry. He was very free of his oaths to confirm the truth of what he pretended, nor I believe did she doubt it, or at least was unwilling so to do. For I would caution the reader, by the by, not to believe every word which she told him, nor that admirable sorrow which she counterfeited to be accurately true. It was indeed truth so cunningly intermingled with fiction that it required no less wit and presence of mind than she was endowed with, so to acquit herself on the sudden. She had entrusted herself indeed with a fellow who proved a villain, to conduct her to a monastery, but one which was in the town, and where she intended only to lie concealed for his sake — as the reader shall understand ere long, For we have another discovery to make to him, if he have not found it out of himself already.

After Aurelian had said what he was able upon the subject in hand, with a mournful tone and dejected look, he demanded his doom. She asked him if he would endeavor to convey her to the monastery she had told him of? “Your commands, Madam,” replied he, “are sacred to me, and were they to lay down my life, I would obey them.” With that he would have gone out of the room, to have given order for his horses to be got ready immediately, but with a countenance so full of sorrow as moved compassion in the tender hearted Incognita. “Stay a little, Don Hippolito,” said she, “I fear I shall not be able to undergo the fatigue of a journey this night — Stay and give me your advice how I shall conceal myself if I continue to morrow in this town.” Aurelian could have satisfied her she was not then in a place to avoid discovery, but he must also have told her then the reason of it, *viz* who he was, and who were in quest of him, which he did not think convenient to declare till necessity should urge him, for he feared lest her knowledge of those designs which were in agitation between him and Juliana, might deter her more from giving her consent. At last he resolved to try his utmost persuasions to gain her, and told her accordingly he was afraid she would be disturbed there in the morning, and he knew no other way (if she had not as great an aversion for him as the man whom she now endeavored to avoid) than by making him happy to make herself secure. He demonstrated to her that the disobligation to her parents would be greater by going to a monastery, since it was only to avoid a choice which they had made for her, and which she could not have so just a pretence to do, till she had made one for herself.

A world of other arguments he used, which she contradicted as long as she was able, or at least willing. At last she told him she would consult her pillow, and in the morning conclude what was fit to be done. He thought it convenient to leave her to her rest, and having locked her up in his room, went himself to repose upon a pallet by Signior Claudio.

In the meantime it may be convenient to enquire what became of Hippolito. He had wandered much in pursuit of Aurelian, though Leonora equally took up his thoughts. He was reflecting upon the oddness and extravagance of his circumstances, the continuation of which had doubtless created in him a great uneasiness, when it was interrupted with the noise of opening the gates of the convent of St. Lawrence, whither he was arrived sooner than he thought for, being the place Aurelian had appointed by the lackey to meet him in. He wondered to see the gates opened at so unseasonable an hour, and went to enquire the reason of it from them who were employed, but they proved to be novices, and made him signs to go in, where he might meet with somebody allowed to answer him. He found the religious men all up, and tapers lighting everywhere. At last he followed a friar who was going into the garden, and asking him the cause of these preparations, he was answered that they were entreated to pray for the soul of a cavalier who was just departing or departed this life, and whom upon farther talk with him, he found to be the same Lorenzo so often mentioned. Don Mario, it seems, uncle to Lorenzo and father to Leonora, had a private door out of the garden belonging to his house into that of the convent, which door this father was now a going to open, that he and his family might come and offer up their orisons for the soul of their kinsman. Hippolito having informed himself of as much as he could ask without suspicion, took his leave of the friar, not a little joyful at the hopes he had by such unexpected means of seeing his beautiful Leonora. As soon as he was got at convenient distance from the friar, (who, 'tis like, thought he had returned into the convent to his devotion) he turned back through a close walk which led him with a little compass, to the same private door, where just before he had left the friar, who now he saw was gone, and the door open.

He went into Don Mario's garden, and walked round with much caution and circumspection, for the moon was then about to rise, and had already diffused a glimmering light, sufficient to distinguish a man from a tree. By computation now (which is a very remarkable circumstance) Hippolito entered this garden near upon the same instant, when Aurelian wandered into the old monastery and found his Incognita in distress. He was pretty well acquainted with the platform and sight of the garden, for he had formerly surveyed the outside, and knew what part to make to if he should be surpris'd and driven to a precipitate escape. He took his stand behind a well grown bush of myrtle which, should the moon shine brighter than was required, had the advantage to be shaded by the indulgent boughs

of an ancient bay tree He was delighted with the choice he had made, for he found a hollow in the myrtle, as if purposely contrived for the reception of one person, who might undiscovered perceive all about him He looked upon it as a good omen, that the tree consecrated to Venus was so propitious to him in his amorous distress The consideration of that, together with the obligation he lay under to the Muses for sheltering him also with so large a crown of bays, had like to have set him a rhyming

He was, to tell the truth, naturally addicted to madrigals, and we should undoubtedly have had a small desert of numbers to have picked and criticised upon, had he not been interrupted just upon his delivery, nay, after the preliminary sigh had made way for his utterance But so was his fortune, Don Mario was coming towards the door at that very nick of time, where he met with a priest just out of breath, who told him that Lorenzo was just breathing his last, and desired to know if he would come and take his final leave before they were to administer the Extreme Unction Don Mario, who had been at some difference with his nephew, now thought it his duty to be reconciled to him, so calling to Leonora, who was coming after him, he bid her go to her devotions in the chapel, and told her where he was going

He went on with the priest, while Hippolito saw Leonora come forward, only accompanied by her woman She was in an undress, and by reason of a melancholy visible in her face, more careless than usual in her attire, which he thought added as much as was possible to the abundance of her charms He had not much time to contemplate this beauteous vision, for she soon passed into the garden of the convent, leaving him confounded with love, admiration, joy, hope, fear, and all the train of passions, which seize upon men in his condition, all at once He was so teased with this variety of torment, that he never missed the two hours that had slipped away during his automachy and intestine conflict Leonora's return settled his spirits, at least united them, and he had now no other thought but how he should present himself before her When she, calling her woman, bid her bolt the garden door on the inside, that she might not be surpris'd by her father if he returned through the convent, which done, she ordered her to bring down her lute, and leave her to herself in the garden

All this Hippolito saw and heard to his inexpressible content, yet had he much to do to smother his joy, and hinder it from taking a vent, which would have ruined the only opportunity of his life Leonora withdrew into an arbor so near him, that he could distinctly hear her if she played or sang Having tuned her lute, with a voice soft as the breath of angels, she flung to it this following air

Ah! Whither, whither shall I fly,
A poor unhappy maid,

To hopeless love and misery
 By my own heart betray'd?
 Not by Alexis' eyes undone,
 Nor by his charming faithless tongue,
 Or any practis'd art,
 Such real ills may hope a cure,
 But the sad pains which I endure
 Proceed from fancied smart

'Twas fancy gave Alexis charms,
 Ere I beheld his face
 Kind fancy (then) could fold our arms,
 And form a soft embrace
 But since I've seen the real swain,
 And tried to fancy him again,
 I'm by my fancy taught,
 Though 'tis a bliss no tongue can tell,
 To have Alexis, yet 'tis hell
 To have him but in thought

The song ended, grieved Hippolito that it was so soon ended, and in the ecstasy he was then rapt, I believe he would have been satisfied to have expired with it. He could not help flattering himself, (though at the same time he checked his own vanity,) that he was the person meant in the song. While he was indulging which thought, to his happy astonishment, he heard it encouraged by these words

"Unhappy Leonora," said she, "how is thy poor unwary heart misled? Whither am I come? The false deluding lights of an imaginary flame have led me, a poor benighted victim, to a real fire. I burn and am consumed with hopeless love, those beams in whose soft temperate warmth I wanted heretofore now flash destruction to my soul, my treacherous greedy eyes have sucked the glaring light, they have united all its rays and like a burning glass, conveyed the pointed meteor to my heart — Ah! Aurelian, how quickly hast thou conquered, and how quickly must thou forsake — Oh happy (to me unfortunately happy) Juliana! — I am to be the subject of thy triumph. To thee Aurelian comes laden with the tribute of my heart and glories in the oblation of his broken vows — What then, is Aurelian false! — False! Alas, I know not what I say, How can he be false, or true, or anything to me? What promises did he e'er make, or I receive? Sure I dream, or I am mad, and fancy it to be love. Foolish girl, recall thy banished reason — Ah! would it were no more, would I could rave, sure that would give me ease, and rob me of the sense of pain, at least, among my wandering thoughts, I should at some time light upon Aurelian, and fancy him to be mine, kind madness would flatter my poor feeble wishes, and sometimes

tell me Aurelian is not lost — not irrecoverably — not for ever lost!"

Hippolito could hear no more, he had not room for half his transport. When Leonora perceived a man coming toward her, she fell a-trembling, and could not speak. Hippolito approached with reverence, as to a sacred shrine, when, coming near enough to see her consternation, he fell upon his knees.

"Behold, Oh adored Leonora," said he, "your ravished Aurelian, behold at your feet the happiest of men. Be not disturbed at my appearance, but think that Heaven conducted me to hear my bliss pronounced by that dear mouth alone, whose breath could fill me with new life."

Here he would have come nearer, but Leonora (scarce come to herself) was getting up in haste to have gone away. He caught her hand, and with all the endearments of love and transport, pressed her stay, she was a long time in great confusion. At last, with many blushes, she entreated him to let her go where she might hide her guilty head, and not expose her shame before his eyes, since his ears had been sufficient witnesses of her crime. He begged pardon for his treachery in overhearing, and confessed it to be a crime he had now repeated. With a thousand submissions, entreaties, prayers, praises, blessings and passionate expressions he wrought upon her to stay and hear him. Here Hippolito made use of his rhetoric, and it proved prevailing. 'Twere tedious to tell the many ingenious arguments he used, with all her nice distinctions and objections. In short, he convinced her of his passion, represented to her the necessity they were under of being speedy in their resolves that his father (for still he was Aurelian) would undoubtedly find him in the morning, and then it would be too late to repent. She on the other hand, knew it was in vain to deny a passion which he had heard her so frankly own, (and no doubt was very glad it was past and done) besides apprehending the danger of delay and having some little jealousies and fears of what effect might be produced between the commands of his father and the beauties of Juliana. After some decent denials, she consented to be conducted by him through the garden into the convent, where she would prevail with her confessor to marry them. He was a scrupulous old father whom they had to deal withal, insomuch that ere they had persuaded him, Don Mario was returned by the way of his own house where, missing his daughter, and her woman not being able to give any farther account of her than that she left her in the garden, he concluded she was gone again to her devotions, and indeed he found her in the chapel upon her knees with Hippolito in her hand, receiving the father's benediction upon conclusion of the ceremony.

It would have asked a very skilful hand to have depicted to the life the faces of those three persons, at Don Mario's appearance. He that has seen some admirable piece of transmutation by a Gorgon's head may form to himself the most probable idea of the prototype. The old gentle-

man was himself in a sort of a wood, to find his daughter with a young fellow and a priest, but as yet he did not know the worst, till Hippolito and Leonora came, and kneeling at his feet, begged his forgiveness and blessing as his son and daughter Don Mario, instead of that, fell into a most violent passion, and would undoubtedly have committed some extravagant action, had he not been restrained, more by the sanctity of the place than the persuasions of all the religious, who were now come about him Leonora stirred not off her knees all this time, but continued begging of him that he would hear her

“Ah! ungrateful and undutiful wretch,” cried he, “how hast thou requited all my care and tenderness of thee? Now when I might have expected some return of comfort, to throw thyself away upon an unknown person and, for aught I know, a villain, to me I’m sure he is a villain, who has robbed me of my treasure, my darling joy, and all the future happiness of my life prevented Go go, thou now to be forgotten Leonora, go and enjoy thy unprosperous choice, you who wanted not a father’s counsel, cannot need, or else will slight his blessing”

These last words were spoken with so much passion and feeling concern that Leonora, moved with excess of grief, fainted at his feet, just as she had caught hold to embrace his knees The old man would have shook her off, but compassion and fatherly affection came upon him in the midst of his resolve, and melted him into tears He embraced his daughter in his arms and wept over her, while they endeavored to restore her senses

Hippolito was in such concern he could not speak, but was busily employed in rubbing and chafing her temples, when she opening her eyes laid hold of his arm, and cried out — “Oh, my Aurelian — how unhappy have you made me!” With that she had again like to have fainted away, but he took her in his arms, and begged Don Mario to have some pity on his daughter, since by his severity she was reduced to that condition The old man hearing his daughter name Aurelian, was a little revived, and began to hope things were in a pretty good condition He was persuaded to comfort her, and having brought her wholly to herself, was content to hear her excuse, and in a little time was so far wrought upon as to beg Hippolito’s pardon for the ill opinion he had conceived of him, and not long after gave his consent

The night was spent in this conflict, and it was now clear day, when Don Mario conducting his new son and daughter through the garden, was met by some servants of the Marquess of Viterbo, who had been enquiring for Donna Leonora, to know if Juliana had lately been with her, for that she was missing from her father’s house and no conjectures could be made of what might become of her Don Mario and Leonora were surprised at the news, for he knew well enough of the match that was designed for Juliana, and having enquired where the Marquess was, it was told him that he was gone with Don Fabio and

Fabritio toward Aurelian's lodgings Don Mario having assured the servants that Juliana had not been there, dismissed them, and advised with his son and daughter how they should undeceive the Marquess and Don Fabio in their expectations of Aurelian Hippolito could oftentimes scarce forbear smiling at the old man's contrivances who was most deceived himself, he at length advised them to go all down together to his lodging, where he would present himself before his father, and ingenuously confess to him the truth, and he did not question his approving of his choice

This was agreed to, and the coach made ready While they were upon their way, Hippolito prayed heartily that his friend Aurelian might be at the lodging, to satisfy Don Mario and Leonora of his circumstances and quality, when he should be obliged to discover himself His petitions were granted, for Don Fabio had beset the house long before his son was up or Incognita awake

Upon the arrival of Don Mario and Hippolito, they heard a great noise and hubbub above stairs, which Don Mario concluded was occasioned by their not finding Aurelian, whom he thought he could give the best account of, so that it was not in Hippolito's power to dissuade him from going up before to prepare his father to receive and forgive him While Hippolito and Leonora were left in the coach at the door, he made himself known to her, and begged her pardon a thousand times for continuing the deceit She was under some concern at first to find she was still mistaken, but his behavior, and the reasons he gave, soon reconciled him to her, his person was altogether as agreeable, his estate and quality not at all inferior to Aurelian's, in the meantime, the true Aurelian who had seen his father, begged leave of him to withdraw for a moment, in which time he went into the chamber where his Incognita was dressing herself, by his design, in woman's apparel, while he was consulting with her how they should break the matter to his father, it happened that Don Mario came up stairs where the Marquess and Don Fabio were, they undoubtedly concluded him mad, to hear him making apologies and excuses for Aurelian, whom, he told them, if they would promise to forgive, he would present before them immediately The Marquess asked him if his daughter had lain with Leonora that night, he answered him with another question in behalf of Aurelian In short, they could not understand one another, but each thought t'other beside himself Don Mario was so concerned that they would not believe him, that he ran down stairs and came to the door out of breath, desiring Hippolito that he would come into the house quickly, for that he could not persuade his father but that he had already seen and spoke to him Hippolito by that understood that Aurelian was in the house, so taking Leonora by the hand, he followed Don Mario, who led him up into the dining room, where they found Aurelian upon his knees, begging his father to forgive him, that he could not agree to the

choice he had made for him, since he had already disposed of himself, and that before he understood the designs he had for him, which was the reason that he had hitherto concealed himself Don Fabio knew not how to answer him, but looked upon the Marquess, and the Marquess upon him, as if the cement had been cooled which was to have united their families

All was silent, and Don Mario for his part took it to be all conjuration, he was coming forward to present Hippolito to them, when Aurelian spying his friend, started from his knees and ran to embrace him 'My dear Hippolito,' said he, "what happy chance has brought you hither, just at my necessity?" Hippolito pointed to Don Mario and Leonora, and told him upon what terms he came Don Mario was ready to run mad, hearing him called Hippolito, and went again to examine his daughter While she was informing him of the truth, the Marquess's servants returned with the melancholy news that his daughter was nowhere to be found While the Marquess and Don Fabritio were wondering at and lamenting the misfortune of her loss, Hippolito came towards Don Fabio and interceded for his son, since the lady perhaps had withdrawn herself out of an aversion to the match Don Fabio, though very much incensed, yet forgot not the respect due to Hippolito's quality, and by his persuasion spoke to Aurelian, though with a stern look and angry voice, and asked him where he had disposed the cause of his disobedience, if he were worthy to see her or no, Aurelian made answer that he desired no more than for him to see her, and he did not doubt a consequence of his approbation and forgiveness "Well," said Don Fabio, "you are very conceited of your own discretion, let us see this rarity" While Aurelian was gone in for Incognita, the Marquess of Viterbo and Don Fabritio were taking their leaves in great disorder for their loss and disappointment, but Don Fabio entreated their stay a moment longer till the return of his son Aurelian led Incognita into the room veiled, who seeing some company there which he had not told her of, would have gone back again But Don Fabio came bluntly forwards, and ere she was aware, lifted up her veil and beheld the fair Incognita, differing nothing from Juliana but in her name This discovery was so extremely surprising and welcome, that either joy or amazement had tied up the tongues of the whole company Aurelian here was most at a loss, for he knew not of his happiness, and that which all along prevented Juliana's confessing herself to him, was her knowing Hippolito (for whom she took him) to be Aurelian's friend, and she feared if he had known her, that he would never have consented to have deprived him of her Juliana was the first that spoke, falling upon her knees to her father, who was not enough himself to take her up Don Fabio ran to her, and awakened the Marquess, who then embraced her, but could not yet speak Fabritio and Leonora strove who should first take her in their arms, for Aurelian, he was out of his wits for joy, and Juliana was not

much behind him, to see how happily their loves and duties were reconciled Don Fabio embraced his son and forgave him The Marquess and Fabritio gave Juliana into his hands, he received the blessing upon his knees, all were overjoyed, and Don Mario not a little proud at the discovery of his son-in law, whom Aurelian did not fail to set forth with all the ardent zeal and eloquence of friendship Juliana and Leonora had pleasant discourse about their unknown and mistaken rivalship, and it was the subject of a great deal of mirth to hear Juliana relate the several contrivances which she had to avoid Aurelian for the sake of Hippolito

Having diverted themselves with many remarks upon the pleasing surprise, they all thought it proper to attend upon the Great Duke that morning at the Palace, and to acquaint him with the novelty of what had passed, while, by the way, the young couples entertained the company with the relation of several particulars of their three days adventures

MARIA EDGEWORTH

(1767-1849)

MARIA EDGEWORTH was born near Reading in 1747. Much of her early training was received under her father who was a writer. In 1800 she published her first novel *Castle Rackrent*. She continued writing novels and stories for the next thirty five years. Nearly all her best work is concerned with Irish scenes and the delineation of Irish character. One of her finest books is a collection called *Popular Tales* from which the story reprinted below is selected.

Rosanna is reprinted from a late revised edition of the *Popular Tales*, which first appeared in 1812.

ROSANNA

CHAPTER I

THERE are two sorts of content: one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence, the first is a virtue, the second a vice. Examples of both may be found in abundance in Ireland. There you may sometimes see a man in sound health submitting day after day to evils which a few hours' labour would remedy, and you are provoked to hear him say, 'It will do well enough for me. Didn't it do for my father before me? I can make a shift with things for my time anyhow, I'm content.'

This kind of content is indeed the bane of industry. But instances of a different sort may be found, in various of the Irish peasantry. Amongst them we may behold men struggling with adversity with all the strongest powers of mind and body, and supporting irremediable evils with a degree of cheerful fortitude which must excite at once our pity and admiration.

In a pleasant village in the province of Leinster there lives a family of the name of Gray. Whether or not they are any way related to Old Robin Gray, history does not determine, but it is very possible that they are, because they came, it is said, originally from the north of Ireland, and one of the sons is actually called Robin. Leaving this point, however, in the obscurity which involves the early history of the most ancient and illustrious families, we proceed to less disputable and perhaps more useful facts. It is well known, that is by all his neighbours, that farmer

Gray began life with no very encouraging prospects he was the youngest of a large family, and the portion of his father's property that fell to his share was but just sufficient to maintain his wife and three children. At his father's death, he had but £100 in ready money, and he was obliged to go into a poor mud walled cabin, facing the door of which there was a green pool of stagnant water, and before the window, of one pane, a dunghill that, reaching to the thatch of the roof, shut out the light, and filled the house with the most noisome smell. The ground sloped towards the house door, so that in rainy weather, when the pond was full, the kitchen was overflowed and at all times the floor was so damp and soft, that the print of the nails of brogues was left in it wherever the wearer set down his foot. To be sure these nail marks could scarcely be seen, except just near the door or where the light of the fire immediately shone because, elsewhere, the smoke was so thick, that the pig might have been within a foot of you without your seeing him. The former inhabitants of this mansion had, it seems, been content without a chimney and, indeed, almost without a roof, the couples and purlins of the roof, having once given way, had never been repaired, and swagged down by the weight of the thatch, so that the ends threatened the wigs of the unwary.

The prospect without doors was scarcely more encouraging to our hero than the scene within the farm consisted of about forty acres, and the fences of the grazing land were so bad, that the neighbours' cattle took possession of it frequently by day and always by night. The tillage ground had been so ill managed by his predecessor, that the land was what is called quite out of heart.

If farmer Gray had also been out of heart, he and his family might at this hour have been beggars. His situation was thought desperate by many of his neighbours, and, a few days after his father's decease, many came to condole with him. Amongst the rest was 'easy Simon', or, as some called him, 'soft Simon,' on account of his unresisting disposition, and contented, or, as we should rather name it reckless temper. He was a sort of a half or a half quarter gentleman, had a small patrimony of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year, a place in the excise worth fifty more, and a mill, which might have been worth another hundred annually, had it not been suffered to stand still for many a year.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! What a bustle we are in! and what a world of trouble is here!' cried Simon, when he came to Gray's house, and found him on the ladder taking off the decayed thatch, whilst one of his sons, a lad of about fourteen, was hard at work filling a cart from the dunghill which blockaded the window. His youngest son, a boy of twelve, with a face and neck red with heat, was making a drain to carry off the water from the green pond, and Rose, the sister, a girl of ten years old, was collecting the ducks, which her mother was going to carry to her land lord's to sell.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! Wheugh! Why, what a world of bustle and trouble is here! Troth, Jemmy Gray, you're in a bad way, sure enough! Poor cratur! Poor cratur.'

No man,' replied Gray, 'deserves to be called poor, that has his health and the use of his limbs. Besides,' continued he, 'have not I a good wife and good children and, with those blessings, has not a man sufficient reason to be content?'

'Ay, to be sure that's the only way to get through this world,' said Simon, 'whatever comes, just to take it easy, and be content. Content and a warm chimney corner is all in all, according to my notion.'

'Yes, Simon,' said Gray, laughing, 'but your kind of content would never do for me. Content, that sits down in the chimney corner, and does nothing but smoke his pipe, will soon have the house about his ears, and then what will become of Content?'

'Time enough to think of that when it comes,' said Simon 'fretting never propped a house yet, and if it did, I would rather see it fall than fret.'

'But could not you prop the house,' said Gray, 'without fretting?'

'Is it by putting my shoulders to it?' said Simon. 'My shoulders have never been used to hard work, and don't like it anyway. As long as I can eat, drink, and sleep, and have a coat to my back, what matter for the rest? Let the world go as it will, I'm content. Shoo! Shoo! The button is off the neck of this greatcoat of mine, and how *will* I keep it on? A pin sure will do as well as a button, and better. Mrs Gray, or Miss Rose, I'll thank you kindly for a pin.'

He stuck the pin in the place of the button, to fasten the greatcoat round his throat, and walked off. It pricked his chin about a dozen times before the day was over, but he forgot the next day, and the next, and the next, to have the button sewed on. He was content to make shift, as he called it, with the pin. This is precisely the species of content which leads to beggary.

Not such the temper of our friend Gray. Not an inconvenience that he could remedy, by industry or ingenuity, was he content to endure, but necessary evils he bore with unshaken patience and fortitude. His house was soon new roofed and new thatched, the dunghill was removed, and spread over that part of his land which most wanted manure, the putrescent water of the standing pool was drained off, and fertilised a meadow, and the kitchen was never again overflowed in rainy weather, because the labour of half a day made a narrow trench which carried off the water. The prints of the shoe nails were no longer visible in the floor, for the two boys trod dry mill seeds into the clay, and beat the floor well, till they rendered it quite hard and even. The rooms also were cleared of smoke, for Gray built a chimney, and the kitchen window, which had formerly been stuffed up, when the wind blew too hard, with an old or

few shillings, say pounds, we have light to see what we are doing, and shelves, and a press to hold our clothes in Why now, this will be all so much saved to us, by and by, for the clothes will last the longer, and the things about us will not go to wreck, and when I and the boys can come home after our day's work to a house like this, we may be content'

Having thus ensured, as far as it was in his power, health, cleanliness, and comfort in his house, our hero and his sons turned their attention to the farm They set about to repair all the fences, for the boys, though they were young, were able to help their father in the farm they were willing to work, and happy to work with him John, the eldest lad, could set potatoes, and Robin was able to hold the plough so that Gray did not hire any servant boy to help him, nor did Mrs Gray hire a maid 'Rose and I,' said she, 'can manage very well to look after the two cows, and milk them, and make the butter, and get something too by our spinning We must do without servants, and may be happy and content to serve ourselves

'Times will grow better, that is, we shall make them better every year we must have the roughest first,' said Gray

The first year, to be sure, it was rough enough, and, do what they could, they could not do more than make the rent of the farm, which rent amounted to forty pounds The landlord was a Mr Hopkins, agent to a gentleman who resided in England Mr Hopkins insisted upon having the rent paid up to the day, and so it was Gray contented himself by thinking that this was perhaps for the best 'When the rent is once paid,' said he, 'it cannot be called for again, and I am in no man's power, that's a great comfort To be sure, if the half year's rent was left in my hands for a few months, it might have been of service but it is better not to be under an obligation to such a man as Mr Hopkins, who would make us pay for it in some shape or other, when we least expected it'

Mr Hopkins was what is called in Ireland a middleman, one that takes land from great proprietors, to set it again at an advanced, and often an exorbitant, price, to the poor Gray had his land at a fair rent, because it was not from Mr Hopkins his father had taken the lease, but from the gentleman to whom this man was agent Mr Hopkins designed to buy the land which Gray farmed, and he therefore wished to make it appear as unprofitable as possible to his landlord, who, living in England, knew but little of his own estate 'If these Grays don't pay the rent,' said he to his driver, 'pound their cattle, and sell at the end of eight days If they break and run away, I shall have the land clear, and may make a compliment of it to tenants and friends of my own, after it comes into my hands'

He was rather disappointed when the rent was paid to the day 'But,' said he, 'it won't be so next year, the man is laying out his money on the ground, on draining and fencing, and that won't pay suddenly We'll leave

the rent in his hands for a year or so, and bring down an ejection upon him, if he once gets into our power, as he surely will. Then, all that he has done to the house will be so much in my way. What a fool he was to lay out his money so!

It happened, however, that the money which Gray had laid out in making his house comfortable and neat was of the greatest advantage to him, and at a time and in a way which he least expected. His cottage was within sight of the highroad, that led to a town from which it was about a mile distant. A regiment of English arrived, to be quartered in the town, and the wives of some of the soldiers came a few hours after their husbands. One of these women, a sergeant's wife, was taken suddenly in labour, before they reached the town, and the soldier who conducted the baggage cart in which she was drew up to the first amongst a row of miserable cabins that were by the roadside, to ask the people if they would give her lodging; but the sick woman was shocked at the sight of the smoke and dirt of this cabin, and begged to be carried on to the neat whitewashed cottage that she saw at a little distance. This was Gray's house.

His wife received the stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality, she was able to offer her a neat bed, and a room that was perfectly dry and clean. The sergeant's wife was brought to bed soon after her arrival, and remained with Mrs. Gray till she recovered her strength. She was grateful for the kindness that was shown to her by Mrs. Gray, and so was her husband the sergeant. He came one evening to the cottage, and in his blunt English fashion said, 'Mr. Gray, you know I, or my wife, which is the same thing, have cause to be obliged to you, or your wife, which comes also to the same thing, now one good turn deserves another. Our colonel has ordered me, I being quarter master, to sell off by auction some of the cast horses belonging to the regiment, now I have bought in the best for a trifle, and have brought him here, with me, to beg you'll accept of him, by way of some sort of a return for the civilities you and your wife, that being, as I said, the same thing, showed me and mine.'

Gray replied he was obliged to him for this offer of the horse, but that he could not think of accepting it, that he was very glad his wife had been able to show any kindness or hospitality to a stranger, but that, as they did not keep a public-house, they could not take anything in the way of payment.

The sergeant was more and more pleased by farmer Gray's generosity. 'Well,' said he, 'I heard, before I came to Ireland, that the Irish were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth, and so I find it come true, and I shall always say so, wherever I'm quartered hereafter. And now do pray answer me, is there any the least thing I can ever do to oblige you? for, if the truth must be told of me, I don't like to lie under an obligation, any more than another, where I can help it.'

‘To show you that I do not want to lay you under one,’ said Gray, ‘I’ll tell you how you can do as much for me, and ten times as much, as I have done for you, and this without hurting yourself or any of your employers a penny’

‘Say how, and it shall be done’

‘By letting me have the dung of the barracks, which will make my land and me rich, without making you poorer, for I’ll give you the fair price, whatever it is I don’t ask you to wrong your employers of a farthing’

The sergeant promised this should be done, and rejoiced that he had found some means of serving his friend Gray covered ten acres with the manure brought from the barracks, and the next year these acres were in excellent heart This was sufficient for the grazing of ten cows he had three, and he bought seven more, and with what remained of his hundred pounds, after paying for the cows, he built a shed and a cow house His wife, and daughter Rose, who was now about fourteen, were excellent managers of the dairy They made, by butter and butter milk, about four pounds each cow within the year The butter they salted and took to market at the neighbouring town, the butter milk they sold to the country people, who, according to the custom of the neighbourhood, came to the house for it

Besides this, they reared five calves, which, at a year old, they sold for fifteen guineas and a half The dairy did not, however, employ all the time of this industrious mother and daughter, they had time for spinning, and by this cleared six guineas They also made some little matter by poultry, but that was only during the first year afterwards Mr Hopkins sent notice that they must pay all the *duty fowl*, and *duty geese*, and *turkeys* charged in the lease, or compound with him by paying two guineas a year This gentleman had many methods of squeezing money out of poor tenants, and he was not inclined to spare the Grays, whose farm he now more than ever wished to possess, because its value had been considerably increased by the judicious industry of the farmer and his sons

Young as they were, both farmer Gray’s sons had a share in these improvements The eldest had drained a small field, which used to be called the rushy field from its having been quite covered with rushes Now there was not a rush to be found upon it, and his father gave him the profits of the field, and said that it should be called by his name Robin, the youngest son, had, by his father’s advice, tried a little experiment, which many of his neighbours ridiculed at first, and admired at last The spring, which used to supply the duck pond that often flooded the house, was at the head of a meadow, that sloped with a fall sufficient to let the water run off Robin flooded the meadow at the proper season of the year, and it produced afterwards a crop such as never had been seen there before His father called this meadow Robin’s meadow, and gave him the value of the hay that was made upon it

'Now, my dear boys,' said this good father, 'you have made a few guineas for yourselves, and here are a few more for you, all that I can spare let us see what you can do with this money I shall take a pride in seeing you get forward by your own industry and cleverness, I don't want you to slave for me all your best days, but shall always be ready, as a father should be, to give you a helping hand'

The sons had scarcely a word in answer to this, for their hearts were full, but that night, when they were by themselves, one said to the other, 'Brother, did you see Jack Reel's letter to his father? They say he has sent home ten guineas to him Is there any truth in it, think you?'

'Yes, I saw the letter, and a kinder never was written from son to father The ten guineas I saw paid into the old man's hand, and, at that same minute, I wished it was I that was doing the same by my own father'

'That was just what I was thinking of when I asked you if you saw the letter Why, Jack Reel had nothing, when he went abroad with the army to Egypt, last year Well, I never had a liking myself to follow the drum but it's almost enough to tempt one to it If I thought I could send home ten guineas to my father, I would 'list to morrow'

'That would not be well done of you, Robin,' said John, 'for my father would rather have *you*, a great deal, than the ten guineas, I am sure to say nothing of my poor mother, and Rose, and myself, who would be sorry enough to hear of your being knocked on the head, as is the fate, sooner or later, of them that follow the army I would rather be any of the trades that hurt nobody, and do good to a many along with myself, as father said t'other day Then, what a man makes so, he makes with a safe conscience, and he can enjoy it'

'You are right, John, and I was wrong to talk of *'listing*,' said Robin, 'but it was only Jack Reel's letter, and the ten guineas sent to his father, that put it into my head I may make as much for my father by staying at home, and minding my business So now, good-night to you, I'll go to sleep, and we can talk more about it all to morrow'

The next morning, as these two youths were setting potatoes for the family, and considering to what they should turn their hands when the potatoes were all set, they were interrupted by a little *gossoon*, who came running up as hard as he could, crying, 'Murder! murder! Simon O'Dougherty wants you For the love of God, cross the bog in all haste, to help out his horse, that has tumbled into the old tan-pit, there beyond, in the night!'

The two brothers immediately followed the boy, carrying with them a rope and a halter, as they guessed that *soft Simon* would not have either They found him wringing his hands beside the tan pit, in which his horse lay smothering A little ragged boy was tugging at the horse's head, with a short bit of hay rope 'Oh, murder! murder! What *will* I do for a halter?

Sure the horse will be lost for want of a halter, and where in the wide world *will* I look for one?' cried Simon, without stirring one inch from the spot 'Oh, the blessing of Heaven be with you, lads,' continued he, turning at the sight of the Grays, 'you've brought us a halter But see! it's just over with the poor beast All the world put together will not get him alive out of that I must put up with the loss, and be content He cost me fifteen good guineas, and he could leap better than any horse in the county Oh, what a pity on him! what a pity! But, take it easy, that's all we have for it! *Poor cratur! Poor cratur!*'

Without listening to Simon's lamentations, the active lads, by the help of Simon and the two boys, pulled the horse out of the pit The poor animal was nearly exhausted by struggling but, after some time, he stretched himself, and, by degrees, recovered sufficiently to stand One of his legs, however, was so much hurt that he could scarcely walk, and Simon said he would surely go lame for life

'Who now would ever have thought of his straying into such an ugly place of all others?' continued he 'I know, for my share, the spot is so overgrown with grass and rubbish, of one kind or other, and it's so long since any of the tanning business was going on here, in my uncle O'Haggarty's time, that I quite forgot there were such things as tan pits, or any manner of pits, in my possession, and I wish these had been far enough off before my own little famous Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had strayed into them, laming himself for life, like a blockhead For the case was this I came home late last night, not as sober as a judge, and, finding no one up but the girl, I gave her the horse to put into the stable, and she forgot the door after her, which wants a lock, and there being but a scanty feed of oats, owing to the boy's negligence, and no halter to secure the beast, my poor Sir Hyacinth strayed out here, as ill luck would have it, into the tan pit Bad luck to my uncle O'Haggarty, that had the tan yard here at all! He might have lived as became him, without dirtying his hands with the tanning of dirty hides'

'I was just going,' said John Gray, 'to comfort you, Simon, for the laming of your horse, by observing that, if you had your tan yard in order again, you could soon make up the price of another horse'

'Ohoo! I would not be bothered with anything of the kind There's the mill of Rosanna there, beyond, was the plague of my life, till it stopped, and I was glad to have fairly done with it Them that come after me may set it agoing again, and welcome I have enough just to serve my time, and am content anyway'

'But, if you could get a fair rent for the tan-yard, would you let it?' said John

'To that I should make no objection in life, provided I had no trouble with it,' replied Simon

'And if you could get somebody to keep the mill of Rosanna going, with-

out giving you any trouble, you would not object to that, would you?' said Robin

'Not I, to be sure,' replied Simon, laughing 'Whatever God sends, be it more or less, I am content But I would not have you think me a fool, for all I talk so easy about the matter, I know very well what I might have got for the mill some years ago, when first it stopped, if I would have let it to the man that proposed for it, but though he was as substantial a tenant as you could see, yet he affronted me once, at the last election, by calling a freeholder of mine over the coals, and so I was proud of an opportunity to show him I did not forget So I refused to let him the mill on any terms, and I made him a speech for his pride to digest at the same time "Mr Hopkins," said I, "the lands of Rosanna have been in my family these two hundred years and upwards, and though, nowadays, many men think that everything is to be done for money, and though you, Mr Hopkins, have made as much money as most men could in the same time, — all which I don't envy you, — yet I must make bold to tell you that the lands of Rosanna, or any part or parcel thereof, is what you'll never have whilst I'm alive, Mr Hopkins, for love or money" The spirit of the O'Doughertys was up within me, and though all the world calls me easy Simon, I have my own share of proper spirit These mushroom money makers, that start up from the very dirt under one's feet, I can't for my part swallow them Now I should be happy to give you a lease of the mill of Rosanna, after refusing Hopkins, for you and your father before you, lads, have been always very civil to me My tan pits and all I am ready to talk to you about, and thank you for pulling my horse out for me this morning Will you walk up and look at the mill? I would attend you myself, but must go to the farrier about Sir Hyacinth's leg, instead of standing talking here any longer Good morning to you kindly The girl will give you the key of the mill, and show you everything, the same as myself'

Simon gathered his greatcoat about him, and walked away to the farrier, whilst the two brothers rejoiced that they should see the mill without hearing him talk the whole time Simon, having nothing to do all day long but to talk, was an indefatigable gossip When the lands of Rosanna were in question, or when his pride was touched, he was terribly fluent

CHAPTER II

UPON examining the mill, which was a common oat-mill, John Gray found that the upper millstone was lodged upon the lower, and that this was all which prevented the mill from going No other part of it was damaged or out of repair As to the tan yard, it was in great disorder, but it was very conveniently situated, was abundantly supplied with water on

one side, and had an oak copse at the back, so that tan could readily be procured. It is true that the bark of these oak trees, which had been planted by his careful uncle O'Haggarty, had been much damaged since Simon came into possession, for he had, with his customary negligence, suffered cattle to get amongst them. He had also, to supply himself with ready money, occasionally cut down a great deal of the best timber before it arrived at its full growth, and at this time the Grays found every tree of tolerable size marked for destruction with the initials of Simon O'Dougherty's name.

Before they said anything more about the mill or the tan yard to Simon, these prudent brothers consulted their father. He advised them to begin cautiously, by offering to manage the mill and the tan yard, during the ensuing season, for Simon, for a certain share in the profits, and then if they should find the business likely to succeed, they might take a lease of the whole. Simon willingly made this agreement, and there was no danger in dealing with him, because, though careless and indolent, he was honest, and would keep his engagements. It was settled that John and Robin should have the power, at the end of the year, either to hold or give up all concern in the mill and tan yard, and, in the meantime, they were to manage the business for Simon, and to have such a share in the profits as would pay them reasonably for their time and labour.

They succeeded beyond their expectations in the management of the mill and tan-yard during their year of probation, and Simon, at the end of that time, was extremely glad to give them a long lease of the premises, upon their paying him down, by way of fine, the sum of £150. This sum their father, who had good credit, and who could give excellent security upon his farm, which was now in a flourishing condition, raised for them, and they determined to repay him the money by regular yearly portions out of their profits.

Success did not render these young men presumptuous or negligent; they went on steadily with business, were contented to live frugally and work hard for some years. Many of the sons of neighbouring tradesmen and farmers, who were able perhaps to buy a horse or two, or three good coats in a year, and who set up for gentlemen, and spent their days in hunting, shooting, or cock-fighting, thought that the Grays were poor-spirited fellows for sticking so close to business. They prophesied that, even when these brothers should have made a fortune, they would not have the liberality to spend or enjoy it, but this prediction was not verified. The Grays had not been brought up to place their happiness merely in the scraping together of pounds, shillings, and pence; they valued money for money's worth, not for money's sake, and, amongst the pleasures it could purchase, they thought that of contributing to the happiness of their parents and friends the greatest. When they had paid their father the hundred and fifty pounds he had advanced, their next object was to build

a neat cottage for him, near the wood and mill of Rosanna, on a beautiful spot, upon which they had once heard him say that he should like to have a house

We mentioned that Mr Hopkins, the agent, had a view to this farm, and that he was desirous of getting rid of the Grays but this he found no easy matter to accomplish, because the rent was always punctually paid There was no pretence for *driving*, even for the duty fowls, Mrs Gray always had them ready at the proper time Mr Hopkins was further provoked by seeing the rich improvements which our farmer made every year on his land his envy, which could be moved by the meanest objects of gain, was continually excited by his neighbour's successful industry To day he envied him his green meadows, and to morrow the corks of butter packed on the car for Dublin Farmer Gray's ten cows, which regularly passed by Mr Hopkins's window morning and evening, were a sight that often spoiled his breakfast and supper, but that which grieved this envious man the most was the barrack manure, he would stand at his window, and, with a heavy heart, count the car loads that went by to Gray's farm

Once he made an attempt to ruin Gray's friend, the sergeant, by accusing him secretly of being bribed to sell the barrack manure to Gray for less than he had been offered for it by others but the officer to whom Mr Hopkins made this complaint was fortunately a man who did not like secret informations he publicly inquired into the truth of the matter and the sergeant's honesty and Mr Hopkins's meanness were clearly proved and contrasted The consequence of this malicious interference was beneficial to Gray, for the officer told the story to the colonel of the regiment which was next quartered in the town, and he to the officer who succeeded him, so that year after year Mr Hopkins applied in vain for the barrack manure Farmer Gray had always the preference, and the hatred of Mr Hopkins knew no bounds, that is, no bounds but the letter of the law, of which he was ever mindful, because lawsuits are expensive

At length, however, he devised a legal mode of *annoying* his enemy Some land belonging to Mr Hopkins lay between Gray's farm and the only bog in the neighbourhood now he would not permit Mr Gray, or anybody belonging to him, to draw turf upon his bog road, and he absolutely forbade his own wretched tenants to sell turf to the object of his envy By these means, he flattered himself he should literally starve the enemy out of house and home

Things were in this situation when John and Robin Gray determined to build a house for their father at Rosanna They made no secret to him of their intentions, for they did not want to surprise but to please him, and to do everything in the manner that would be most convenient to him and their mother Their sister Rose was in all their counsels, and it had been for the last three years one of her chief delights to go, after her

day's work was done to the mill at Rosanna, to see how her brothers were going on. How happy are those families where there is no envy or jealousy, but in which each individual takes an interest in the prosperity of the whole! Farmer Gray was heartily pleased with the gratitude and generosity of his boys, as he still continued to call them, though, by the by, John was now three and twenty, and his brother only two years younger.

'My dear boys,' said he, 'nothing could be more agreeable to me and your mother than to have a snug cottage near you both, on the very spot which you say I pitched upon two years ago. This cabin that we now live in, after all I have tried to do to prop it up, and notwithstanding all Rose does to keep it neat and clean withinside, is but a crazy sort of a place. We are able now to have a better house, and I shall be glad to be out of the reach of Mr Hopkins's persecution. Therefore, let us set about and build the new house. You shall contribute your share, my boys, but only a share mind, I say only a share. And I hope next year to contribute my share towards building a house for each of you. It is time you should think of marrying, and settling. It is no bad thing to have a house ready for a bride. We shall have quite a little colony of our own at Rosanna. Who knows but I may live to see my grandchildren, ay, and my great-grandchildren, settled there all round me, industrious and contented?'

Good will is almost as expeditious and effectual as Aladdin's lamp — the new cottage for farmer Gray was built at Rosanna, and he took possession of it the ensuing spring. They next made a garden, and furnished it with all sorts of useful vegetables and some pretty flowers. Rose had great pleasure in taking care of this garden. Her brothers also laid out a small green lawn before the door, and planted the boundaries with white thorn, crab trees, lilacs, and laburnums. The lawn sloped down to the water side, and the mill and copse behind it were seen from the parlour windows. A prettier cottage, indeed so pretty a one, was never before seen in this county.

But what was better far than the pretty cottage, or the neat garden, or the green lawn, or the white thorn, the crab-trees, the lilacs, and the laburnums, was the content that smiled amongst them.

Many who have hundreds and thousands are miserable, because they still desire more, or rather because they know not what they would have. For instance, Mr Hopkins, the rich Mr Hopkins, who had scraped in about fifteen years above twenty thousand, some said thirty thousand pounds, had never been happy for a single day, either whilst he was making this fortune or when he had made it, for he was of an avaricious, discontented temper. The more he had, the more he desired. He could not bear the prosperity of his neighbours, and if his envy made him industrious, yet it at the same time rendered him miserable. Though he was what the world calls a remarkably fortunate man, yet the feelings of his own mind

prevented him from enjoying his success. He had no wife, no children, to share his wealth. He would not marry, because a wife is expensive, and children are worse than taxes. His whole soul was absorbed in the love of gain. He denied himself not only the comforts but the common necessities of life. He was alone in the world. He was conscious that no human being loved him. He read his history in the eyes of all his neighbours.

It was known that he had risen upon the ruin of others, and the higher he had risen, the more conspicuous became the faults of his character. Whenever any man grew negligent of his affairs, or by misfortune was reduced to distress, Hopkins was at hand to take advantage of his necessities. His first approaches were always made under the semblance of friendship, but his victims soon repented their imprudent confidence when they felt themselves in his power. Unrestrained by a sense of honour or the feelings of humanity, he felt no scruple in pursuing his interest to the very verge of what the law would call fraud. Even his own relations complained that he duped them without scruple, and none but strangers to his character, or persons compelled by necessity, would have any dealings with this man. Of what advantage to him, or to any one else, were the thousands he had accumulated?

It may be said that such beings are necessary in society, that their industry is productive, and that, therefore, they ought to be preferred to the idle, unproductive members of the community. But wealth and happiness are not the same things. Perhaps, at some future period, enlightened politicians may think the happiness of nations more important than their wealth. In this point of view, they would consider all the members of society who are productive of happiness as neither useless nor despicable, and, on the contrary, they would condemn and discourage those who merely accumulate money, without enjoying or dispensing happiness. But some centuries must probably elapse before such a philosophic race of politicians can arise. In the meantime, let us go on with our story.

CHAPTER III

MR HOPKINS was enraged when he found that his expected victim escaped his snares. He saw the pretty cottage rise, and the mill of Rosanna work, in despite of his malevolence. He long brooded over his malice in silence. As he stood one day on the top of a high mount on his own estate, from which he had a view of the surrounding country, his eyes fixed upon the little paradise in the possession of his enemies. He always called those his enemies of whom he was the enemy. This is no uncommon mistake, in the language of the passions.

'The Rosanna mill shall be stopped before this day twelve month, or my name is not Hopkins,' said he to himself. 'I have sworn vengeance against those Grays, but I will humble them to the dust, before I have

done with them I shall never sleep in peace till I have driven those people from the country'

It was, however, no easy matter to drive from the country such inoffensive inhabitants. The first thing Mr Hopkins resolved upon was to purchase from Simon O'Dougherty the field adjoining to that in which the mill stood. The brook flowed through this field, and Mr Hopkins saw, with malicious satisfaction, that he could at a small expense turn the course of the stream, and cut off the water from the mill.

Poor Simon by this time had reduced himself to a situation in which his pride was compelled to yield to pecuniary considerations. Within the last three years, his circumstances had been materially changed. Whilst he was a bachelor, his income had been sufficient to maintain him in idleness. Soft Simon, however, at last, took it into his head to marry, or rather a cunning damsel, who had been his mistress for some years, took it into her head to make him marry. She was skilled in the arts both of wheedling and scolding to resist these united powers was too much to be expected from a man of Simon's easy temper.

He argued thus with himself — 'She has cost me more as she is than if she had been my wife twice over, for she has no interest in looking after anything belonging to me, but only just living on from day to day, and making the most for herself and her children. And the children, too, all in the same way, snatching what they could make sure of for themselves. Now, if I make her my lawful wife, as she desires, the property will be hers, as well as mine, and it will be her interest to look after all. She is a stirring, notable woman, and will save me a world of trouble, and make the best of everything for her children's sake, and they, being then all acknowledged by me, will make my interest their own, as she says, and, besides, this is the only way left me to have peace.'

To avoid the cares and plagues of matrimony, and that worst of plagues a wife's tongue, Simon first was induced to keep a mistress, and now, to silence his mistress, he made her his wife. She assured him that, till she was his lawful lady, she never should have peace or quietness, nor could she, in conscience, suffer him to have a moment's rest.

Simon married her, to use his own phrase, out of hand, but the marriage was only the beginning of new troubles. The bride had hordes and clans of relations, who came pouring in from all quarters to pay their respects to Mrs O'Dougherty. Her good easy man could not shut his doors against any one. The O'Doughertys were above a hundred years, ay, two hundred years ago, famous for hospitality, and it was incumbent upon Simon O'Dougherty to keep up the honour of the family. His four children were now to be maintained in idleness, for they, like their father, had an insurmountable aversion to business. The public opinion of Simon suddenly changed. Those who were any way related to the O'Doughertys, and who dreaded that he and his children should apply to them for pe-

cummary assistance, began the cry against him of, 'What a shame it is that the man does not do something for himself and his family! How can those expect to be helped who won't help themselves? He is contented, indeed! Yes, and he must soon be contented to sell the lands that have been in the family so long, and then, by and by, he must be content, if he does not bestir himself, to be carried to jail It is a sin for any one to be content to eat the bread of idleness!'

These and similar reproaches were uttered often, in our idle hero's presence They would perhaps have excited him to some sort of exertion, if his friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, had not, in consequence of certain electioneering services, and in consideration of his being one of the best sportsmen in the county, and of Simon's having named a horse after him, procured for him a place of about fifty pounds a year in the revenue Upon the profits of this place Simon contrived to live, in a shambling sort of way

How long he might have shuffled on is a problem which must now for ever remain unsolved, for his indolence was not permitted to take its natural course, his ruin was accelerated by the secret operation of an active and malignant power Mr Hopkins, who had determined to get that field which joined to Gray's mill, and who well knew that the pride of the O'Doughertys would resist the idea of selling to him any part or parcel of the lands of Rosanna, devised a scheme to reduce Simon to immediate and inextricable distress Simon was, as it might have been foreseen, negligent in discharging the duties of his office, which was that of a supervisor

He either did not know or connived at the practices of sundry illegal distillers in his neighbourhood Malicious tongues did not scruple to say that he took money, upon some occasions, from the delinquents, but this he positively denied Possibly his wife and sons knew more of this matter than he did They sold certain scraps of paper, called protections, to several petty distillers, whose safest protection would have been Simon's indolence One of the scraps of paper, to which there was O'Dougherty's signature, fell into the hands of Mr Hopkins

That nothing might be omitted to ensure his disgrace, Hopkins sent a person, on whom he could depend, to give Simon notice that there was an illegal still at such a house, naming the house for which the protection was granted Soft Simon received the information with his customary carelessness, said it was too late to think of going to seize the still that evening, and declared he would have it seized the next day but the next day he put it off, and the day afterwards he forgot it, and the day after that, he received a letter from the collector of excise, summoning him to answer to an information which had been laid against him for misconduct In this emergency, he resolved to have recourse to his friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, who, he thought, could make interest to screen him from justice

Sir Hyacinth gave him a letter to the collector, who happened to be in the country. Away he went with the letter; he was met on the road by a friend, who advised him to ride as hard after the collector as he could, to overtake him before he should reach Counsellor Quin's, where he was engaged to dine. Counsellor Quin was candidate for the county in opposition to Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, and it was well understood that whomsoever the one favoured the other hated. It behoved Simon, therefore, to overtake the collector before he should be within the enemy's gates. Simon whipped and spurred, and puffed and fretted, but all in vain, for he was mounted upon the horse which, as the reader may remember, fell into the tan pit. The collector reached Counsellor Quin's long before Simon arrived, and, when he presented Sir Hyacinth's letter, it was received in a manner that showed it came too late. Simon lost his place and his fifty pounds a year; but what he found most trying to his temper were the reproaches of his wife, which were loud, bitter, and unceasing. He knew, from experience, that nothing could silence her but letting her 'have all the plea', so he suffered her to rail till she was quite out of breath, and he very nearly asleep, and then said, 'What you have been observing is all very just, no doubt, but since a thing past can't be recalled, and those that are upon the ground, as our proverb says, can go no lower, that's a great comfort, so we may be content.'

'Content, in troth! Is it content to live upon potatoes and salt? I, that am your lawful wife! And you, that are an O'Dougherty too, to let your lady be demeaned and looked down upon, as she will be now, even by them that are sprung up from nothing since yesterday. There's Mrs Gray, over vonder at Rosanna, living on your own land; look at her and look at me! and see what a difference there is!'

'Some difference there surely is,' said Simon.

'Some difference there surely is,' repeated Mrs O'Dougherty, raising her voice to the shrillest note of objurgation, for she was provoked by a sigh that escaped Simon, as he pronounced his reply, or rather his acceding sentence. Nothing, in some cases, provokes a female so much as agreeing with her.

'And if there is some difference betwixt me and Mrs Gray, I should be glad to know whose fault that is.'

'So should I, Mrs O'Dougherty.'

'Then I'll tell you, instantly, whose fault it is, Mr O'Dougherty: the fault is your own, Mr O'Dougherty. No, the fault is mine, Mr O'Dougherty, for marrying you, or consorting with you at all. If I had been matched to an active, industrious man, like Mr Gray, I might have been as well in the world and better than Mrs Gray, for I should become a fortune better than she, or any of her seed, breed, or generation, and it's a scandal in the face of the world, and all the world says so, it's a scandal to see them Grays flourishing and settling a colony, there at Rosanna, at our expense!'

‘Not at our expense, my dear, for you know we made nothing of either tan yard or mill, and now they pay us £30 a year, and that punctually too. What should we do without it now we have lost the place in the revenue? I am sure, I think we were very lucky to get such tenants as the Grays’

‘In truth, I think no such thing, for if you had been blessed with the sense of a midge, you might have done all they have done yourself and then what a different way your lawful wife and family would have been in! I am sure I wish it had pleased the saints above to have married me, when they were about it to such a man as farmer Gray or his sons’

‘As for the sons, said Simon ‘they are a little out of the way in point of age, but to farmer Gray I see no objection in life and if he sees none, and will change wives, I am sure, Ally, I shall be content’

The sort of composure and dry humour with which Simon made this last speech overcame the small remains of Mrs. O’Dougherty’s patience she burst into a passion of tears, and from this hour, it being now past eleven o’clock at night from this hour till six in the morning she never ceased weeping, wailing and upbraiding

Simon rose from his sleepless bed, saying, ‘The saints above, as you call them, must take care of you now, Ally, anyhow, for I’m fairly tired out so I must go a hunting or a shooting with my friend Sir Hvacinth O’Brien, to recruit my spirit’

The unfortunate Simon found, to his mortification, that his horse was so lame he could scarcely walk. Whilst he was considering where he could borrow a horse just for the day’s hunt, Mr. Hopkins rode into his yard, mounted upon a fine hunter. Though naturally supercilious, this gentleman could stoop to conquer he was well aware of Simon’s dislike to him, but he also knew that Simon was in distress for money. Even the strongest passions of those who involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties must yield to the exigencies of the moment. Easy Simon’s indolence had now reduced him to a situation in which his pride was obliged to bend to his interest. Mr. Hopkins had once been repulsed with haughtiness by the representative of the O’Dougherty family, when he offered to purchase some of the family estate, but his proposal was now better timed, and was made with all the address of which he was master. He began by begging Simon to give him his opinion of the horse on which he was mounted, as he knew Mr. O’Dougherty was a particularly good judge of a hunter, and he would not buy it from Counsellor Quin’s groom without having a skilful friend’s advice. Then he asked whether it was true that Simon and the collector had quarrelled, exclaimed against the malice and officiousness of the informer, whoever he might be, and finished by observing that, if the loss of his place put Simon to any inconvenience, there was a ready way of supplying himself with money, by the sale of any of the lands of Rosanna. The immediate want of a horse, and the comparison he made, at this

moment, between the lame animal on which he was leaning and the fine hunter upon which Hopkins was mounted, had more effect upon Simon than all the rest. Before they parted, Mr Hopkins concluded a bargain for the field on which he had set his heart: he obtained it for less than its value by three years' purchase. The hunter was part of the valuable consideration he gave to Simon.

The moment that Hopkins was in possession of this field adjoining to Gray's mill, he began to execute a malignant project which he had long been contriving.

We shall leave him to his operations, matters of higher import claim attention. One morning, as Rose was on the little lawn before the house door, gathering the first snowdrops of the year, a servant in a handsome livery rode up, and asked if Mr Gray or any of the family were at home. Her father and brothers were out in the fields, at some distance, but she said she would run and call them. 'There is no occasion, Miss,' said the servant, 'for the business is only to leave these cards for the ladies of the family.'

He put two cards into Rose's hand, and galloped off with the air of a man who had a vast deal of business of importance to transact. The card contained an invitation to an election ball, which Sir Hyacinth O'Brien was going to give to the secondary class of gentry in the county.

Rose took the cards to her mother, and whilst they were reading them over for the second time, in came farmer Gray to breakfast. 'What have we here, child?' said he, taking up one of the cards. He looked at his wife and daughter with some anxiety for a moment, and then, as if he did not wish to restrain them, turned the conversation to another subject, and nothing was said of the ball till breakfast was over.

Mrs Gray then bade Rose go and put her flowers into water, and as soon as she was out of the room, said, 'My dear, I see you don't like that we should go to this ball, so I am glad I did not say what I thought of it to Rose before you came in: for you must know, I had a mother's foolish vanity about me, and the minute I saw the card, I pictured to myself our Rose dressed like any of the best of the ladies, and looking handsomer than most of them, and everybody admiring her! But perhaps the girl is better as she is, having not been bred to be a lady. And yet, now we are as well in the world as many that set up for and are reckoned gentlefolks, why should not our girl take this opportunity of rising a step in life?'

Mrs Gray spoke with some confusion and hesitation. 'My dear,' replied farmer Gray, in a gentle yet firm tone, 'it is very natural that you, being the mother of such a girl as our Rose, should be proud of her, and eager to show her to the best advantage, but the main point is to make her happy, not to do just what will please our own vanity for the minute. Now I am not at all sure that raising her a step in life, even if we could

do it by sending her to this ball, would be for her happiness. Are not we happy as we are — Come in, Rose, love, come in, I should be glad for you to hear what we are saying, and judge for yourself, you are old enough, and wise enough, I am sure I was going to ask, are not we all happy in the way we live together now?’

‘Yes! Oh yes! That we are indeed,’ said both the wife and daughter.

‘Then should not we be content, and not wish to alter our condition?’

‘But to go to only one ball, father, would not alter our condition, would it?’ said Rose, timidly.

‘If we begin once to set up for gentry, we shall not like to go back again to be what we are now so, before we begin, we had best consider what we have to gain by a change. We have meat, drink, clothes, and fire what more could we have, if we were gentry? We have enough to do, and not too much, we are all well pleased with ourselves, and with one another, we have health and good consciences what more could we have, if we were to set up to be gentry? Or rather, to put the question closer, could we in that case have all these comforts? No, I think not for, in the first place, we should be straitened for want of money, because a world of baubles, that we don’t feel the want of now, would become as necessary to us as our daily bread. We should be ashamed not to have all the things that gentlefolks have, though these don’t signify a straw, nor half a straw, in point of any real pleasure they give, still they must be had. Then we should be ashamed of the work by which we must make money to pay for all these nicknacks. John and Robin would blush up to the eyes, then, if they were to be caught by the genteel folks in their mill, heaving up sacks of flour, and covered all over with meal, or if they were to be found, with their arms bare beyond the elbows, in the tan yard. And you, Rose, would hurry your spinning wheel out of sight, and be afraid to be caught cooking my dinner. Yet there is no shame in any of these things, and now we are all proud of doing them.’

‘And long may we be so!’ cried Mrs. Gray. ‘You are right, and I spoke like a foolish woman. Rose, my child, throw these cards into the fire. We are happy, and contented and if we change, we shall be discontented and unhappy, as so many of what they call our betters are. There! the cards are burnt, now let us think no more about them.’

‘Rose, I hope, is not disappointed about this ball, are you, my little Rose?’ said her father, drawing her towards him, and seating her on his knee.

‘There was one reason, father,’ said Rose, blushing, ‘there was one reason, and only one, why I wished to have gone to this ball.’

‘Well, let us hear it. You shall do as you please, I promise you beforehand. But tell us the reason. I believe you have found it somewhere at the bottom of that snowdrop, which you have been examining this last quarter of an hour. Come, let me have a peep,’ added he, laughing.

'The only reason, papa, *is* — *was*, I mean,' said Rose — 'But look! Oh, I can't tell you now. See who is coming.'

It was Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, in his gig, and with him his English servant, Stafford, whose staid and sober demeanour was a perfect contrast to the dash and bustle of his master's appearance. This was an electioneering visit. Sir Hyacinth was canvassing the county — a business in which he took great delight, and in which he was said to excel. He possessed all the requisite qualifications, and was certainly excited by a sufficiently strong motive, for he knew that, if he should lose his election, he should at the same time lose his liberty, as the privilege of a Member of Parliament was necessary to protect him from being arrested. He had a large estate, yet he was one of the poorest men in the county, for, no matter what a person's fortune may be, if he spend more than his income, he must be poor. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien not only spent more than his income, but desired that his rent roll should be thought to be at least double what it really was. Of course he was obliged to live up to the fortune which he affected to possess, and this idle vanity early in life entangled him in difficulties from which he had never sufficient strength of mind to extricate himself. He was ambitious to be the leading man in his county, studied all the arts of popularity, and found them extremely expensive and stood a contested election. He succeeded, but his success cost him several thousands. All was to be set to rights by his talents as a public speaker, and these were considerable. He had eloquence, wit, humour, and sufficient assurance to place them all in the fullest light. His speeches in Parliament were much admired, and the passion of ambition was now kindled in his mind. He determined to be a leading man in the senate, and whilst he pursued this object with enthusiasm, his private affairs were entirely neglected. Ambition and economy never can agree. Sir Hyacinth, however, found it necessary to the happiness, that is, to the splendour, of his existence, to supply, by some means or other, the want of what he called the paltry, selfish, counterfeit virtue — economy. Nothing less would do than the sacrifice of that which had been once in his estimation the most noble and generous of human virtues — patriotism. The sacrifice was painful, but he could not avoid making it, because, after living upon five thousand a year, he could not live upon five hundred. So, from a flaming patriot, he sank into a pensioned placeman.

He then employed all his powers of wit and sophistry to ridicule the principles which he had abandoned. In short, he affected to glory in a species of political profligacy, and laughed or sneered at public virtue, as if it could only be the madness of enthusiasm, or the meanness of hypocrisy. By the brilliancy of his conversation, and the gaiety of his manners, Sir Hyacinth sometimes succeeded in persuading others that he was in the right, but, alas! there was one person whom he could never deceive, and that was himself. He despised himself, and nothing could make him

amends for the self complacency that he had lost Without self approbation, all the luxuries of life are tasteless

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, however, was for some years thought, by those who could see only the outward man, to be happy, and it was not till the derangement of his affairs became public that the world began at once to pity and blame him He had a lucrative place, but he was, or thought himself, obliged to live in a style suited to it, and he was not one shilling the richer for his place He endeavoured to repair his shattered fortunes by marrying a rich heiress, but the heiress was, or thought herself, obliged to live up to her fortune, and, of course, her husband was not one shilling the richer for his marriage When Sir Hyacinth was occasionally distressed for money, his agent, who managed all affairs in his absence, borrowed money with as much expedition as possible, and expedition, in matters of business, must, as everybody knows, be paid for exorbitantly There are men who, upon such terms, will be as expeditious in lending money as extravagance and ambition united can desire Mr Hopkins was one of these and he was the money lender who supplied the baronet's real and imaginary wants Sir Hyacinth did not know the extreme disorder of his own affairs till a sudden dissolution of Parliament obliged him to prepare for the expense of a new election When he went into the country, he was at once beset with duns and constituents who claimed from him favours and promises Miserable is the man who courts popularity, if he be not rich enough to purchase what he covets

Our baronet endeavoured to laugh off with a good grace his apostasy from the popular party, and whilst he could laugh at the head of a plentiful table, he could not fail to find many who would laugh with him, but there was a strong party formed against him in the county Two other candidates were his competitors, one of them was Counsellor Quin, a man of vulgar manners and mean abilities, but yet one who could drink and cajole electors full as well as Sir Hyacinth with all his wit and elegance The other candidate, Mr Molyneux, was still more formidable, not as an electioneer, but as a man of talents and unimpeached integrity, which had been successfully exerted in the service of his country He was no demagogue, but the friend of justice and of the poor, whom he would not suffer to be oppressed by the hand of power, or persecuted by the malice of party spirit A large number of grateful independent constituents united to support this gentleman Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had reason to tremble for his fate, it was to him a desperate game He canvassed the county with the most keen activity, and took care to engage in his interest all those *underlings* who delight in galloping round the country to electioneer, and who think themselves paid by the momentary consequence they enjoy and the bustle they create

Amongst these busybodies was Simon O'Dougherty, indolent in all his own concerns, he was remarkably active in managing the affairs of others

His home being now insufferable to him, he was glad to stroll about the country, and to him Sir Hyacinth O'Brien left all the dirty work of the canvass Soft Simon had reduced himself to the lowest class of *stalkoes* or *walking gentlemen*, as they are termed, men who have nothing to do, and no fortune to support them, but who style themselves esquire, and who, to use their own mode of expression, are jealous of that title, and of their claims to family antiquity Sir Hyacinth O'Brien knew at once how to flatter Simon's pride, and to lure him on by promises Soft Simon believed that the baronet, if he gained his election, would procure him some place equivalent to that of which he had been lately deprived Upon the faith of this promise, Simon worked harder for his patron than he ever was known to do upon any previous occasion, and he was not deficient in that essential characteristic of an electioneerer, boasting He carried this habit sometimes rather too far, for he not only boasted so as to bully the opposite party, but so as to deceive his friends over his bottle, he often persuaded his patron that he could command voters, with whom he had no manner of influence For instance he told Sir Hyacinth O'Brien that he was certain all the Grays would vote for him, and it was in consequence of this assurance that the cards of invitation to the ball had been sent to Rose and her mother, and that the baronet was now come in person to pay his respects at Rosanna

We have kept him waiting an unconscionable time at the cottage door, we must now show him in

CHAPTER IV

THE beauty of Rose was the first thing that struck him upon his entrance The impression was so sudden, and so lively, that, for a few minutes, the election, and all that belonged to it, vanished from his memory The politeness of a county candidate made him appear, in other houses, charmed with father, mother, son, and daughter, but in this cottage there was no occasion for dissimulation, he was really pleased with each individual of the family The natural feelings of the heart were touched The ambitious man forgot all his schemes and all his cares in the contemplation of this humble picture of happiness and content, and the baronet conversed a full quarter of an hour with farmer Gray, before he relapsed into himself

'How much happier,' thought he, 'are these people than I am, or than I ever have been' They are contented in obscurity, I was discontented even in the full blaze of celebrity But my fate is fixed I embarked on the sea of politics as thoughtlessly as if it were only on a party of pleasure now I am chained to the oar, and a galley slave cannot be more wretched'

Perhaps the beauty of Rose had some share in exciting Sir Hyacinth's sudden taste for rural felicity It is certain he at first expressed more

disappointment at hearing she would not go to the ball, than at being told her father and brothers could not vote for him Farmer Gray, who was as independent in his principles as in his circumstances, honestly answered the baronet that he thought Mr Molyneux the fittest man to represent the county, and that it was for him he should therefore vote Sir Hyacinth tried all his powers of persuasion in vain, and he left the cottage mortified and melancholy

He met Simon O'Dougherty when he had driven a few miles from the door, and, in a tone of much pique and displeasure, reproached him for having deceived him into a belief that the Grays were his friends Simon was rather embarrassed, but the genius of gossiping had luckily just supplied him with a hint, by which he could extricate himself from this difficulty

'The fault is all your own, if I may make so free as to tell you so Sir Hyacinth O'Brien,' said he, 'as capital an electioneerer as you are, I'll engage I'll find one that shall outdo you here Send me and Stafford back again this minute to Rosanna, and we'll bring you the three votes as dead as crows in an hour's time, or my name is not O'Dougherty now'

'I protest, Mr O'Dougherty, I do not understand you'

'Then let me whisper half a word in your ear, Sir Hyacinth, and I'll make you sensible I'm right' Simon winked most significantly, and looked wondrous wise, then stretching himself half off his horse into the gig to gain Sir Hyacinth's ear, he whispered that he knew, from the best authority, Stafford was in love with Gray's pretty daughter Rose, and that Rose had no dislike to him, that she was all in all to her father and brothers, and of course could and would secure their votes, if properly spoken to

This intelligence did not immediately produce the pleasing change of countenance which might have been expected Sir Hyacinth coldly replied, he could not spare Stafford at present and drove on The genius of gossiping, according to her usual custom, had exaggerated considerably in her report Stafford was attached to Rose, but had never yet told her so, and as to Rose, we might perhaps have known all her mind, if Sir Hyacinth's gig had not appeared just as she was seated on her father's knee, and going to tell him her reasons for wishing to go to the ball

Stafford acted in the capacity of house steward to the baronet, and had the management of all his master's unmanageable servants He had brought with him from England ideas of order and punctuality, which were somewhat new, and extremely troublesome to the domestics at Hyacinth Hall consequently he was much disliked by them, and not only by them but by most of the country people in the neighbourhood, who imagined he had a strong predilection in favour of everything that was English, and an undisguised contempt for all that was Irish They, however, perceived that this prejudice against the Irish admitted of excep-

tions the family of the Grays, Stafford acknowledged, were almost as orderly, punctual, industrious, and agreeable, as if they had been born in England. This was matter of so much surprise to him, that he could not forbear going at every leisure hour to the mill or the cottage of Rosanna, to convince himself that such things could actually be in Ireland. He bought all the flour for the Hall at Rosanna mill, and Rose supplied the housekeeper constantly with poultry, so that his master's business continually obliged Stafford to repeat his visits, and every time he went to Gray's cottage, he thought it more and more like an English farmhouse, and imagined Rose every day looked more like an Englishwoman than anything else. What a pity she was not born the other side of the water, for then his mother and friends in Warwickshire could never have made any objection to her. But, she being an Irishwoman, they would for certain never fancy her. He had oftentimes heard them as good as say that it would break their hearts if he was to marry and settle amongst the bogs and the wild Irish.

This recollection of his friends' prejudices at first deterred Stafford from thinking of marrying Rose, but it sometimes happens that reflection upon the prejudices of others shows us the folly of our own, and so it was in the present instance. Stafford wrote frequently to his friends in Warwickshire, to assure them that they had quite wrong notions of Ireland, that all Ireland was not a bog, that there were several well grown trees in the parts he had visited, that there were some as pretty villages as you could wish to see anywhere, only that they called them towns, that the men, though some of them still wear brogues, were more hospitable to strangers than the English, and that the women, when not smoke dried, were some of the handsomest he had seen, especially one Rose or Rosamond Gray, who was also the best and most agreeable girl he had ever known, though it was almost a sin to say so much of one who was not an Englishwoman born.

Much more in the same strain Stafford wrote to his mother, who, in reply to these letters, 'besought him to consider well what he was about, before he suffered himself to begin falling desperately in love with this Rose or Rosamond Gray, or any Irishwoman whatsoever, who, having been bred in a mud walled cabin, could never be expected to turn out at the long run equal to a true-born Englishwoman, bred in a slated house.'

Stafford's notions had been so much enlarged by his travel, that he could not avoid smiling at some passages in his mother's epistle, yet he so far agreed with her in opinion as to think it prudent not to begin falling desperately in love with any woman, whether Irish or English, till he was thoroughly acquainted with her temper and disposition. He therefore prudently forbore, that is to say, as much as he could forbear, to show any signs of his attachment to Rose, till he had full opportunity of forming a decisive judgment of her character.

This he had now in his power. He saw that his master was struck with the fair Rosamond's charms, and he knew that Sir Hyacinth would pursue his purpose with no common perseverance. His heart beat with joy, when the card which brought her refusal arrived. He read it over and over again, and at last put it into his bosom, close to his heart. 'Rose is a good daughter,' said he to himself, 'and that is a sign that she will make a good wife. She is too innocent to see or suspect that master has taken a fancy to her, but she is right to do as her prudent, affectionate father advises. I never loved that farmer Gray so well, in all my whole life, as a this instant.'

Stafford was interrupted in his reverie by his master, who, in an angry voice, called for him to inquire why he had not, according to his orders, served out some oats for his horses the preceding day. The truth was, that anxiety about Rose and the ball had made him totally forget the oats. Stafford coloured a good deal, confessed that he had done very wrong to forget the oats, but that he would go to the granary immediately, and serve them out to the groom. Perhaps Stafford's usual exactness might have rendered his omission pardonable to any less irritable and peremptory master than Sir H. O'Brien.

When Sterne once heard a master severely reprimanding a servant for some trifling fault, he said to the gentleman, 'My dear sir, we should not expect to have every virtue under the sun for £20 a year.'

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien expected to have them for merely the promise of £20 a year. Though he never punctually paid his servants wages, he abused them most insolently whenever he was in a passion. Upon the present occasion, his ill humour was heightened by jealousy.

'I wish, sir,' cried he to Stafford, after pouring forth a volley of oaths, 'you would mind your business, and not run after objects that are not fit for you. You are become good for nothing of late, careless, insolent, and not fit to be trusted.'

Stafford bore all that his master said till he came to the words not fit to be trusted, but the moment those were uttered, he could no longer command himself, he threw down the great key of the granary, which he held in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Not fit to be trusted! Is this the reward of all my services? Not fit to be trusted! Then I have no business here.'

'The sooner you go the better, sir,' cried the angry baronet, who, at this instant, desired nothing more than to get him out of his way. 'You had best set off for England directly. I have no farther occasion for your services.'

Stafford said not a word more, but retired from his master's presence to conceal his emotion, and, when he was alone, burst into tears, repeating to himself, 'So this is the reward of all my services!'

When Sir Hyacinth's passion cooled, he reflected that seven years'

wages were due to Stafford, and as it was not convenient to him at this election time to part with so much ready money, he resolved to compromise. It was not from any sense of justice, therefore it must be said he had the meanness to apologise to his steward, and to hint that he was welcome to remain, if he pleased, in his service.

Satisfied by this explanation, and by the condescension with which it was given, Stafford's affection for his master returned with all its wonted force and he resumed his former occupations about the house with redoubled activity. He waited only till he could be spared for a day to go to Rosanna, and make his proposal for Rose. Her behaviour concerning the ball convinced him that his mother's prejudices against Irishwomen were ill founded. Whilst his mind was in this state, his master one morning sent for him, and told him that it was absolutely necessary he should go to a neighbouring county, to some persons who were freeholders, and whose votes might turn the election. The business would only occupy a few days, Sir Hyacinth said, and Stafford willingly undertook it.

The gentlemen to whom Stafford had letters were not at home, and he was detained above a fortnight. When he returned, he took a road which led by Rosanna, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing Rose for a few minutes, but when he called at the cottage, to his utter surprise, he was refused admittance. Being naturally of a warm temper, and not deficient in pride, his first impulse was to turn his horse's head, and gallop off; but, checking his emotion, he determined not to leave the place till he should discover the cause of this change of conduct. He considered that none of this family had formerly treated him with caprice or duplicity, it was therefore improbable they should suddenly alter their conduct towards him, unless they had reason to believe that they had some sufficient cause. He rode immediately to a field where he saw some labourers at work. Farmer Gray was with them. Stafford leaped from his horse, and with an air of friendly honesty, held out his hand, saying, 'I can't believe you mean to affront me. Tell me what is the reason I am not to be let into your house, my good friend.'

Gray leaned upon his stick, and, after looking at him for a moment, replied, 'We have been too hasty, I see. We have had no cause of quarrel with you, Stafford, you could never look at me with that honest countenance, if you had any hand in this business.'

'What business?' cried Stafford.

'Walk home with me, out of the hearing of these people, and you shall know.'

As they walked towards his cottage, Gray took out his great leather pocket book, and searched for a letter. 'Pray, Stafford,' said he, 'did you, about ten days ago, send my girl a melon?'

'Yes, one of my own raising. I left it with the gardener, to be sent to her with my best respects and services, and a message intimating to say

that I was sorry my master's business required I should take a journey, and could not see her for a few days, or something that way'

'No such message came, only your services, the melon, and this note I declare,' continued Gray, looking at Stafford whilst he read the letter, 'he turns as pale as my wife herself did when I showed it to her!'

Stafford, indeed, grew pale with anger. It was a billet doux from his master to Rose, which Sir Hyacinth entreated might be kept secret, promising to make her fortune and marry her well, if she would only have compassion upon a man who adored and was dying for her, etc.

'I will never see my master again,' exclaimed Stafford. 'I could not see him without the danger of doing something that I might not forgive myself. He a gentleman! He a gentleman! I'll gallop off and leave his letters, and his horse, with some of his people. I'll never see him again. If he does not pay me a farthing of my seven years' wages, I don't care, I will not sleep in his house another night. He a gentleman!'

Farmer Gray was delighted by Stafford's generous indignation, which appeared the more striking, as his manner was usually sober, and remarkably civil.

All this happened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the evening of the same day he returned to Rosanna. Rose was sitting at work, in the seat of the cottage window. When she saw him at the little white gate, her colour gave notice to her brothers who was coming, and they ran out to meet him.

'You ought to shut your doors against me now, instead of running out to meet me,' said he, 'for I am not clear that I have a farthing in the world, except what is in this portmanteau. I have been fool enough to leave all I have earned in the hands of a *gentleman*, who can give me only his bond for my wages. But I am glad I am out of his house, at any rate.'

'And I am glad you are in mine,' said farmer Gray, receiving him with a warmth of hospitality which brought tears of gratitude into Stafford's eyes. Rose smiled upon her father, and said nothing, but set him his arm-chair, and was very busy arranging the tea-table. Mrs. Gray beckoned to her guest, and made him sit down beside her, telling him he should have as good tea at Rosanna as ever he had in Warwickshire, 'and out of Staffordshire ware, too,' said she, taking her best Wedgwood teacups and saucers out of a cupboard.

Robin, who was naturally gay and fond of rallying his friends, could not forbear affecting to express his surprise at Stafford's preferring an Irish-woman, of all women in the world. 'Are you quite sure, Stafford,' said he, 'that you are not mistaken? Are you sure my sister has not wings on her shoulders?'

'Have you done now, Robin?' said his mother, who saw that Stafford was a good deal abashed, and had no answer ready. 'If Mr. Stafford had a prejudice against us Irish, so much the more honourable for my Rose

to have conquered it, and, as to wings, they would have been no shame to us natives, supposing we had them, and of course it was no affront to attribute them to us. Have not the angels themselves wings?’

A timely joke is sometimes a real blessing, and so Stafford felt it at this instant his bashfulness vanished by degrees, and Robin rallied him no more. ‘I had no idea,’ said he, ‘how easy it is to put an Englishman out of countenance in the company of his mistress.’

This was a most happy evening at Rosanna. After Rose retired, which she soon did, to see after the household affairs, her father spoke in the kindest manner to Stafford. ‘Mr Stafford,’ said he, ‘if you tell me that you are able to maintain my girl in the way of life she is in now, you shall have her. This, in my opinion and in hers, is the happiest life for those who have been bred to it. I would rather see Rose matched to an honest, industrious, good humoured man, like yourself, whom she can love, than see her the wife of a man as grand as Sir Hyacinth O’Brien. For, to the best of my opinion, it is not the being born to a great estate that can make a man content or even rich. I think myself a richer man this minute than Sir Hyacinth, for I owe no man anything, am my own master, and can give a little matter both to child and stranger. But your head is very naturally running upon Rose, and not upon my moralising. All I have to say is, win her and wear her, and, as to the rest, even if Sir Hyacinth never pays you your own, that shall not stop your wedding. My sons are good lads, and you and Rose shall never want, whilst the mill of Rosanna is going.’

This generosity quite overpowered Stafford. Generosity is one of the characteristics of the Irish. It not only touched but surprised the Englishman, who, amongst the same rank of his own countrymen, had been accustomed to strict honesty in their dealings, but seldom to this warmth of friendship and forgetfulness of all selfish considerations. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable, but, after shaking his intended father in law’s hand with that violence which expresses so much to English feelings, he said, ‘I thank you heartily, and, if I live to the age of Methusalem, shall never forget this. A friend in need is a friend indeed. But I will not live upon yours or your good sons’ earnings, that would not be fair dealing, or like what I’ve been bred up to think handsome. It is a sad thing for me that this master of mine can give me nothing for my seven years’ service, but this scrap of paper (taking out of his pocket book a bond of Sir Hyacinth’s). But my mother, though she has her prejudices, and is very stiff about them, being an elderly woman, and never going out of England, or even beyond the parish in which she was born, yet she is kind-hearted, and I cannot think will refuse to help me, or that she will cross me in marriage, when she knows the thing is determined, so I shall write to her before I sleep, and wish I could but enclose in the cover of my letter the picture of Rose, which would be better than

all I could say But no picture would do her justice I don't mean a compliment, like those Sir Hyacinth paid to her face, but only the plain truth I mean that a picture could never make my mother understand how good, and sweet tempered, and modest, Rose is Mother has a world of prejudices, but she is a good woman, and will prove herself so to me, I make no doubt'

Stafford wrote to his mother a long letter, and received, in a fortnight afterwards, this short answer —

'SON GEORGE — I warned you not to fall in love with an Irishwoman, to which I told you I could never give my consent

'As you bake, so you must brew Your sister Dolly is marrying too, and setting up a shop in Warwick, by my advice and consent all the money I can spare I must give, as in reason, to her who is a dutiful child, and mean, with her and grandchildren, if God please, to pass my latter days, as fitting, in this parish of Little Sonchy, in Old England, where I was born and bred Wishing you may not repent, or starve, or so forth, which please to let me know, I am your affectionate mother,

¶

'DOROTHY STAFFORD'

All Stafford's hopes were confounded by this letter he put it into farmer Gray's hands, without saying a word, then drew his chair away from Rose hid his face in his hands, and never spoke or heard one word that was saying round about him for full half an hour, till, at last, he was roused by his friend Robin, who, clapping him on his back, said, 'Come, Stafford, English pride won't do with us, this is all to punish you for refusing to share and share alike with us in the mill of Rosanna, which is what you must and shall do now, for Rose's sake, if not for ours or your own Come, say done'

Stafford could not help being moved All the family, except Rose, joined in these generous entreaties, and her silence said even more than their words Dinner was on the table before this amicable contest was settled, and Robin insisted upon his drinking a toast with him, in Irish ale, which was 'Rose Gray, and Rosanna mill'

The glass was just filled and the toast pronounced, when in came one of Gray's workmen, in an indescribable perspiration and rage

'Master Robin, Master John! Master,' cried he, 'we are all ruined! The mill and all —'

'The mill!' exclaimed everybody, starting up

'Ay, the mill it's all over with it, and with us not a turn more will Rosanna mill ever take for me or you, not a turn,' continued he, wiping his forehead with his arm, and hiding by the same motion his eyes, which ran over with tears

'It's all that thief Hopkins's doing May every guinea he touches, and every shilling, and tester, and penny itself, bluster his fingers, from this day forward and for evermore!'

'But what has he done to the mill?'

'May every guinea, shilling, tester, and penny he looks upon, from this day forth for evermore, be a blight to his eyes, and a canker to his heart! But I can't wish him a worse canker than what he has there already. Yes, he has a canker at heart! Is not he eaten up with envy? as all who look at him may read in that evil eye. Bad luck to the hour when it fixed on the mill of Rosanna!'

'But what has he done to the mill? Take it patiently, and tell us quietly,' said farmer Gray, 'and do not curse the man any more.'

'Not curse the man! Take it quietly, master! Is it the time to take it quietly, when he is at the present minute carrying off every drop of water from our mill course? so he is, the villain!'

At these words, Stafford seized his oak stick, and sprang towards the door. Robin and John eagerly followed but, as they passed their father, he laid a hand on each, and called to Stafford to stop. At his respected voice they all paused. 'My children,' said he, 'what are you going to do? No violence. No violence. You shall have justice, boys, depend upon it, we will not let ourselves be oppressed. If Mr Hopkins were ten times as great, and twenty times as tyrannical as he is, we shall have justice, the law will reach him but we must take care and do nothing in anger. Therefore, I charge you, let me speak to him, and do you keep your tempers whatever passes. Maybe, all this is only a mistake perhaps Mr Hopkins is only making drains for his own meadow, or, maybe, is going to flood it, and does not know, till we tell him, that he is emptying out our water course.'

'He can't but know it! He can't but know it! He's 'cute enough, and too 'cute,' muttered Paddy, as he led the way to the mill. Stafford and the two brothers followed their father respectfully, admiring his moderation, and resolving to imitate it if they possibly could.

Mr Hopkins was stationed cautiously on the boundary of his own land. 'There he is, mounted on the back of the ditch, enjoying the mischief all he can!' cried Paddy. 'And hark! He is whistling, whilst our stream is running away from us. May I never cross myself again, if I would not, rather than the best shirt ever I had to my back, push him into the mud, as he deserves, this very minute! And, if it wasn't for my master here, it's what I'd do, before I drew breath again.'

Farmer Gray restrained Paddy's indignation with some difficulty, and advancing calmly towards Mr Hopkins, he remonstrated with him in a mild tone. 'Surely, Mr Hopkins,' said he, 'you cannot mean to do us such an injury as to stop our mill?'

'I have not laid a finger on your mill,' replied Hopkins, with a malicious smile. 'If your man there,' pointing to Paddy, 'could prove my having laid a finger upon it, you might have your action of trespass, but I am no trespasser, I stand on my own land, and have a right to water my

own meadow, and moreover have witnesses to prove that, for ten years last past, while the mill of Rosanna was in Simon O'Dougherty's hands, the water course was never full, and the mill was in disuse. The stream runs against you now, and so does the law, gentlemen. I have the best counsel's opinion in Ireland to back me. Take your remedy, when and where you can find it. Good morning to you.'

Without listening to one word more, Mr Hopkins hastily withdrew for he had no small apprehensions that Paddy, whose threats he had overheard, and whose eyes sparkled with rage, might execute upon him that species of prompt justice which no quibbling can evade.

'Do not be disheartened, my dear boys,' said farmer Gray to his sons, who were watching with mournful earnestness the slackened motion of their water wheel. 'Saddle my horse for me, John, and get yourselves ready, both of you, to come with me to Counsellor Molyneux.'

'Oh, father,' said John, 'there is no use in going to him, for he is one of the candidates, you know, and Mr Hopkins has a great many votes.'

'No matter for that,' said Gray. 'Mr Molyneux will do justice, that is my opinion of him. If he was another sort of man, I would not trouble myself to go near him, nor stoop to ask his advice; but my opinion of him is, that he is above doing a dirty action, for votes or anything else, and I am convinced his own interest will not weigh a grain of dust in the balance against justice. Saddle the horses, boy.'

His sons saddled the horses, and all the way the farmer was riding he continued trying to keep up the spirits of his sons, by assurances that if Counsellor Molyneux would take their affair in hand, there would be an end of all difficulty.

'He is not one of those justices of the peace,' continued he, 'who will huddle half a dozen poor fellows into jail without law or equity. He is not a man who goes into Parliament saying one thing, and who comes out saying another. He is not, like our friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, forced to sell tongue, and brains, and conscience, to keep his head above water. In short, he is a man who dares to be the same, and can moreover afford to be the same, at election time as at any other time, for which reason, I dare to go to him now in this our distress, although I have to complain of a man who has forty six votes, which is the number, they say, Mr Hopkins can command.'

Whilst farmer Gray was thus pronouncing a panegyric on Counsellor Molyneux, for the comfort of John and Robin, Stafford was trying to console Rose and her mother, who were struck with sorrow and dismay at the news of the mill's being stopped. Stafford had himself almost as much need of consolation as they, for he foresaw it was impossible he should at present be united to his dear Rose. All that her generous brothers had to offer was a share in the mill. The father had his farm, but this must serve for the support of the whole family, and how could

Stafford become a burden to them, now that they would be poor, when he could not bring himself to be dependent upon them, even when they were, comparatively speaking, rich?

CHAPTER V

With anxious hearts the little party at the cottage expected the return of the father and his sons. Rose sat at the window watching for them, her mother laid down her knitting, and sighed, and Stafford was silent, for he had exhausted all his consolatory eloquence, and saw and felt it had no effect.

'Here they come! But they ride so slow, that I am sure they bring us no good news.'

No, there was not any good news. Counsellor Molyneux had indeed behaved as well as man could do. He had declared that he would undertake to manage and plead their cause in any court of justice on earth, and had expressed the strongest indignation against the villainy of Hopkins, but as the same time, he had fairly told the Grays that this litigious man, if they commenced a suit, might run them, by law, before they could recover their rights.

'So we may go to bed this night melancholy enough,' said Robin, 'with the certainty that our mill is stopped, and that we have a long law suit to go through, before we can see it going again — if ever we do.'

Rose and Stafford looked at one another, and sighed.

'We had better not go to law, to lose the little we have left, at any rate,' said Mrs Gray.

'Wife, I am determined my boys shall have justice,' said the father firmly. 'I am not fond of law, God knows! I never had a lawsuit in my life, nobody dreads such things more than I do, but I dread nothing in defence of my sons and justice. Whilst I have a penny left in the world, I'll spend it to obtain them justice. The labour of their lives shall not be in vain, they shall not be robbed of all they have, they shall not be trampled upon by any one living, let him be ever so rich, or ever so litigious. I fear neither his money nor his quirks of law. Plain sense is the same for him and for me, and justice my boys shall have. Mr Molyneux will plead our cause himself — I desire no more. If we fail and are ruined, our ruin be upon the head of him who works it! I shall die content, when I have done all I can to obtain justice for my children.'

As soon as these facts were known, everybody in the neighbourhood felt extreme indignation against Hopkins, and all joined in pitying the two brothers, and applauding the spirit of their father. There was not an individual who did not wish that Hopkins might be punished, but he had been engaged in so many lawsuits, and had been so successful in screening himself from justice, and in running his opponents, that everybody feared the Grays, though they were so much in the right, would never be able to

make this appear, according to the forms of law many, therefore, advised that it might not be brought to trial but farmer Gray persisted, and Counsellor Molyneux steadily abided by his word, and declared he would plead the cause himself

Mr Hopkins sent the Counsellor a private hint, that if he directly or indirectly protected the Grays, he must give up all hopes of the forty six votes which, as the county was now nearly balanced, must turn the election Mr Molyneux paid no attention to this hint, but, the very day on which he received it, visited farmer Gray in his cottage, walked with him to Rosanna mill, and settled how the suit should be carried on

Hopkins swore he would spare no expense to humble the pride both of the Grays and their protector an unexpected circumstance, however, occurred It had often been prophesied by Mr Molyneux, who knew the species of bargains which Hopkins drove with all manner of people by whose distresses he could make money, that he would sooner or later overshoot his mark, as cunning persons often do Mr Molyneux predicted that, amongst the medley of his fraudulent purchases, he would at length be the dupe of some unsound title, and that, amongst the multitudes whom he ruined, he would at last meet with some one who would ruin him The person who was the means of accomplishing this prophecy was indeed the last that would have been guessed — soft Simon O'Dougherty! In dealing with him, Mr Hopkins, who thoroughly despised indolent honesty, was quite off his guard, and, in truth, poor Simon had no design to cheat him but it happened that the lease, which he made over to Hopkins, as his title to the field that he sold, was a lease renewable for ever, with a strict clause, binding the lessee to renew, within a certain time after the failure of each life, under penalty of forfeiting the lease From the natural laziness of easy Simon, he had neglected to renew, and had even forgotten that the life was dropped he assigned his lease over a bottle to Mr Hopkins, who seized it with avidity, lest he should lose the lucky moment to conclude a bargain in which, he thought, he had at once overreached Simon, and had secured to himself the means of wreaking his vengeance upon the Grays This lease was of the field adjoining to Rosanna mill, and by the testimony of some old people in the neighbourhood, he fancied he could prove that this meadow was anciently flooded, and that the mill course had gone into disuse In all his subsequent operations, he had carefully kept himself, as he thought, upon his own lands, but, now that a suit against him was instituted, it was necessary to look to his own title, into which he knew Mr Molyneux would examine

Upon reading over the lease assigned to him by Simon, he noticed the strict clause binding the tenant to renew within a certain time A qualm came over him! He was astonished at himself for not having more carefully perused the lease before he concluded the bargain Had it been with any one but soft Simon, this could not have happened He hastened on

search of Simon with the utmost anxiety, to inquire whether all the lives were in being Simon at first said he had such a mist over his memory that he could not exactly recollect who the lives were, but at last he made out that one of them had been dead beyond the time for renewal The gentleman, his landlord, he said, was in Dublin, and he had neglected, sure enough, to write to him from post to post

'The rage of Mr Hopkins was excessive he grew white with anger! Easy Simon yawned, and begged him not to take the thing so to heart 'for, after all,' said he, 'you know the loss must be mine I can't make good the sale of this field to you, as I have lost it by my own carelessness but that's nothing to you, for you know, as well as I do, that to make good the deficiency, you will, somehow or other, get a better piece of ground out of the small remains of patrimony I have left, God help me!'

'God help *you*, indeed!' cried Hopkins, with a look and accent of mingled rage and contempt 'I tell you, man, the loss is mine, and no other land you have, to sell or give, can make me any amends I shall lose my lawsuit'

'Wheugh! wheugh! Why, so much the better Where's the use of having lawsuits? The loss of such bad things can never be great'

'No trifling, pray,' said Hopkins, with impatience, as he walked up and down the room, and repeatedly struck his forehead

'Ho! ho! ho! I begin to comprehend I know whereabouts you are now,' cried Simon 'Is not it the Grays you are thinking of? Ah, that's the suit you are talking about But now, Mr Hopkins, you ought to rejoice, as I do, instead of grieving, that it is out of your power to ruin that family, for, in truth, they are good people, and have the voice of the country with them against you, and if you were to win your suit twenty times over, that would still be the same You would never be able to show your face, and, for my own part, my conscience would never forgive me for being instrumental, unknown to myself, in giving you the power to do this mischief And, after all, what put it into your head to stop Rosanna mill, when its going gave you no trouble in life?'

Hopkins, who had not listened to one syllable Simon was saying, at this instant suddenly stopped walking, and, in a soft insinuating voice, addressed him in these words

'Mr O'Dougherty, you know I have a great regard for you'

'Maybe so,' said Simon, 'though that is more than I ever knew you to have for anybody'

'Pray be serious I tell you I have, and will prove it'

'That is more and more surprising, Mr Hopkins'

'And, which is more surprising still, I will make your fortune, if you will do a trifling kindness for me'

'Anything in nature, that won't give me an unreasonable deal of trouble'

'Oh, this will give you no sort of trouble,' said Hopkins 'I will get you,

before this day se'nnight, that place in the revenue that you have been wishing for so long, and that Sir Hyacinth O'Brien will never get for you I say I will ensure it to you under my hand, this minute, if you will do what I want of you'

'To be sure I will, if it's no trouble What is it?'

'Only just,' said Hopkins, hesitating, 'only just — You must remember — you cannot but recollect that you wrote to your landlord, to offer to renew?'

'I remember to recollect no such thing,' said Simon, surprised

'Yes, yes,' said Hopkins, 'but he gave you no answer, you know'

'But, I tell you, I never wrote to him at all'

'Pshaw! You have a bad memory, Simon, and your letter might have miscarried There's nothing simpler than that, nothing more easily said'

'If it were but true,' said Simon

'True or not, it may be said, you know'

'Not by Simon O'Dougherty, Mr Hopkins'

'Look you, Mr O'Dougherty, I have a great regard for you,' continued Hopkins, holding him fast, and producing a pocket book full of bank-notes I must, thought he, come up to this scoundrel's price, for he has me now He is more knave than fool, I see 'Let us understand one another, my good friend Simon Name your sum, and make me but a short affidavit, purporting that you did apply for this renewal, and you have your place in the revenue snug besides'

'You don't know whom you are speaking to, Mr Hopkins,' said Simon, looking over his shoulder, with cool and easy contempt 'The O Doughertys are not accustomed to perjuring themselves, and it's a trouble I would not take for any man, if he were my own father even, no, not for all the places in the revenue that ever were created, nor for all the bank notes ever you cheated mankind out of, Mr Hopkins, into the bargain No offence I never talked of cheating, till you named perjury to me, for which I do not kick you downstairs, in the first place, because there are no stairs, I believe, to my house, next, because, if there were ever so many, it would be beneath me to make use of them upon any such occasion, and, lastly, it would be quite too much trouble Now we comprehend one another perfectly, I hope, Mr Hopkins'

Cursing himself, and overwhelmed with confusion, Mr Hopkins withdrew Proud of himself, and having a story to tell, Simon O'Dougherty hastened to Rosanna, to relate all that had happened to the Grays, and to congratulate them, as he said, upon his own carelessness

The joy with which they listened to Simon's story was great, and in proportion to the anxiety they had suffered In less than half an hour's time, they received a mean, supplicating letter from Hopkins, entreating they would not ruin his reputation, and all his prospects in life, by divulging what had passed, and promising that the mill stream of Rosanna should be returned to its proper channel, without any expense to them,

and that he would make a suitable compensation in money, if they would bind themselves to secrecy

It will easily be guessed that they rejected all his offers with disdain the whole affair was told by them to Mr Molyneux, and the next day all the neighbourhood knew it, and triumphed in the detection of a villain, who had long been the oppressor of the poor The neighbours all joined in restoring the water to the mill course, and when Rosanna mill was once more at work, the village houses were illuminated, and even the children showed their sympathy for the family of the Grays, by huge bonfires and loud huzzas

Simon O'Dougherty's landlord was so much pleased by the honesty he had shown in this affair, that he renewed the lease of the meadow, instead of insisting upon the forfeiture, and farmer Gray delighted poor Simon still more, by promising to overlook for him the management of the land which still remained in his possession

In the meantime, Mr Hopkins, who could not go out of his own house without being insulted, or without fearing to be insulted, prepared to quit the country 'But before I go,' said he, 'I shall have the pleasure and triumph, at least, of making Mr Molyneux lose his election'

The Grays feared Mr Molyneux would indeed be a sufferer for the generous protection he had afforded them in their distress The votes were nearly balanced in the county, and the forty six votes which Hopkins could command would decide the contest There are often in real life instances of what is called poetical justice The day before the election, Sir Hyacinth was arrested at the suit of Stafford, who chose his opportunity so well, that the sheriff, though he was a fast friend of the baronet's, could not refuse to do his duty The sheriff had such a number of writs immediately put into his hands, that bail could not be found, and Mr Molyneux was elected without opposition

But let us return, from the misery of arrests and elections, to peace, industry, family union, and love, in the happy cottage of Rosanna No obstacles now prevented the marriage of Stafford and Rose, it was celebrated with every simple demonstration of rural felicity The bride had the blessings of her fond father and mother, the congratulations of her beloved brothers, and the applause of her own heart Are not these better things than even forty fine wedding gowns, or a coach of Hatchett's best workmanship? Rose thought so, and her future life proved she was not much mistaken Stafford some time after his marriage took his wife to England, to see his mother, who was soon reconciled to him and her Irish daughter-in-law, whose gentle manners and willing obedience overcame her unreasonable dislike Old Mrs Stafford declared to her son, when he was returning, that she had so far got the better of what he called her prejudices, that, if she could but travel to Ireland without crossing the sea, she verily believed she would go and spend a year with him and the Grays at Rosanna

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811-1863)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY born at Calcutta in 1811 was brought to England at the age of four. He was educated first at the Charterhouse School and later went to Cambridge but remained there for only a year. After a year's travel on the Continent, he returned to London and after studying for the law gave that up and went into journalism. Some years later he became a regular contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*. In 1847 he began the serial publication of his novel *Vanity Fair*, which was immensely popular. From that time to the end of his life he continued to write novels, stories, and a large quantity of miscellaneous essays and sketches.

Among Thackeray's shorter works there are few so characteristic of his style and the temper of his mind than *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*. The tale originally appeared in London in 1841 and is now reprinted from the volume *A Shabby Genteel Story and Other Tales*, New York, 1852.

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY

CHAPTER I

OF THE LOVES OF MR PERKINS AND MISS GORDON, AND OF THE TWO GREAT FACTIONS IN THE TOWN OF OLDBOROUGH

"MY DEAR John," cried Lucy, with a very wise look indeed, "it must and shall be so. As for Doughty street, with our means, a house is out of the question. We must keep three servants, and aunt Biggs says the taxes are one and twenty pounds a year."

"I have seen a sweet place at Chelsea," remarked John, "Paradise-row, No 17, — garden — greenhouse — fifty pounds a year — omnibus to town within a mile."

"What, that I may be left alone all day, and you spend a fortune in driving backward and forward in those horrid breakneck cabs? My darling, I should die there — die of fright, I know I should. Did you not say yourself that the road was not as yet lighted, and that the place swarmed with public-houses and dreadful tipsy Irish bricklayers? Would you kill me, John?"

"My da — arling," said John, with tremendous fondness, clutching Miss Lucy suddenly round the waist, and rapping the hand of that young person violently against his waistcoat, — "my — da — arling, don't say

such things, even in joke If I objected to the chambers, it is only because you, my love, with your birth and connections, ought to have a house of your own The chambers are quite large enough, and certainly quite good enough for me " And so after some more sweet parley on the part of these young people, it was agreed that they should take up their abode, when married, in a part of the house, number one hundred and something, Bedford row

It will be necessary to explain to the reader, that John was no other than John Perkins, Esq , of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, and that Miss Lucy was the daughter of the late Captain Gorgon, and Marianne Biggs, his wife The captain being of noble connections, younger son of a baronet, cousin to Lord X , and related to the Y family, had angered all his relatives, by marrying a very silly, pretty young woman, who kept a ladies' school at Canterbury She had six hundred pounds to her fortune, which the captain laid out in the purchase of a sweet travelling carriage and dressing case for himself, and going abroad with his lady, spent several years in the principal prisons of Europe, in one of which he died His wife and daughter were meantime supported by the contributions of Mrs Jemima Biggs, who still kept the ladies' school

At last a dear old relative — such a one as one reads of in romances — died and left seven thousand pounds apiece to the two sisters, whereupon the elder gave up schooling and retired to London, and the younger managed to live with some comfort and decency at Brussels, upon two hundred and ten pounds per annum Mrs Gorgon never touched a shilling of her capital, for the very good reason that it was placed entirely out of her reach, so that when she died, her daughter found herself in possession of a sum of money that is not always to be met with in this world

Her aunt, the baronet's lady and her aunt, the ex schoolmistress, both wrote very pressing invitations to her, and she resided with each for six months after her arrival in England Now, for a second time, she had come to Mrs Biggs, Caroline place, Mecklenburgh square It was under the roof of that respectable old lady, that John Perkins, Esq , being invited to take tea, wooed and won Miss Gorgon

Having thus described the circumstances of Miss Gorgon's life, let us pass for a moment from that young lady, and lift up the veil of mystery which envelopes the deeds and character of Perkins

Perkins, too was an orphan, and he and his Lucy, of summer evenings, when Sol descending lingered fondly yet about the minarets of the Foundling, and gilded the grassplots of Mecklenburgh square — Perkins, I say, and Lucy would often sit together in the summer house of that pleasure-ground, and muse upon the strange coincidences of their life Lucy was motherless and fatherless, so, too, was Perkins If Perkins was brotherless and sisterless, was not Lucy likewise an 'only child? Perkins was twenty-three — his age and Lucy's united, amounted to forty six, and it was to be

remarked, as a fact still more extraordinary, that while Lucy's relatives were *aunts*, John's were *uncles*, mysterious spirit of love! — let us treat thee with respect and whisper not too many of thy secrets The fact is, John and Lucy were a pair of fools (as every young couple *ought* to be who have hearts that are worth a farthing), and were ready to find coincidences, sympathies, hidden gushes of feeling, mystic unions of the soul, and what not, in every single circumstance that occurred from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and in the intervals Bedford-row, where Perkins lived, is not very far from Mecklenburgh square, and John used to say, that he felt a comfort that his house and Lucy's were served by the same muffin man

Further comment is needless A more honest, simple, clever, warm hearted, soft, whimsical, romantical, high spirited young fellow than John Perkins did not exist When his father, Dr Perkins, died, this, his only son, was placed under the care of John Perkins, Esq, of the house of Perkins, Scully, and Perkins, those celebrated attorneys in the trading town of Oldborough, which the second partner, William Pitt Scully, Esq, represented in parliament and in London

All John's fortune was the house in Bedford row, which, at his father's death, was let out into chambers, and brought in a clear hundred a year Under his uncle's roof at Oldborough, where he lived with thirteen red haired male and female cousins, he was only charged fifty pounds for board, clothes and pocket money, and the remainder of his rents was carefully put by for him until his majority When he approached that period — when he came to belong to two spouting clubs at Oldborough, among the young merchants and lawyers' clerks — to blow the flute nicely, and play a good game at billiards — to have written one or two smart things in the Oldborough Sentinel — to be fond of smoking (in which act he was discovered by his fainting aunt at three o'clock one morning) — in one word, when John Perkins arrived at manhood, he discovered that he was quite unfit to be an attorney, that he detested all the ways of his uncle's stern, dull, vulgar, regular, red headed family, and he vowed that he would go to London and make his fortune Thither he went, his aunt and cousins, who were all "serious," vowing that he was a lost boy, and when his history opens, John had been two years in the metropolis, inhabiting his own garrets, and a very nice compact set of apartments, looking into the back garden, at this moment falling vacant, the prudent Lucy Gorgon had visited them, and vowed that she and her John should there commence housekeeping

All these explanations are tedious, but necessary, and furthermore, it must be said, that as John's uncle's partner was the liberal member for Oldborough, so Lucy's uncle was its ministerial representative

This gentleman, the brother of the deceased Captain Gorgon, lived at the paternal mansion of Gorgon Castle, and rejoiced in the name and title

of Sir John Grumbsy Gorgon He, too, like his younger brother, had married a lady beneath his own rank in life having espoused the daughter and heiress of Mr Hicks, the great brewer at Oldborough, who held numerous mortgages on the Gorgon property, all of which he yielded up, together with his daughter Eliza, to the care of the baronet

What Lady Gorgon was in character, this history will show In person, if she may be compared to any vulgar animal, one of her father's heavy, healthy broad flanked, Roman nosed, white dray horses, might, to the poetic mind, appear to resemble her At twenty she was a splendid creature, and though not at her full growth, yet remarkable for strength and sinew at forty five she was as fine a woman as any in his majesty's dominions Five feet seven in height, thirteen stone, her own teeth and hair, she looked as if she were the mother of a regiment of grenadier-guards She had three daughters of her own size, and at length, ten years after the birth of the last of the young ladies, a son — one son — George Augustus Frederic Grumbsy Gorgon, the godson of a royal duke, whose steady officer in waiting Sir George had been for many years

It is needless to say, after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shrivelled, weazel faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship This is the way of the world, as every single reader of this book must have remarked, for frolic love delights to join giants and pigmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony When you saw her ladyship, in flame coloured satin, and gorgeous toque and feathers, entering the drawing room, as footmen along the stairs shouted melodiously, SIR GEORGE AND LADY GORGON, you beheld in her company a small withered old gentleman, with powder and large royal household buttons, who tripped at her elbow as a little weak legged colt does at the side of a stout mare

The little General had been present at about a hundred and twenty pitch-battles on Hounslow Heath and Wormwood Scrubs, but had never drawn his sword against an enemy As might be expected, therefore, his talk and *tenuis* were outrageously military He had the whole army list by heart — that is, as far as the field-officers — all below them he scorned A bugle at Gorgon Castle always sounded at breakfast and dinner a gun announced sunset He clung to his pigtail for many years after the army had forsaken that ornament, and could never be brought to think much of the Peninsular men for giving it up When he spoke of the duke, he used to call him "*My Lord Wellington — I recollect him as Captain Wesley*" He swore fearfully in conversation — was most regular at church, and regularly read to his family and domestics the morning and evening prayer, he bullied his daughters, *seemed* to bully his wife, who led him whither she chose, gave grand entertainments, and never asked a friend by chance, had splendid liveries, and starved his people, and was as dull, stingy, pompous, insolent, cringing, ill-tempered a little creature as ever was known

With such qualities you may fancy that he was generally admired in society and by his country. So he was, and I never knew a man so endowed whose way through life was not safe — who had fewer pangs of conscience — more positive enjoyments — more respect shown to him — more favours granted to him, than such a one as my friend the General.

Her ladyship was just suited to him, and they did in reality admire each other hugely. Previously to her marriage with the baronet, many love passages had passed between her and William Pitt Scully, Esq., the attorney, and there was especially one story, *apropos* of certain syllabubs and Sally Lunn cakes, which seemed to show that matters had gone very far. Be this as it may, no sooner did the General (Major Gorgon he was then) cast an eye on her, than Scully's five years fabric of love was instantly dashed to the ground. She cut him pitilessly, cut Sally Scully, his sister, her dearest friend and confidante, and bestowed her big person upon the little aide de camp at the end of a fortnight's wooing. In the course of time, their mutual fathers died, the Gorgon estates were unencumbered, patron of both the seats in the borough of Oldborough, and occupant of one, Sir George Grimbsy Gorgon, baronet, was a personage of no small importance.

He was, it scarcely need be said, a Tory, and this was the reason why William Pitt Scully, Esq., of the firm of Perkins and Scully, deserted those principles in which he had been bred and christened, deserted that church which he had frequented, for he could not bear to see Sir John and my lady flaunting in their grand pew, — deserted, I say, the church, adopted the conventicle, and became one of the most zealous and eloquent supporters that Freedom has known in our time. Scully, of the House of Scully and Perkins, was a dangerous enemy. In five years from that marriage, which snatched from the jilted solicitor his heart's young affections, Sir George Gorgon found that he must actually spend seven hundred pounds to keep his two seats. At the next election, a liberal was set up against his man, and actually run him hard, and finally, at the end of eighteen years, the rejected Scully — the mean attorney — was actually the *first* member for Oldborough, Sir George Grimbsy Gorgon, Baronet, being only the second!

The agony of that day cannot be imagined — the dreadful curses of Sir George, who saw fifteen hundred a year robbed from under his very nose — the religious resignation of my lady — the hideous window smashing that took place at the Gorgon Arms, and the discomfiture of the pelted mayor and corporation. The very next Sunday, Scully was reconciled to the church (or attended it in the morning, and the meeting twice in the afternoon), and as Doctor Shorter uttered the prayer for the high court of parliament, his eye — the eye of his whole party — turned towards Lady Gorgon and Sir George in a most unholy triumph. Sir George (who always stood during prayers, like a military man,) fairly sunk down among

the hassocks, and Lady Gorgon was heard to sob as audibly as ever did little beadle belaboured urchin

Scully, when at Oldborough, came from that day forth to church "What," said he, "was it to him? were we not all brethren?" Old Perkins, however, kept religiously to the Squaretoes' congregation. In fact, to tell the truth, this subject had been debated between the partners, who saw the advantage of courting both the establishment and the dissenters — a manœuvre which, I need not say, is repeated in almost every country town in England, where a solicitor's house has this kind of power and connexion

Three months after this election came the races at Oldborough, and the race ball. Gorgon was so infuriated by this defeat, that he gave "the Gorgon cup and cover," a matter of fifteen pounds. Scully, "although anxious," as he wrote from town, "anxious beyond measure to preserve the breed of horses for which our beloved country has ever been famous, could attend no such sports as these, which but too often degenerated into vice." It was voted a shabby excuse. Lady Gorgon was radiant in her barouche and four, and gladly became the patroness of the ball that was to ensue, and which all the gentry and townspeople, Tory and Whig, were in the custom of attending. The ball took place on the last day of the races — on that day, the walls of the market house, the principal public buildings, and the Gorgon Arms hotel itself, were plastered with the following —

LETTER FROM OUR DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE
WILLIAM P. SCULLY, ESQ., ETC., ETC.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 9, 18—

"My dear Heeltap, — You know my opinion about horse racing, and though I blame neither you nor any brother Englishman who enjoys that manly sport, you will, I am sure, appreciate the conscientious motives which induce me not to appear among my friends and constituents on the festival of the 3d, 4th, and 5th instant. If I, however, cannot allow my name to appear among your list of stewards, *one* at least of the representatives of Oldborough has no such scruples. Sir George Gorgon is among you, and though I differ from that honourable baronet on more than *one vital point*, I am glad to think that he is with you — a gentleman, a soldier, a man of property in the county, how can he be better employed than in forwarding the county's amusements, and in forwarding the happiness of all?"

"Had I no such scruples as those to which I have just alluded, I must still have refrained from coming among you. Your great Oldborough common drainage and inclosure bill comes on to-night, and I shall be *at my post*. I am sure, if Sir George Gorgon were here, he and I should on this occasion vote side by side, and that party strife would be forgotten in the object of our common interest — *our dear native town*

“There is, however, another occasion at hand, in which I shall be proud to meet him Your ball is on the night of the 6th Party forgotten — brotherly union — innocent mirth — beauty, *our dear town's beauty*, our daughters in the joy of their expanding loveliness, our matrons in the exquisite contemplation of their children's bliss, — can you, can I, can Whig or Tory, can any Briton be indifferent to a scene like this, or refuse to join in this heart-stirring festival? If there *be* such let them pardon me, — I, for one, my dear Heeltap, will be among you on Friday night, — ay, and hereby invite all pretty Tory Misses, who are in want of a partner

“I am here in the very midst of good things, you know, and we old folks like a *supper* after a dance Please to accept a brace of bucks and a turtle, which come herewith My worthy colleague, who was so liberal last year of his soup to the poor, will not, I trust, refuse to taste a little of Alderman Birch's — 'tis offered on my part with hearty good will Hey for the 6th, and *vive la joie*

“Ever, my dear Heeltap, your faithful,

“W PITT SCULLY

“P S Of course this letter is *strictly private* Say that the venison, &c , came from a *well washer to Oldborough*

This amazing letter was published in defiance of Mr Scully's injunctions by the enthusiastic Heeltap, who said bluntly in a preface, “That he saw no reason why Mr Scully should be ashamed of his action, and he, for his part, was glad to let all friends at Oldborough know of it ”

The allusion about the Gorgon soup was killing, thirteen paupers in Oldborough had, it was confidently asserted, died of it Lady Gorgon, on the reading of this letter, was struck completely dumb — Sir George Gorgon was wild — ten dozen of champagne was he obliged to send down to the Gorgon Arms, to be added to the festival He would have stayed away if he could, but he dared not

At nine o'clock, he in general's uniform, his wife in blue satin and diamonds, his daughters in blue crape and white roses, his niece, Lucy Gorgon, in white muslin, his son, George Augustus Frederic Grimbsy Gorgon, in a blue velvet jacket, sugar loaf buttons, and nankeens, entered the north door of the ball room to much cheering, and the sound of “God save the King!”

At that very same moment, and from the south door, issued William Pitt Scully, Esq , M P , and his staff Mr Scully had a bran new blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, white kerseymere tights, pumps with large rosettes, and pink silk stockings

“This wool,” said he to a friend, “was grown on Oldborough sheep, this cloth was spun in Oldborough looms, these buttons were cast in an Oldborough manufactory, these shoes were made by an Oldborough tradesman, this *heart* first beat in Oldborough town, and pray Heaven may be buried there!”

Could any thing resist a man like this? John Perkins, who had come down as one of Scully's aides de camp, in a fit of generous enthusiasm, leaped on a whist table, flung up a pocket handkerchief, and shrieked — "SCULLY FOR EVER!"

Heeltap, who was generally drunk, fairly burst into tears, and the grave tradesmen and Whig gentry, who had dined with the member at his inn, and accompanied him thence to the Gorgon Arms, lifted their deep voices and shouted, "Hear! Good! Bravo! Noble! Scully for ever! God bless him! and Hurra!"

The scene was tumultuously affecting, and when young Perkins sprung down from the table, and came blushing up to the member, that gentle man said

"Thank you, Jack! *thank* you, my boy! THANK you," in a way which made Perkins think that his supreme cup of bliss was quaffed, that he had but to die, for that life had no other such joy in store for him Scully was Perkins's Napoleon — he yielded himself up to the attorney, body and soul

Whilst this scene was going on under one chandelier of the ball room, beneath the other, scarlet little General Gorgon, sumptuous Lady Gorgon, the daughter and niece Gorgons were standing, surrounded by their Tory court, who affected to sneer and titter at the Whig demonstrations which were taking place

"What a howwid thmell of withkey!" lisped Cornet Fitch of the dra goons to Miss Lucy, confidentially, "and thethe are what they call Whighth, are they? he! he!"

"They are drunk, — me — drunk by ——" said the General to the Mayor

"*Which* is Scully?" said Lady Gorgon, lifting her glass gravely (she was at that very moment thinking of the syllabubs) "Is it that tipsy man in the green coat, or that vulgar creature in the blue one?"

"Law, my lady!" said the Mayoress, "have you forgotten him? Why that's him in blue and buff"

"And a monthous fine man too," said Cornet Fitch, I wish we had him in our twoop — he'th thix feet thwee, if he'th an inch, ain't he, genewal?"

No reply

"And Heavens! mamma," shrieked the three Gorgons in a breath, "see, one creature is on the whist table Oh, the wretch!"

"I'm sure he's very good looking," said Lucy, simply

Lady Gorgon darted at her an angry look, and was about to say something very contemptuous, when, at that instant, John Perkins's shout taking effect, Master George Augustus Frederic Grimbsy Gorgon, not knowing better, incontinently raised a small shout on his side

"Hear! good! bravo!" exclaimed he! "Scully for ever! Hurra-a-a ay!" and fell skipping about like the Whigs opposite

“Silence, you brute, you!” groaned Lady Gorgon, and seizing him by the shirt frill and coat collar, carried him away to his nurse, who, with many other maids of the Whig and Tory parties, stood giggling and peeping at the landing place

Fancy how all these small incidents augmented the heap of Lady Gorgon’s anger and injuries! She was a dull phlegmatic woman, for the most part, and contented herself generally with merely despising her neighbours, but oh! what a fine active hatred raged in her bosom for victorious Scully! At this moment Mr Perkins had finished shaking hands with his Napoleon — Napoleon seemed bent upon some tremendous enterprise He was looking at Lady Gorgon very hard

“She’s a fine woman,” said Scully, thoughtfully, he was still holding the hand of Perkins And then, after a pause, “Gad! I think I’ll try ”

“Try what, sir?”

“She’s a *deuced* fine woman!” burst out again the tender solicitor “I *will* go Springer, tell the fiddlers to strike up ”

Springer scuttled across the room, and gave the leader of the band a knowing nod Suddenly, “God save the King” ceased, and “Sir Roger de Coverley” began The rival forces eyed each other, Mr Scully, accompanied by his friend, came forward, looking very red, and fumbling two large kid gloves

“*He’s going to ask me to dance,*” hissed out Lady Gorgon, with a dreadful intuition, and she drew back behind her lord

“D— it, madam, *then dance* with him!” said the general “Don’t you see that the scoundrel is carrying it all his own way, — him, and — — him, and — — — him ” (All of which dashes the reader may fill up with oaths of such strength as may be requisite)

“General!” cried Lady Gorgon, but could say no more Scully was before her

“Madam!” exclaimed the liberal member for Oldborough, “in a moment like this — I say — that is — that on the present occasion — your ladyship — unaccustomed as I am — pooh, psha — *will* your ladyship give me the distinguished honour and pleasure of going down the country-dance with your ladyship?”

An immense heave of her ladyship’s ample chest was perceptible Yards of blond lace, which might be compared to a foam of the sea, were agitated at the same moment, and by the same mighty emotion The river of diamonds which flowed round her ladyship’s neck, seemed to swell and to shine more than ever The tall plumes on her ambrosial head bowed down beneath the storm In other words, Lady Gorgon, in a furious rage, which she was compelled to restrain, trembled, drew up, and bowing majestically said,

“Sir, I shall have much pleasure ” With this, she extended her hand Scully, trembling, thrust forward one of his huge kid gloves, and led her

to the head of the country dance John Perkins, who I presume had been drinking pretty freely so as to have forgotten his ordinary bashfulness, looked at the three Gorgons in blue, then at the pretty smiling one in white, and stepping up to her, without the smallest hesitation, asked her if she would dance with him The young lady smilingly agreed The great example of Scully and Lady Gorgon was followed by all dancing men and women Political enmities were forgotten Whig voters invited Tory voters' wives to the dance The daughters of Reform accepted the hands of the sons of Conservatives The reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines was not more touching than this sweet fusion Whack! whack! Mr Springer clapped his hands, and the fiddlers adroitly obeying the cheerful signal, began playing "Sir Roger de Coverley" louder than ever

I do not know by what extraordinary charm (*nescio quâ præter solitum, &c*), but young Perkins, who all his life had hated country dances, was delighted with this one, and skipped, and laughed, poussetting, crossing, down the middling, with his merry little partner, till every one of the better most sort of the thirty nine couples had dropped panting away, and till the youngest Miss Gorgon, coming up to his partner, said, in a loud hissing, scornful, whisper, "Lucy, mamma thinks you have danced quite enough with this — this person" And Lucy, blushing, starting back, and looking at Perkins in a very melancholy way, made him a little curtesy, and went off to the Gorgonian party with her cousin Perkins was too frightened to lead her back to her place — too frightened at first, and then too angry "Person!" said he his soul swelled with a desperate republican ism he went back to his patron more of a radical than ever

He found that gentleman in the solitary tea room, pacing up and down before the observant landlady and handmaidens of the Gorgon Arms, wiping his brows, gnawing his fingers — his ears looming over his stiff white shirt collar, as red as fire Once more the great man seized John Perkins's hand as the latter came up

"D — the aristocrats!" roared the ex-follower of Squaretoes

"And so say I, but what's the matter, sir?"

"What's the matter? — Why, that woman — that infernal, haughty, straight laced, cold blooded, brewer's daughter! I loved that woman, sir — I *kissed* that woman, sir, twenty years ago — we were all but engaged, sir — we've walked for hours and hours, sir, us and the governess — I've got a lock of her hair, sir, among my papers now — and to night, would you believe it? — as soon as she got to the bottom of the set, away she went — not one word would she speak to me all the way down and when I wanted to lead her to her place, and asked her if she would have a glass of negus, 'Sir,' says she, 'I have done my duty, I bear no malice, but I consider you a traitor to Sir George Gorgon's family — a traitor and an upstart! I consider your speaking to me as a piece of insolent vulgarity, and beg you will leave me to myself!' There's her speech,

sir Twenty people heard it, and all of her Tory set, too I'll tell you what, Jack, at the next election I'll put *you* up Oh! that woman! that woman! — and to think that I love her still!" Here Mr Scully paused, and fiercely consoled himself by swallowing three cups of Mrs Rincer's green tea

The fact is, that Lady Gorgon's passion had completely got the better of her reason Her ladyship was naturally cold and artificially extremely squeamish, and when this great red faced enemy of hers, looked tenderly at her through his red little eyes, and squeezed her hand, and attempted to renew old acquaintance, she felt such an intolerable disgust at his triumph, at his familiarity, and at the remembrance of her own former liking for him, that she gave utterance to the speech above correctly reported The Tories were delighted with her spirit, and Cornet Fitch, with much glee, told the story to the general, but that officer, who was at whist with some of his friends, flung down his cards, and coming up to his lady, said briefly,

"Madam, you are a fool!"

"I will *not* stay here to be bearded by that disgusting man! — Mr Fitch, call my people — Henrietta, bring Miss Lucy from that linen draper with whom she is dancing I will not stay, General, once for all "

Henrietta ran — she hated her cousin, Cornet Fitch was departing "Stop, Fitch," said Sir George, seizing him by the arm — "You are a fool, Lady Gorgon," said he, "and I repeat it — a — fool! This fellow, Scully, is carrying all before him he has talked with every body, laughed with every body — and you, with your infernal airs — a brewer's daughter, by —, must sit like a queen, and not speak to a soul! You've lost me one seat of my borough, with your infernal pride — fifteen hundred a year, by Jove! — and you think you will bully me out of another No, madam, you *shall* stay, and stay supper too — and the girls shall dance with every cursed chimneysweep and butcher in the room they shall, confound me!"

Her ladyship saw that it was necessary to submit, and Mr Springer, the master of the ceremonies was called, and requested to point out some eligible partners for the young ladies One went off with a Whig auctioneer, another figured in a quadrille with a very liberal apothecary, and the third, Miss Henrietta, remained

"Hallo! you sir," roared the little general to John Perkins, who was passing by John turned round and faced him

"You were dancing with my niece just now — show us your skill now, and dance with one of my daughters Stand up, Miss Henrietta Gorgon — Mr What's-your name?"

"My name," said John, with marked and majestic emphasis, "is PERKINS," and he looked towards Lucy who dared not look again

"Miss Gorgon — Mr Perkins There, now go and dance "

"Mr Perkins regrets, madam," said John, making a bow to Miss Hen-

netta, "that he is not able to dance this evening I am this moment obliged to look to the supper, but you will find, no doubt, some other PERSON who will have much pleasure"

"Go to —, sir!" screamed the General, starting up, and shaking his cane

"Calm yourself, dearest George," said Lady Gorgon, clinging fondly to him Fitch twiddled his mustaches Miss Henrietta Gorgon stared with open mouth The silks of the surrounding dowagers rustled — the countenances of all looked grave

"I will follow you, sir, wherever you please, and you may hear of me whenever you like," said Mr Perkins, bowing and retiring He heard little Lucy sobbing in a corner He was lost at once — lost in love, he felt as if he could combat fifty generals! he never was so happy in his life!

The supper came, but as that meal cost five shillings a head, General Gorgon dismissed the four spinsters of his family homewards in the carriage, and so saved himself a pound This added to Jack Perkins's wrath, he had hoped to have seen Miss Lucy once more He was a steward, and, in the General's teeth, would have done his duty He was thinking how he would have helped her to the most delicate chicken wings and *blanc manges*, how he *would* have made her take champagne Under the noses of indignant aunt and uncle, what glorious fun it would have been!

Out of place as Mr Scully's present was, and though Lady Gorgon and her party sneered at the vulgar notion of venison and turtle for supper, all the world at Oldborough ate very greedily of those two substantial dishes, and the mayor's wife became from that day forth a mortal enemy of the Gorgons for, sitting near her ladyship, who refused the proffered soup and meat, the mayoress thought herself obliged to follow this disagreeable example She sent away the plate of turtle with a sigh, saying, however, to the baronet's lady, "I thought, mem, that the *Lord Mayor of London* always had turtle to his supper"

"And what if he didn't, Biddy?" said his honour the mayor, "a good thing's a good thing, and here goes!" wherewith he plunged his spoon into the savoury mess The mayoress, as we have said, dared not, but she hated Lady Gorgon, and remembered it at the next election

The pride, in fact, and insolence of the Gorgon party, rendered every person in the room hostile to them, so soon as, gorged with meat, they began to find that courage which Britons invariably derive from their victuals The show of the Gorgon plate seemed to offend the people The Gorgon champagne was a long time, too, in making its appearance Arrive, however, it did, the people were waiting for it The young ladies not accustomed to that drink, declined pledging their admirers until it was produced, the men, too, despised the bucellas and sherry — and were looking continually towards the door At last Mr Rincer, the landlord, Mr Hock, Sir George's butler, and sundry others, entered the room

Bang went the corks — fizz the foamy liquor sparkled into all sorts of glasses that were held out for its reception Mr Hock helped Sir George and his party, who drank with great gusto the wine which was administered to the persons immediately around Mr Scully, was likewise pronounced to be good But Mr Perkins, who had taken his seat among the humbler individuals, and in the very middle of the table, observed that all these persons after drinking, made to each other very wry and ominous faces, and whispered much He tasted his wine — it was a villainous compound of sugar, vitriol, soda, water, and green gooseberries At this moment a great clatter of forks was made by the president's and vice president's party Silence for a toast — 'twas silence all

"Landlord," said Mr Perkins, starting up (the rogue, where did his impudence come from?) "have you any champagne of *your own?*"

"Silence! down!" roared the Tories, the ladies looking aghast "Silence, sit down, you!" shrieked the well known voice of the General

"I beg your pardon, General," said young John Perkins, but where *could* you have bought this champagne? My worthy friend I know is going to propose the ladies, let us at any rate drink such a toast in good wine" (Hear, hear!) "Drink her ladyship's health in *this* stuff? I declare to goodness I would sooner drink it in beer!"

No pen can describe the uproar which arose, the anguish of the Gorgonites — the shrieks, jeers, cheers, ironic cries of "Swipes, &c!" which proceeded from the less genteel, but more enthusiastic Scullyites

"This vulgarity is too much," said Lady Gorgon, rising, and Mrs Mayoress, and the ladies of the party did so too

The General, two squires, the clergyman, the Gorgon apothecary and attorney, with their respective ladies, followed her — they were plainly beaten from the field Such of the Tories as dared, remained, and in in glorious compromise shared the jovial Whig feast

"Gentlemen and ladies," hiccupped Mr Heeltap, "I'll give you a toast, 'Champagne to our real — hic — friends,' no, 'real Champagne to our friends,' and — hic — pooh! 'Champagne to our friends, and real pain to our enemies,' — huzzay!"

The Scully faction on this day bore the victory away, and if the polite reader has been shocked by certain vulgarities on the part of Mr Scully and his friends, he must remember *imprimis* that Oldborough was an inconsiderable place — that the inhabitants thereof were chiefly tradespeople, not of refined habits — that Mr Scully himself had only for three months mingled among the aristocracy — that his young friend, Perkins, was violently angry — and finally, and to conclude, that the proud vulgarity of the great Sir George Gorgon and his family, were infinitely more odious and contemptible than the mean vulgarity of the Scullyites and their leader

Immediately after this event, Mr Scully and his young friend, Perkins,

returned to town, the latter to his garrets in Bedford row — the former to his apartments on the first floor of the same house. He lived here to superintend his legal business, of which the London agents, Messrs Higgs, Biggs & Blatherwick, occupied the ground floor — the junior partner, Mr Gustavus Blatherwick, occupying the second-flat of the house. Scully made no secret of his profession or residence — he was an attorney, and proud of it — he was the grandson of a labourer, and thanked God for it — he had made his fortune by his own honest labour, and why should he be ashamed of it?

And now, having explained at full length who the several heroes and heroines of this history were, and how they conducted themselves in the country, let us describe their behaviour in London, and the great events which occurred there.

You must know that Mr Perkins bore away the tenderest recollections of the young lady with whom he had danced at the Oldborough ball, and, having taken particular care to find out where she dwelt when in the metropolis, managed soon to become acquainted with aunt Biggs, and made himself so amiable to that lady, that she begged he would pass all his disengaged evenings at her lodgings in Caroline place. Mrs Biggs was perfectly aware that the young gentleman did not come for her bohea and muffins, so much as for the sweeter conversation of her niece, Miss Gorgon, but seeing that these two young people were of an age when ideas of love and marriage will spring up, do what you will, seeing that her niece had a fortune, and Mr Perkins had the prospect of a place, and was moreover a very amiable and well disposed young fellow, she thought her niece could not do better than marry him, and Miss Gorgon thought so too. Now the public will be able to understand the meaning of that important conversation which is recorded at the very commencement of this history.

Lady Gorgon and her family were likewise in town, but when in the metropolis, they never took notice of their relative, Miss Lucy, the idea of acknowledging an ex schoolmistress, living in Mecklenburgh square, being much too preposterous for a person of my Lady Gorgon's breeding and fashion. She did not, therefore, know of the progress which sly Perkins was making all this while, for Lucy Gorgon did not think it was at all necessary to inform her ladyship how deeply she was smitten by the wicked young gentleman, who had made all the disturbance at the Oldborough ball.

The intimacy of these young persons had, in fact, become so close, that on a certain sunshiny Sunday in December, after having accompanied aunt Biggs to church, they had pursued their walk as far as that rendezvous of lovers — the Regent's Park, and were talking of their coming marriage with much confidential tenderness, before the bears in the Zoological Gardens

Miss Lucy was ever and anon feeding those interesting animals with buns, to perform which act of charity, she had clambered up on the parapet which surrounds their den Mr Perkins was below, and Miss Lucy, having distributed her buns, was on the point of following, — but whether from timidity, or whether from a desire to do young Perkins an essential service, I know not, however, she found herself quite unwilling to jump down unaided

“My dearest John,” said she, “I never can jump that ”

Whereupon, John stepped up, put one hand round Lucy’s waist, and as one of hers gently fell upon his shoulder, Mr Perkins took the other, and said, —

“Now jump ”

Hoop! jump she did, and so excessively active and clever was Mr John Perkins, that he jumped Miss Lucy plump into the middle of a group formed of

Lady Gorgon,

The Misses Gorgon,

Master George Augustus Frederic Grimbsy Gorgon,

And a footman, poodle, and French governess, who had all been for two or three minutes listening to the billings and cooings of these imprudent young lovers

CHAPTER II

SHOWS HOW THE PLOT BEGAN TO THICKEN IN OR ABOUT
BEDFORD-ROW

“Miss Lucy!”

“Upon my word!”

“I’m hanged if it arn’t Lucy! How do, Lucy?” uttered Lady, the Misses, and Master Gorgon in a breath

Lucy came forward, bending down her ambrosial curls, and blushing, as a modest young woman should, for, in truth, the scrape was very awkward, and as for John Perkins, he made a start, and then a step forwards, and then two backwards, and then began laying hands upon his black satin stock — in short, the sun did not shine at that moment upon a man who looked so exquisitely foolish

“Miss Lucy Gorgon, is your aunt — is Mrs Briggs here?” said Gorgon, drawing herself up with much state

“Mrs Biggs, aunt,” said Lucy demurely

“Biggs or Briggs, madam, it is not of the slightest consequence I presume that persons in my rank of life are not expected to know every body’s name in Magdeburg square?” (Lady Gorgon had a house in Baker street, and a dismal house it was) “*No!* here,” continued she, rightly interpreting Lucy’s silence, “*NOT* here? — and may I ask how long is it

that young ladies have been allowed to walk abroad without chaperons, and to — to take a part in such scenes as that which we have just seen acted?"

To this question — and indeed it was rather difficult to answer — Miss Gorgon had no reply. There were the six grey eyes of her cousins glowering at her — there was George Augustus Frederic examining her with an air of extreme wonder, Mademoiselle the governess turning her looks demurely away, and awful Lady Gorgon glancing fiercely at her in front. Not mentioning the footman and poodle, what could a poor, modest, timid girl plead before such an inquisition, especially when she was clearly guilty? Add to this, that as Lady Gorgon, that majestic woman, always remarkable for her size and insolence of demeanour, had planted herself in the middle of the path, and spoke at the extreme pitch of her voice, many persons walking in the neighbourhood had heard her ladyship's speech and stopped, and seemed disposed to await the rejoinder.

"For Heaven's sake, aunt, don't draw a crowd around us," said Lucy, who, indeed, was glad of the only escape that lay in her power. "I will tell you of the — of the circumstances of — of my engagement with this gentleman — with Mr Perkins," added she, in a softer tone — so soft that the *'erkins* was quite inaudible.

"A Mr What? An engagement without consulting your guardians!" screamed her ladyship, "this must be looked to! Jerningham, call round my carriage. Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to walk home with Master Gorgon, and carry him if you please, where there is wet, and, girls, as the day is fine, you will do likewise. Jerningham, you will attend the young ladies. Miss Gorgon, I will thank you to follow me immediately," and so saying, and looking at the crowd with ineffable scorn, and at Mr Perkins not at all, the lady bustled away forwards, the files of Gorgon daughters and governess closing round and enveloping poor Lucy, who found herself carried forward against her will, and in a minute seated in her aunt's coach, along with that tremendous person.

Her case was bad enough, but what was it to Perkins's? Fancy his blank surprise and rage at having his love thus suddenly ravished from him, and his delicious *tête à tête* interrupted. He managed, in an inconceivably short space of time, to conjure up half a million obstacles to his union. What should he do? he would rush on to Baker street, and wait there until his Lucy left Lady Gorgon's house.

He could find no vehicle for him in the Regent's Park, and was in consequence obliged to make his journey on foot. Of course, he nearly killed himself with running, and ran so quick, that he was just in time to see two ladies step out of Lady Gorgon's carriage at her own house, and to hear Jerningham's fellow-footman roar to the Gorgonian coachman, "Half past seven!" at which hour we are, to this day, convinced that Lady Gorgon was going out to dine Mr Jerningham's associate

having banged to the door, with an insolent look towards Perkins, who was prying in with the most suspicious and indecent curiosity, retired, exclaiming, "That chap has a hi to our great coats, I reckon!" and left John Perkins to pace the street and be miserable

John Perkins then walked resolutely up and down dismal Baker street, determined on an *eclaircissement*. He was for some time occupied in thinking how it was that the Gorgons were not at church, they who made such a parade of piety, and John Perkins smiled as he passed the chapel, and saw that two *charity sermons* were to be preached that day — and therefore it was that General Gorgon read prayers to his family at home in the morning

Perkins, at last, saw that little general, in blue frock coat and spotless buff gloves, saunter scowling home, and half an hour before his arrival, had witnessed the entrance of Jerningham, and the three gaunt Miss Gorgons, poodle, son and heir, and French governess, protected by him, into Sir George's mansion

"Can she be going to stay all night?" mused poor John, after being on the watch for three hours, "that footman is the only person who has left the house," when presently, to his inexpressible delight, he saw a very dirty hackney coach clatter up to the Gorgon door, out of which first issued the ruby plush breeches and stalwart calves of Mr Jerningham, these were followed by his body, and then the gentleman, ringing modestly, was admitted

Again the door opened — a lady came out, nor was she followed by the footman, who crossed his legs at the door post, and allowed her to mount the jungling vehicle as best she might. Mr Jerningham had witnessed the scene in the Park gardens, had listened to the altercation through the library keyhole, and had been mighty sulky at being ordered to call a coach for this young woman. He did not therefore deign to assist her to mount

But there was *one* who did! Perkins was by the side of his Lucy; he had seen her start back, and cry, "La, John!" — had felt her squeeze his arm — had mounted with her into the coach, and then shouted with a voice of thunder to the coachman, "Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square"

But Mr Jerningham would have been much more surprised and puzzled if he had waited one minute longer, and seen this Mr Perkins, who had so gallantly escalated the hackney coach, step out of it with the most mortified, miserable, chaffallen countenance possible

The fact is, he had found poor Lucy sobbing fit to break her heart, and instead of consoling her as he expected, he only seemed to irritate her further for she said, "Mr Perkins — I beg — I insist, that you leave the carriage," and when Perkins made some movement, (which, not being in the vehicle at the time, we have never been able to comprehend,) she suddenly sprang from the back seat, and began pulling at a large piece of

cord, which communicated with the wrist of the gentleman driving, and screaming to him at the top of her voice, bade him immediately stop

This Mr Coachman did, with a curious, puzzled, grinning air

Perkins descended, and on being asked, "Vere ham I to drive the young 'oman, sir?" I am sorry to say muttered something like an oath, and uttered the above mentioned words, "Caroline place, Mecklenburgh-square," in a tone which I should be inclined to describe as both dogged and sheepish,—very different from that cheery voice, which he had used when he first gave the order

Poor Lucy, in the course of those fatal three hours which had passed while Mr Perkins was pacing up and down Baker street, had received a lecture which lasted exactly one hundred and eighty minutes — from her aunt first, then from her uncle, whom we have seen marching homewards, and often from both together

Sir George Gorgon and his lady poured out such a flood of advice and abuse against the poor girl, that she came away from the interview quite timid and cowering, and when she saw John Perkins (the sly rogue! how well he thought he had managed the trick!) she shrunk from him as if he had been a demon of wickedness, ordered him out of the carriage, and went home by herself, convinced that she had committed some tremendous sin

While, then, her coach jangled away to Caroline-place, Perkins, once more alone, bent his steps in the same direction — a desperate heart stricken man — he passed by the beloved's door — saw lights in the front drawing room — felt probably that she was there — but he could not go in Moodily he paced down Doughty street, and turning abruptly into Bedford-row, rushed into his own chambers, where Mrs Snooks, the laundress, had prepared his humble sabbath meal

A cheerful fire blazed in his garret, and Mrs Snooks had prepared for him the favourite blade bone he loved (blest four days' dinner for a bachelor, roast, cold, hashed, grilled blade bone, the fourth being better than the first), but although he usually did rejoice in this meal, ordinarily, indeed, grumbling that there was not enough to satisfy him — he, on this occasion, after two mouthfuls, flung down his knife and fork, and buried his two claws in his hair

"Snooks," said he at last, very moodily, "remove this d— mutton, give me my writing things, and some hot brandy and-water"

This was done without much alarm, for you must know that Perkins used to dabble in poetry, and ordinarily prepared himself for composition by this kind of stimulus

He wrote hastily a few lines

"Snooks, put on your bonnet," said he, "and carry this — *you know where?*" he added, in such a hollow, heart breaking tone of voice, that affected poor Snooks almost to tears She went, however, with the note, which was to this purpose —

“Lucy! Lucy! my soul’s love — what, what has happened? I am writing this (*a gulp of brandy and water*) in a state bordering on distraction — madness — insanity (*another*) Why did you send me out of the coach in that cruel, cruel way? Write to me a word, a line — tell me, tell me, I may come to you — and leave me not in this agonizing condition, your faithful (*glog — glog — glog, — the whole glass*) “J P”

He never signed John Perkins in full — he couldn’t, it was so unromantic

Well, this missive was despatched by Mrs Snooks, and Perkins, in a fearful state of excitement, haggard, wild, and with more brandy and-water, awaited the return of his messenger

When at length, after about an absence of forty years, as it seemed to him, the old lady returned with a large packet, Perkins seized it with a trembling hand, and was yet more frightened to see the handwriting of Mrs or Miss Biggs

“My dear Mr Perkins,” she began, “although I am not your soul’s adored, I performed her part for once, since I have read your letter, as I told her, — you need not be very much alarmed, although Lucy is at this moment in bed and unwell, for the poor girl has had a sad scene at her grand uncle’s house in Baker street, and came home very much affected. Rest, however, will restore her, for she is not one of your nervous sort, and I hope when you come in the morning, you will see her as blooming as she was when you went out to day on that unlucky walk

“See what Sir George Gorgon says of us all! You won’t challenge him I know, as he is to be your uncle, and so I may show you his letter

“Good night, my dear John, do not go *quite* distracted before morning, and believe me your loving aunt,
“BARBARA BIGGS”

“*Baker street, 11 December*”

“Major-General Sir George Gorgon has heard with the utmost disgust and surprise of the engagement which Miss Lucy Gorgon has thought fit to form

“The major general cannot conceal his indignation at the share which Miss Biggs has taken in this disgraceful transaction

“Sir George Gorgon puts an absolute veto upon all further communication between his niece and the lowborn adventurer who has been admitted into her society, and begs to say that Lieutenant Fitch, of the Life-guards, is the gentleman who he intends shall marry Miss Gorgon

“It is the major-general’s wish, that on the 28th Miss Gorgon should be ready to come to his house, in Baker-street, where she will be more safe from impertinent intrusions than she has been in Mucklebury square

“Mrs Biggs,

“Caroline-place,

“Mecklenburgh square”

When poor John Perkins read this epistle, blank rage and wonder filled his soul, at the audacity of the little general, who thus, without the smallest title in the world, pretended to dispose of the hand and fortune of his niece. The fact is, that Sir George had such a transcendent notion of his own dignity and station, that it never for a moment entered his head that his niece, or anybody else connected with him, should take a single step in life without previously receiving his orders, and Mr Fitch, a baronet's son, having expressed admiration of Lucy, Sir George had determined that his suit should be accepted, and really considered Lucy's preference of another as downright treason.

John Perkins determined on the death of Fitch as the very least reparation that should satisfy him, and vowed too that some of the general's blood should be shed for the words which he had dared to utter.

We have said that William Pitt Scully, Esq, M P, occupied the first floor of Mr Perkins's house, in Bedford row, and the reader is further to be informed that an immense friendship had sprung up between these two gentlemen. The fact is, that poor John was very much flattered by Scully's notice, and began in a very short time to fancy himself a political personage, for he had made several of Scully's speeches, written more than one letter from him to his constituents, and, in a word, acted as his gratis clerk. At least a guinea a week did Mr Perkins save to the pockets of Mr Scully, and with hearty good will too, for he adored the great William Pitt, and believed every word that dropped from the pompous lips of that gentleman.

Well, after having discussed Sir George Gorgon's letter, poor Perkins, in the utmost fury of mind that his darling should be slandered so, feeling a desire for fresh air, determined to descend to the garden, and smoke a cigar in that rural, quiet spot. The night was very calm. The moonbeams slept softly upon the herbage of Gray's Inn gardens, and bathed with silver splendour Tibbald's row. A million of little frisky twinkling stars attended their queen, who looked with bland round face upon their gambols, as they peeped in and out from the azure heavens. Along Gray's inn wall a lazy row of cabs stood listlessly, for who would call a cab on such a night? Meanwhile their drivers, at the alehouse near, smoked the short pipe or quaffed the foaming beer. Perhaps from Gray's inn lane some broken sounds of Irish revelry might rise. Issuing perhaps from Raymond-buildings gate, six lawyers' clerks might whoop a tipsy song — or the loud watchman yell the passing hour — but beyond this all was silence, and young Perkins, as he sat in the summer house at the bottom of the garden, and contemplated the peaceful heaven, felt some influences of it entering into his soul, and almost forgetting revenge, thought but of peace and love.

Presently, he was aware there was some one else pacing the garden. Who could it be? — Not Blatherwick, for he passed the Sabbath with his

grandmamma at Clapham — not Scully surely, for he always went to Bethesda chapel, and to a select prayer meeting afterwards Alas! it *was* Scully — for though that gentleman *said* that he went to chapel, we have it for a fact that he did not always keep his promise, and was at this moment employed in rehearsing an extempore speech which he proposed to deliver at St Stephen's

"Had I, sir," spouted he, with folded arms, slowly pacing to and fro, "had, I, sir, entertained the smallest possible intention of addressing the House on the present occasion — hum, on the present occasion — I would have endeavoured to prepare myself in a way that should have at least shown my sense of the greatness of the subject before the House's consideration, and the nature of the distinguished audience I have the honour to address I am, sir, a plain man — born of the people — myself one of the people, having won, thank Heaven, an honourable fortune and position by my own honest labour, and standing here as I do —"

Here Mr Scully (it may be said that he never made a speech without bragging about himself, and an excellent plan it is, for people cannot help believing you at last) — here, I say, Mr Scully, who had one arm raised, felt himself suddenly tipped on the shoulder, and heard a voice saying, "Your money or your life!"

The honourable gentleman twirled round as if he had been shot — the papers on which a great part of this impromptu were written dropped from his lifted hand, and some of them were actually borne on the air into neighbouring gardens The man was, in fact, in the direst fright

"It's only I," said Perkins, with rather a forced laugh, when he saw the effect that his wit had produced

"Only you! And pray what the dev — what right have you to — to come upon a man of my rank in that way, and disturb me in the midst of very important meditations?" asked Mr Scully, beginning to grow fierce

"I want your advice," said Perkins, "on a matter of the very greatest importance to me You know my idea of marrying?"

"Marry!" said Scully, "I thought you had given up that silly scheme And how, pray, do you intend to live?"

"Why, my intended has a couple of hundreds a year, and my clerkship in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office will be as much more"

"Clerkship — Tape and Sealing Wax Office — government sinecure! — Why, good Heavens! John Perkins, you don't tell *me* that you are going to accept any such thing?"

"It *is* a very small salary, certainly," said John, who had a decent notion of his own merits, "but consider, six month's vacation, two hours in the day, and those spent over the newspapers After all, it's —"

"After all, it's a swindle," roared out Mr Scully, "a swindle upon the

country, an infamous tax upon the people, who starve that you may fatten in idleness. But take this clerkship in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office," continued the patriot, his bosom heaving with noble indignation, and his eye flashing the purest fire,—"*Take* this clerkship, John Perkins, and sanction tyranny, by becoming one of its agents, sanction dishonesty by sharing in its plunder — do this, BUT never more be friend of mine. Had I a child," said the patriot, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, "I would rather see him — dead, sir — dead, dead at my feet, than the servant of a government which all honest men despise," and here giving a searching glance at Perkins, Mr Scully began tramping up and down the garden in a perfect fury.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the timid John Perkins — "don't say *so*. My dear Mr Scully, I'm not the dishonest character you suppose me to be — I never looked at the matter in this light. I'll — I'll consider of it. I'll tell Crampton that I will give up the place, but for Heaven's sake, don't let me forfeit *your* friendship, which is dearer to me than any place in the world."

Mr Scully pressed his hand, and said nothing, and though their interview lasted a full half hour longer, during which they paced up and down the gravel walk, we shall not breathe a single syllable of their conversation, as it has nothing to do with our tale.

The next morning, after an interview with Miss Lucy, John Perkins, Esq., was seen to issue from Mrs Biggs's house, looking particularly pale, melancholy, and thoughtful, and he did not stop until he reached a certain door in Downing street, where was the office of a certain great minister, and the offices of the clerks in his lordship's department.

The head of them was Mr Josiah Crampton, who has now to be introduced to the public. He was a little old gentleman, some sixty years of age, maternal-uncle to John Perkins, a bachelor, who had been about forty two years employed in the department of which he was now the head.

After waiting four hours in an anteroom, where a number of Irishmen, some newspaper editors, many pompous looking political personages, asking for the "first lord," a few sauntering clerks, and numbers of swift active messengers passed to and fro. After waiting for four hours, making drawings on the blotting book, and reading the *Morning Post* for that day week, Mr Perkins was informed that he might go into his uncle's room, and did so accordingly.

He found a little hard old gentleman seated at a table covered with every variety of sealing wax, blotting paper, envelopes, despatch boxes, green tapers, &c &c. An immense fire was blazing in the grate, an immense sheet almanac hung over that, a screen, three or four chairs, and a faded Turkey carpet, formed the rest of the furniture of this remarkable room,

which I have described thus particularly, because, in the course of a long official life, I have remarked that such is the invariable decoration of political rooms

“Well, John,” said the little hard old gentleman, pointing to an arm chair, “I’m told you’ve been here since eleven Why the deuce do you come so early?”

“I had important business,” answered Mr Perkins, stoutly, and as his uncle looked up with a comical expression of wonder, John began in a solemn tone to deliver a little speech which he had composed, and which proved him to be a very worthy, easy, silly fellow

“Sir,” said Mr Perkins, “you have known for some time past the nature of my political opinions, and the intimacy which I have had the honour to form with one — with some, of the leading members of the liberal party (A grin from Mr Crampton) When first, by your kindness, I was promised the clerkship in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, my opinions were not formed as they are now, and having taken the advice of the gentlemen with whom I act, — (an enormous grin,) — the advice, I say, of the gentlemen with whom I act, and the counsel likewise of my own conscience, I am compelled, with the deepest grief, to say, my dear uncle, that I — I —”

“That you — what, sir?” exclaimed little Mr Crampton, bouncing off his chair “You don’t mean to say that you are such a fool as to decline the place?”

“I do decline the place,” said Perkins, whose blood rose at the word “fool,” “as a man of honour, I cannot take it”

“Not take it! and how are you to live? On the rent of that house of yours? For by gad, sir, if you give up the clerkship, I never will give you a shilling”

“It cannot be helped,” said Mr Perkins, looking as much like a martyr as he possibly could, and thinking himself a very fine fellow “I have talents, sir, which I hope to cultivate, and am member of a profession by which a man may hope to rise to the very highest offices of the state”

“Profession, talents, offices of the state! Are you mad, John Perkins, that you come to me with such insufferable twaddle as this?” Why, do you think if you *had* been capable of rising at the bar, I would have taken so much trouble about getting you a place? No, sir, you are too fond of pleasure, and bed, and tea parties, and small-talk, and reading novels, and playing the flute, and writing sonnets You would no more rise at the bar than my messenger, sir, it was because I knew your disposition — that hopeless, careless, irresolute, good humour of yours, that I had determined to keep you out of danger, by placing you in a snug shelter, where the storms of the world would not come near you You must have principles, forsooth! and you must marry Miss Gorgon, of course, and by the time you have gone ten circuits, and had six children, you will have

eaten up every shilling of your wife's fortune, and be as briefless as you are now Who the deuce has put all this nonsense into your head? I think I know "

Mr Perkins's ears tingled as these hard words saluted them, and he scarcely knew whether he ought to knock his uncle down or fall at his feet, and say, "Uncle, I have been a fool, and I know it " The fact is, that in his interview with Miss Gorgon and her aunt in the morning, when he came to tell them of the resolution he had formed to give up the place, both the ladies and John himself had agreed, with a thousand rapturous tears and exclamations, that he was one of the noblest young men that ever lived, had acted as became himself, and might with perfect propriety give up the place, his talents being so prodigious that no power on earth could hinder him from being lord chancellor Indeed, John and Lucy had always thought the clerkship quite beneath him, and were not a little glad, perhaps, at finding a pretext for decently refusing it But as Perkins was a young gentleman whose candour was such that he was always swayed by the opinions of the last speaker, he did begin to feel now the truth of his uncle's statements, however disagreeable they might be

Mr Crampton continued —

"I think I know the cause of your patriotism Has not William Pitt Scully, Esq, had something to do with it?"

Mr Perkins *could* not turn any redder than he was, but confessed with deep humiliation that "he *had* consulted Mr Scully, among other friends "

Mr Crampton smiled — drew a letter from a heap before him, and, tearing off the signature, handed over the document to his nephew It contained the following paragraphs —

"Hawksby has sounded Scully we can have him any day we want him He talks very big at present, and says he would not take anything under a This is absurd He has a Yorkshire nephew coming up to town, and wants a place for him There is one vacant in the Tape Office, he says have you not a promise of it?"

"I can't — I can't believe it," said John, "this, sir, is some weak invention of the enemy Scully is the most honourable man breathing "

"Mr Scully is a gentleman in a very fair way to make a fortune," answered Mr Crampton "Look you, John — it is just as well for your sake that I should give you the news a few weeks before the papers, for I don't want you to be ruined if I can help it, as I don't wish to have you on my hands We know all the particulars of Scully's history He was a Tory attorney at Oldborough, he was jilted by the present Lady Gorgon! turned Radical, and fought Sir George in his own borough Sir George would have had the peerage he is dying for, had he not lost that second seat (by-the by, my lady will be here in five minutes), and Scully is now quite firm there Well, my dear lad, we have bought your incorruptible Scully Look here," — and Mr Crampton produced three *Morning Posts*

“THE HONOURABLE HENRY HAWKSBY’S DINNER PARTY — Lord So-and so — Duke of So and So — W Pitt Scully, Esq , M P’

“Hawksby is our neutral, our dinner giver

“LADY DIANA DOLDRUM’S ROUT — W Pitt Scully, Esq , again’

“THE EARL OF MANTRAP’S GRAND DINNER — A duke — four lords — Mr Scully, and *Sir George Gorgon*”

“Well, but I don’t see how you have bought him, look at his votes”

“My dear John,” said Mr Crampton, jingling his watch seals very complacently, “I am letting you into fearful secrets The great common end of party is to buy your opponents — the great statesman buys them for nothing”

Here the attendant genius of Mr Crampton made his appearance, and whispered something, to which the little gentleman said, “Show her ladyship in,” — when the attendant disappeared

“John,” said Mr Crampton, with a very queer smile, “you can’t stay in this room while Lady Gorgon is with me, but there is a little clerk’s room behind the screen there, where you can wait until I call you”

John retired, and as he closed the door of communication, strange to say, little Mr Crampton sprung up and said, “Confound the young nunny, he has shut the door!”

Mr Crampton then, remembering that he wanted a map in the next room, sprang into it, left the door half open in coming out, and was in time to receive her ladyship with smiling face as she, ushered by Mr Strongitharm, majestically sailed in

CHAPTER III

IN ISSUING from, and leaving open, the door of the inner room, Mr Crampton had bestowed upon Mr Perkins a look so peculiarly arch, that even he, simple as he was, began to imagine that some mystery was about to be cleared up, or some mighty matter to be discussed Presently he heard the well known voice of Lady Gorgon in conversation with his uncle What could their talk be about? Mr Perkins was dying to know, and, shall we say it? advanced to the door on tiptoe and listened with all his might

Her ladyship, that Juno of a woman, if she had not borrowed Venus’s girdle to render herself irresistible, at least had adopted a tender, coaxing, wheedling, frisky tone, quite different from her ordinary dignified style of conversation She called Mr Crampton a naughty man, for neglecting his old friends, vowed that Sir George was quite hurt at his not coming to dine — nor fixing a day when he would come — and added with a most engaging ogle, that she had three fine girls at home, who would perhaps make an evening pass pleasantly, even to such a gay bachelor as Mr Crampton

"Madam," said he, with much gravity, "the daughters of such a mother must be charming, but I, who have seen your ladyship, am, alas! proof against even them"

Both parties here heaved tremendous sighs, and affected to be wonderfully unhappy about something

"I wish," after a pause, said Lady Gorgon — "I wish, dear Mr Crampton, you would not use that odious title 'my ladyship,' you know it always makes me melancholy"

"Melancholy, my dear Lady Gorgon, and why?"

"Because it makes me think of another title that ought to have been mine — ours (I speak for dear Sir George's and my darling boy's sake, heaven knows, not mine) What a sad disappointment it has been to my husband, that after all his services, all the promises he has had, they have never given him his peerage As for me, you know —"

"For you, my dear madam, I know quite well that you care for no such bauble as a coronet, except in so far as it may confer honour upon those most dear to you — excellent wife and noble mother as you are Heigho! what a happy man is Sir George!"

Here there was another pause, and if Mr Perkins could have seen what was taking place behind the screen, he would have beheld little Mr Crampton looking into Lady Gorgon's face, with as love sick a Romeo gaze as he could possibly counterfeit, while her ladyship, blushing somewhat and turning her own grey goggles up to heaven, received all his words for gospel, and sat fancying herself to be the best, most meritorious, and most beautiful creature in the three kingdoms

"You men are terrible flatterers," continued she, "but you say right, for myself I value not these empty distinctions I am growing old, Mr Crampton, — yes, indeed, I am, although you smile so incredulously, — and let me add, that *my* thoughts are fixed upon *higher* things than earthly crowns But tell me, you who are all-in all with Lord Bagwig, are we never to have our peerage? His majesty, I know, is not averse, the services of dear Sir George to a member of his majesty's august family, I know, have been appreciated in the highest quarter Ever since the peace we have had a promise Four hundred pounds has Sir George spent at the herald's office, (I, myself, am of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, Mr Crampton) and the poor dear man's health is really ruined by the anxious, sickening feeling of hope so long delayed"

Mr Crampton now assumed an air of much solemnity

"My dear Lady Gorgon," said he, "will you let me be frank with you, and will you promise solemnly that what I am going to tell you shall never be repeated to a single soul?"

Lady Gorgon promised

"Well, then, since the truth you must know, you yourselves have been in part the cause of the delay of which you complain You gave us two

votes five years ago, you now only give us one If Sir George were to go up to the Peers, we should lose even that one vote, and would it be common sense in us to incur such a loss? Mr Scully, the Liberal, would return another member of his own way of thinking, and as for the Lords, we have you know, a majority there ”

“Oh, that horrid man!” said Lady Gorgon, cursing Mr Scully in her heart, and beginning to play a rapid tattoo with her feet, “that miscreant, that traitor, that — that attorney has been our ruin ”

“Horrid man if you please, but give me leave to tell you that the horrid man is not the sole cause of your ruin — if ruin you will call it I am sorry to say that I do candidly think ministers think that Sir George Gorgon has lost his influence in Oldborough as much through his own fault, as through Mr Scully’s cleverness ”

“Our own fault! Good heavens! Have we not done everything — everything that persons of our station in the county could do, to keep those misguided men? Have we not remonstrated, threatened, taken away our custom from the mayor, established a Conservative apothecary — in fact done all that gentlemen could do? But these are such times, Mr Crampton, the spirit of revolution is abroad, and the great families of England are menaced by democratic insolence ”

This was Sir George Gorgon’s speech always after dinner, and was delivered by his lady with a great deal of stateliness Somewhat, perhaps, to her annoyance, Mr Crampton only smiled, shook his head, and said —

“Nonsense, my dear Lady Gorgon — pardon the phrase but I am a plain old man, and call things by their names Now, will you let me whisper in your ear one word of truth? You have tried all sorts of remonstrances, and exerted yourself to maintain your influence in every way, except the right one, and that is! —”

“What, in Heaven’s name?”

“Conciliation We know your situation in the borough Mr Scully’s whole history, and, pardon me for saying so, (but we men in office know everything,) yours —”

Lady Gorgon’s ears and cheeks now assumed the hottest hue of crimson She thought of her former passages with Scully, and of the days when — but never mind when, for she suffered her veil to fall, and buried her head in the folds of her handkerchief Van folds! The wily little Mr Crampton could see all that passed behind the cambric, and continued —

“Yes, madam, we know the absurd hopes that were formed by a certain attorney twenty years since We know how, up to this moment, he boasts of certain walks —”

“With the governess — we were always with the governess!” shrieked out Lady Gorgon, clasping her hands She was not the wisest of women ”

“With the governess, of course,” said Mr Crampton, firmly “Do you suppose that any man dare breathe a syllable against your spotless repu-

tation? Never, my dear madam, but what I would urge is this — you have treated your disappointed admirer too cruelly ”

“What, the traitor who has robbed us of our rights?”

“He never would have robbed you of your rights if you had been more kind to him You should be gentle, madam, you should forgive him — you should be friends with him ”

“With a traitor, never!”

“Think what made him a traitor, Lady Gorgon, look in your glass, and say if there be not some excuse for him Think of the feelings of the man who saw beauty such as yours — I am a plain man and must speak — Virtue such as yours, in the possession of a rival By heavens, madam, I think he was *right* to hate Sir George Gorgon! Would you have him allow such a prize to be ravished from him without a pang on his part?”

“He was, I believe, very much attached to me,” said Lady Gorgon quite delighted, “but you must be aware that a young man of his station in life, could not look up to a person of my rank ”

“Surely not, it was monstrous pride and arrogance in Mr Scully, but *que voulez vous?* Such is the world’s way — Scully could not help loving you — who that knows you can? I am a plain man, and say what I think He loves you still Why make an enemy of him, who would at a word be at your feet? Dearest Lady Gorgon, listen to me Sir George Gorgon and Mr Scully have already met — their meeting was our contrivance, it is for our interest, for yours, that they should be friends, if there were two ministerial members for Oldborough, do you think your husband’s peerage would be less secure? I am not at liberty to tell you all I know on this subject, but do, I entreat you, do be reconciled to him ”

And after a little more conversation which was carried on by Mr Crampton in the same tender way, this important interview closed, and Lady Gorgon, folding her shawl round her, threaded certain mysterious passages, and found her way to her carriage in Whitehall

“I hope you have not been listening you rogue,” said Mr Crampton to his nephew, who blushed most absurdly by way of answer “You would have heard great state secrets, if you had dared to do so That woman is perpetually here, and if peerages are to be had for the asking, she ought to have been a duchess by this time I would not have admitted her but for a reason that I have Go you now and ponder upon what you have heard and seen Be on good terms with Scully, and above all, speak not a word concerning our interview — no, not a word even to your mistress By the way, I presume, sir, you will recall your resignation?”

The bewildered Perkins was about to stammer out a speech, when his uncle, cutting it short, pushed him gently out of the door

At the period when the important events occurred which have been recorded here, parties ran very high, and a mighty struggle for the vacant

speakership was about to come on The Right Honourable Robert Pincher was the ministerial candidate, and Sir Charles Macabaw was patronised by the opposition The two members for Oldborough of course took different sides, the baronet being of the Pincher faction, while Mr William Pitt Scully strongly supported the Macabaw party

It was Mr Scully's intention to deliver an impromptu speech upon the occasion of the election, and he and his faithful Perkins prepared it between them, for the latter gentleman had wisely kept his uncle's counsel and his own, and Mr Scully was quite ignorant of the conspiracy that was brooding Indeed, so artfully had that young Machiavel of a Perkins conducted himself, that when asked by his patron whether he had given up his place in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, he replied that, "he *had* tendered his resignation," but did not say one word about having recalled it

"You were right, my boy, quite right," said Mr Scully, "a man of uncompromising principles should make no compromise," and herewith he sat down and wrote off a couple of letters, one to Mr Ringwood, telling him that the place in the Sealing Wax Office was, as he had reason to know, vacant, and the other to his nephew, stating that it was to be his "Under the rose, my dear Bob," added Mr Scully, "it will cost you five hundred pounds, but you cannot invest your money better "

It is needless to state that the affair was to be conducted "with the strictest secrecy and honour," and that the money was to pass through Mr Scully's hands

While, however, the great Pincher and Macabaw question was yet undecided, an event occurred to Mr Scully which had a great influence upon his after life A second grand banquet was given at the Earl of Mantrap's, Lady Mantrap requested him to conduct Lady Gorgon to dinner, and the latter, with a charming timidity, and a gracious melancholy look into his face, (after which her veined eyelids veiled her azure eyes,) put her hand into the trembling one of Mr Scully, and said, as much as looks could say, "Forgive and forget "

Down went Scully to dinner, there were dukes on his right hand, and earls on his left, there were but two persons without title in the midst of that glittering assemblage, the very servants looked like noblemen, the cook had done wonders, the wines were cool and rich, and Lady Gorgon was splendid! What attention did everybody pay to her and to him! Why *would* she go on gazing into his face with that tender, imploring look? In other words, Scully, after partaking of soup and fish, (he, during their discussion, had been thinking over all the former love-and hate passages between himself and Lady Gorgon,) turned very red, and began talking to her

"Were you not at the opera on Tuesday?" began he, assuming at once the airs of a man of fashion "I thought I caught a glimpse of you in the Duchess of Diddlebury's box "

"Opera, Mr Scully!" (pronouncing the word "Scully" with the utmost softness) "Ah, no! we seldom go, and yet too often. For serious persons the enchantments of that place are too dangerous — I am so nervous — so delicate, the smallest trifle so agitates, depresses, or irritates me, that I dare not yield myself up to the excitement of music. I am too passionately attached to it, and shall I tell you, it has such a strange influence upon me, that the smallest false note almost drives me to distraction, and for that very reason I hardly ever go to a concert or a ball."

"Egad," thought Scully, "I recollect when she would dance down a matter of five and forty couple, and jingle away at the Battle of Prague all day."

She continued, "Don't you recollect, I do — with, oh, what regret! — that day at Oldborough race ball, when I behaved with such sad rudeness to you, you will scarcely believe me, and yet I assure you 'tis the fact, the music had made me almost mad, do let me ask your pardon for my conduct, I was not myself. Oh, Mr Scully! I am no worldly woman, I know my duties, and I feel my wrongs. Nights and nights have I lain awake weeping and thinking of that unhappy day. That I should ever speak so to an old friend, for we *were* old friends, were we not?"

Scully did not speak, but his eyes were bursting out of his head, and his face was the exact colour of a deputy lieutenant's uniform.

"That I should ever forget myself and you so! How I have been longing for this opportunity to ask you to forgive me! I asked Lady Mantrap, when I heard you were to be here, to invite me to her party. Come, I know you will forgive me — your eyes say you will. You used to look so in old days, and forgive me my caprices *then*. Do give me a little wine — we will drink to the memory of old days."

Her eyes filled with tears, and poor Scully's hand caused such a rattling and trembling of the glass and the decanter, that the Duke of Doldrum, who had been, during the course of this whispered sentimentality, describing a famous run with the queen's hounds at the top of his voice, stopped at the jingling of the glass, and his tale was lost for ever. Scully hastily drank his wine, and Lady Gorgon turned round to her next neighbour, a little gentleman in black, between whom and herself certain conscious looks passed.

"I am glad poor Sir George is not here," said he, smiling.

Lady Gorgon said, "Pooh, for shame!" The little gentleman was no other than Josiah Crampton, Esq., that eminent financier, and he was now going through the curious calculation which we mentioned in our last, and by which you *buy a man for nothing*. He intended to pay the very same price for Sir George Gorgon too, but there was no need to tell the baronet so, only of this the reader must be made aware.

While Mr Crampton was conducting this intrigue, which was to bring a new recruit to the ministerial ranks, his mighty spirit condescended to

ponder upon subjects of infinitely less importance, and to arrange plans for the welfare of his nephew and the young woman to whom he had made a present of his heart. These young persons, as we said before, had arranged to live in Mr Perkins's own house in Bedford row. It was of a peculiar construction, and might more properly be called a house and a half, for a snug little tenement of four chambers protruded from the back of the house into the garden. These rooms communicated with the drawing rooms occupied by Mr Scully, and Perkins, who acted as his friend and secretary, used frequently to sit in the one nearest the member's study, in order that he might be close at hand to confer with that great man. The rooms had a private entrance, too, were newly decorated, and in them the young couple proposed to live, the kitchen and garrets being theirs likewise. What more could they need? We are obliged to be particular in describing these apartments, for extraordinary events occurred therein.

To say the truth, until the present period Mr Crampton had taken no great interest in his nephew's marriage, or, indeed, in the young man himself. The old gentleman was of a saturnine turn, and inclined to undervalue the qualities of Mr Perkins, which were, idleness, simplicity, enthusiasm, and easy good nature.

"Such fellows never do any thing in the world," he would say, and for such he had accordingly the most profound contempt. But when, after John Perkins's repeated entreaties, he had been induced to make the acquaintance of Miss Gorgon, he became instantly charmed with her, and warmly espoused her cause against her overbearing relations.

At his suggestion, she wrote back to decline Sir George Gorgon's peremptory invitation, and hinted at the same time that she had attained an age and a position which enabled her to be the mistress of her own actions. To this letter there came an answer from Lady Gorgon which we shall not copy, but which simply stated, that Miss Lucy Gorgon's conduct was unchristian, ungrateful, unladylike and immodest, that the Gorgon family disowned her for the future, and left her at liberty to form whatever base connections she pleased.

"A pretty world this," said Mr Crampton, in a great rage, when the letter was shown to him. "This same fellow, Scully, dissuades my nephew from taking a place, because Scully wants it for himself. This prude of a Lady Gorgon cries out shame, and disowns an innocent amiable girl, she, a heartless jilt herself once, and a heartless flirt now. The Pharisees, the Pharisees! And to call mine a base family, too!"

Now, Lady Gorgon did not in the least know Mr Crampton's connection with Mr Perkins, or she would have been much more guarded in her language, but whether she knew it or not, the old gentleman felt a huge indignation, and determined to have his revenge.

"That's right, uncle, *shall* I call Gorgon out?" said the impetuous young Perkins, who was all for blood.

"John, you are a fool," said his uncle "You shall have a better revenge, you shall be married from Sir George Gorgon's house, and you shall see Mr William Pitt Scully sold for nothing" This to the veteran diplomatist, seemed to be the highest triumph which man could possibly enjoy

It was very soon to take place, and as has been the case ever since the world began, woman, lovely woman was to be the cause of Scully's fall The tender scene at Lord Mantrap's was followed by many others equally sentimental Sir George Gorgon called upon his colleague the very next day, and brought with him a card from Lady Gorgon, inviting Mr Scully to dinner The attorney eagerly accepted the invitation, was received in Baker street by the whole amiable family with much respectful cordiality, and was pressed to repeat his visits as country neighbours should More than once did he call, and somehow always at the hour when Sir George was away at his club, or riding in the park, or elsewhere engaged Sir George Gorgon was very old, very feeble, very much shattered in constitution Lady Gorgon used to impart her fears to Mr Scully every time he called there, and the sympathizing attorney used to console her as best he might Sir George's country agent neglected the property — his lady consulted Mr Scully concerning it, he knew to a fraction how large her jointure was, how she was to have Gorgon Castle for her life, and how, in the event of the young baronet's death, (he, too, was a sickly poor boy,) the chief part of the estates, bought by her money, would be at her absolute disposal

"What a pity these odious politics prevent me from having you for our agent," would Lady Gorgon say, and indeed Scully thought it was a pity too Ambitious Scully! what wild notions filled his brain He used to take leave of Lady Gorgon and ruminate upon these things, and when he was gone, Sir George and her ladyship used to laugh

"If we can but commit him — if we can but make him vote for Pincher," said the General, "my peerage is secure Hawksby and Cramp-ton as good as told me so"

The point had been urged upon Mr Scully repeatedly and adroitly "Is not Pincher a more experienced man than Macabaw?" would Sir George say to his guest over their wine Scully allowed it "Can't you vote for him on personal grounds, and say so in the house?" Scully wished he could, — how he wished he could! Every time the general coughed, Scully saw his friend's desperate situation more and more, and thought how pleasant it would be to be Lord of Gorgon Castle "Knowing my property," cried Sir George, "as you do, and with your talents and integrity, what a comfort it would be could I leave you as guardian to my boy! But these cursed politics prevent it, my dear fellow Why *will* you be a Radical?" And Scully cursed politics too "Hang the low bred rogue," added Sir George, when William Pitt Scully left the house, "he will do every thing but promise"

“My dear General,” said Lady Gorgon, sidling up to him and patting him on his old yellow cheek — “my dear Georgy, tell me one thing, — are you jealous?”

“Jealous, my dear! and jealous of *that* fellow — pshaw!”

“Well, then, give me leave, and you shall have the promise to morrow”

To morrow arrived. It was a remarkably fine day, and in the forenoon Mr Perkins gave his accustomed knock at Scully’s study, which was only separated from his own sitting room by a double door. John had wisely followed his uncle’s advice, and was on the best terms with the honourable member.

“Here are a few sentences,” said he, “which I think may suit your purpose. Great public services — undeniable merit — years of integrity — cause of reform, and Macabaw for ever!” He put down the paper. It was, in fact, a speech in favour of Mr Macabaw.

“Hush,” said Scully, rather surlily, for he was thinking how disagreeable it was to support Macabaw, and besides, there were clerks in the room, whom the thoughtless Perkins had not at first perceived. As soon as that gentleman saw them, “You are busy, I see,” continued he, in a lower tone. “I came to say, that I must be off duty to day, for I am engaged to take a walk with some ladies of my acquaintance.”

So saying, the light hearted young man placed his hat unceremoniously on his head, and went off through his own door, humming a song. He was in such high spirits, that he did not even think of closing the doors of communication, and Scully looked after him with a sneer.

“Ladies, forsooth,” thought he, “I know who they are. This precious girl that he is fooling with, for one, I suppose.” He was right, Perkins was off on the wings of love, to see Miss Lucy, and she, and aunt Biggs, and uncle Crampton had promised this very day to come and look at the apartments which Mrs John Perkins was to occupy with her happy husband.

“Poor devil,” so continued Mr Scully’s meditations, “it is almost too bad to do him out of his place, but my Bob wants it, and John’s girl has, I hear, seven thousand pounds. His uncle will get him another place before all that money is spent,” and herewith Mr Scully began conning the speech which Perkins had made for him.

He had not read it more than six times, — in truth, he was getting it by heart, — when his head clerk came to him from the front room, bearing a card. A footman had brought it, who said his lady was waiting below. Lady Gorgon’s name was on the card! To seize his hat and rush down stairs was, with Mr Scully, the work of an infinitesimal portion of time.

It was indeed Lady Gorgon, in her Gorgonian chariot.

“Mr Scully,” said she, popping her head out of window and smiling in a most engaging way, “I want to speak to you on some thing very par-

ticular *indeed*," and she held him out her hand Scully pressed it most tenderly, he hoped all heads in Bedford row were at the windows to see him "I can't ask you into the carriage, for you see the governess is with me, and I want to talk secrets to you"

"Shall I go and make a little promenade?" said mademoiselle, innocently And her mistress hated her for that speech

"No Mr Scully, I am sure, will let me come in for five minutes"

Mr Scully was only too happy My lady descended, and walked up stairs, leaning on the happy solicitor's arm But how should he manage? The front room was consecrated to clerks, there were clerks, too, as ill-luck would have it, in his private room "Perkins is out for the day," thought Scully, "I will take her into his room," and into Perkins's room he took her — ay, and he shut the double doors after him, too, and trembled as he thought of his own happiness

"What a charming little study," said Lady Gorgon, seating herself And indeed it was very pretty, for Perkins had furnished it beautifully, and laid out a neat tray with cakes, and cold fowl, and sherry, to entertain his party withal "And do you bachelors always live so well?" continued she, pointing to the little cold collation

Mr Scully looked rather blank when he saw it, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his soul, but there was no need to trouble Lady Gorgon with explanations, therefore, at once, and with much presence of mind, he asked her to partake of his bachelor's fare (she would refuse Mr Scully nothing that day) A pretty sight would it have been for young Perkins to see strangers so unceremoniously devouring his feast She drank — Mr Scully drank — and so emboldened was he by the draught, that he actually seated himself by the side of Lady Gorgon, on John Perkins's new sofa!

Her ladyship had of course something to say to him She was a pious woman, and had suddenly conceived a violent wish for building a chapel of ease at Oldborough, to which she entreated him to subscribe She enlarged upon the benefits that the town would derive from it, spoke of Sunday schools, sweet spiritual instruction, and the duty of all well minded persons to give aid to the scheme

"I will subscribe a hundred pounds," said Scully, at the end of her ladyship's harangue "would I not do any thing for you?"

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mr Scully," said the enthusiastic woman (How the "dear" went burning through his soul!) "Ah!" added she, "if you *would* but do any thing for me — if you, who are so eminently, so truly distinguished, in a religious point of view, would but see the truth in politics, too, and if I could see your name among those of the true patriot party in this empire, how blest — oh! how blest, should I be! Poor Sir George often says he should go to his grave happy, could he but see you the guardian of his boy, and I, your old friend, (for we *were*

friends, William,) how have I wept to think of you, as one of those who are bringing our monarchy to ruin Do, do, promise me this too!" and she took his hand and pressed it between hers

The heart of William Pitt Scully, during this speech, was thumping up and down with a frightful velocity and strength His old love, the agency of the Gorgon property — the dear widow — five thousand a year clear — a thousand delicious hopes rushed madly through his brain, and almost took away his reason And there she sat — she, the loved one, pressing his hand and looking softly into his eyes

Down, down, he plumped on his knees

"Juliana!" shrieked he, "don't take away your hand! My love — my only love! — speak but those blessed words again! Call me William once more, and do with me what you will"

Juliana cast down her eyes and said, in the very smallest type,

William!

when the door opened, and in walked Mr Crampton, leading Mrs Biggs who could hardly contain herself for laughing, and Mr John Perkins, who was squeezing the arm of Miss Lucy They had heard every word of the two last speeches

For at the very moment when Lady Gorgon had stopped at Mr Scully's door, the four above named individuals had issued from Great James street into Bedford row Lucy cried out that it was her aunt's carriage, and they all saw Mr Scully come out, bare headed, in the sunshine, and my lady descend, and the pair go into the house They meanwhile entered by Mr Perkins's own private door, and had been occupied in examining the delightful rooms on the ground floor, which were to be his dining room and library, from which they ascended a stair to visit the other two rooms, which were to form Mrs John Perkins's drawing room and bed room Now whether it was that they trod softly, or that the stairs were covered with a grand new carpet and drugget, as was the case, or that the party within were too much occupied in themselves to heed any outward disturbances, I know not, but Lucy, who was advancing with John, (he was saying something about one of the apartments, the rogue!) — Lucy suddenly started, and whispered, "There is somebody in the rooms!" and at that instant began the speech already reported, "*Thank you, thank you, dear Mr Scully,*" &c, &c, which was delivered by Lady Gorgon, in a full, clear voice, for, to do her ladyship justice, *she* had not one single grain of love for Mr Scully, and, during the delivery of her little oration, was as cool as the coolest cucumber

Then began the impassioned rejoinder to which the four listened on the landing place, and then the little "*William,*" as narrated above, at which juncture Mr Crampton thought proper to rattle at the door, and after a brief pause, to enter with his party

“William” had had time to bounce off his knees, and was on a chair at the other end of the room

“What, Lady Gorgon!” said Mr Crampton, with excellent surprise, “how delighted I am to see you! Always, I see, employed in works of charity, (the chapel of ease paper was on her knees,) and on such an occasion, too,—it is really the most wonderful coincidence! My dear madam, here is a silly fellow, a nephew of mine, who is going to marry a silly girl, a niece of your own ”

“Sir, I—” began Lady Gorgon, rising

“They heard every word,” whispered Mr Crampton, eagerly “Come forward, Mr Perkins, and show yourself ” Mr Perkins made a genteel bow “Miss Lucy, please to shake hands with your aunt, and this, my dear madam, is Mrs Biggs, of Mecklenburgh square, who, if she were not too old, might marry a gentleman in the treasury, who is your very humble servant, and with this gallant speech, old Mr Crampton began helping every body to sherry and cake

As for William Pitt Scully, he had disappeared, evaporated, in the most absurd, sneaking way imaginable Lady Gorgon made good her retreat presently, with much dignity, her countenance undismayed, and her face turned resolutely to the foe

About five days afterwards, that memorable contest took place in the House of Commons, in which the partisans of Mr Macabaw were so very nearly getting him the speakership On the day that the report of the debate appeared in the *Times*, there appeared also an announcement in the *Gazette* as follows —

“The king has been pleased to appoint John Perkins, Esq , to be Deputy-subcomptroller of his majesty’s Tape office, and Custos of the Sealing wax department ”

Mr Crampton showed this to his nephew with great glee, and was chuckling to think how Mr William Pitt Scully would be annoyed, who had expected the place, when Perkins burst out laughing, and said, “By Heavens! here is my own speech, Scully has spoken every word of it, he has only put in Mr Pincher’s name in the place of Mr Macabaw’s ”

“He is ours now,” responded his uncle, “and I told you *we would have him for nothing* I told you, too, that you should be married from Sir George Gorgon’s and here is proof of it ”

It was a letter from Lady Gorgon, in which she said that, “had she known Mr Perkins to be a nephew of her friend Mr Crampton, she never for a moment would have opposed his marriage with her niece, and she had written that morning to her dear Lucy, begging that the marriage breakfast should take place in Baker street ”

“It shall be in Mecklenburgh-square,” said John Perkins, stoutly, and in Mecklenburgh square it was

William Pitt Scully, Esq , was, as Mr Crampton said, hugely annoyed

at the loss of the place for his nephew. He had still, however, his hopes to look forward to, but these were unluckily dashed by the coming in of the Whigs. As for Sir George Gorgon, when he came to ask about his peerage, Hawksby told him that they could not afford to lose him in the Commons, for a liberal member would infallibly fill his place.

And now that the Tories are out and the Whigs are in, strange to say a Liberal does fill his place. This Liberal is no other than Sir George Gorgon himself, who is still longing to be a lord, and his lady is still devout and intriguing. So that the members for Oldborough have changed sides, and taunt each other with apostacy, and hate each other cordially. Mr. Crampton still chuckles over the manner in which he tricked them both, and talks of those five minutes during which he stood on the landing place, and hatched and executed his "Bedford Row Conspiracy."

W SOMERSET MAUGHAM

(1874-)

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM was born at Paris in 1874 and educated first at Canterbury and later at Heidelberg, where he studied medicine. His career as a dramatist began in the early years of the present century but his first novel *Life of Lambeth* was written in 1895.

The best of Mr Maugham's stories and short novels belong to the later years of his career. Of these the most striking are found in the collections *The Trembling of a Leaf* and *The Casuarina Tree*.

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RAIN

IT WAS nearly bed time and when they awoke next morning land would be in sight. Dr Macphail lit his pipe and, leaning over the rail, searched the heavens for the Southern Cross. After two years at the front and a wound that had taken longer to heal than it should, he was glad to settle down quietly at Apia for twelve months at least, and he felt already better for the journey. Since some of the passengers were leaving the ship next day at Pago Pago they had had a little dance that evening and in his ears hammered still the harsh notes of the mechanical piano. But the deck was quiet at last. A little way off he saw his wife in a long chair talking with the Davidsons, and he strolled over to her. When he sat down under the light and took off his hat you saw that he had very red hair, with a bald patch on the crown, and the red, freckled skin which accompanies red hair, he was a man of forty, thin, with a pinched face, precise and rather pedantic, and he spoke with a Scots accent in a very low, quiet voice.

Between the Macphails and the Davidsons, who were missionaries, there had arisen the intimacy of shipboard, which is due to propinquity rather than to any community of taste. Their chief tie was the disapproval they shared of the men who spent their days and nights in the smoking room playing poker or bridge and drinking. Mrs Macphail was

not a little flattered to think that she and her husband were the only people on board with whom the Davidsons were willing to associate, and even the doctor, shy but no fool, half unconsciously acknowledged the compliment. It was only because he was of an argumentative mind that in their cabin at night he permitted himself to carp.

"Mrs Davidson was saying she didn't know how they'd have got through the journey if it hadn't been for us," said Mrs Macphail, as she neatly brushed out her transformation. "She said we were really the only people on the ship they cared to know."

"I shouldn't have thought a missionary was such a big bug that he could afford to put on frills."

"It's not frills I quite understand what she means. It wouldn't have been very nice for the Davidsons to have to mix with all that rough lot in the smoking room."

"The founder of their religion wasn't so exclusive," said Dr Macphail with a chuckle.

"I've asked you over and over again not to joke about religion," answered his wife. "I shouldn't like to have a nature like yours, Alec. You never look for the best in people."

He gave her a side long glance with his pale, blue eyes, but did not reply. After many years of married life he had learned that it was more conducive to peace to leave his wife with the last word. He was undressed before she was, and climbing into the upper bunk he settled down to read himself to sleep.

When he came on deck next morning they were close to land. He looked at it with greedy eyes. There was a thin strip of silver beach rising quickly to hills covered to the top with luxuriant vegetation. The coconut trees, thick and green, came nearly to the water's edge, and among them you saw the grass houses of the Samoans, and here and there, gleaming white a little church. Mrs Davidson came and stood beside him. She was dressed in black and wore round her neck a gold chain, from which dangled a small cross. She was a little woman, with brown, dull hair very elaborately arranged, and she had prominent blue eyes behind invisible *pince nez*. Her face was long, like a sheep's, but she gave no impression of foolishness, rather of extreme alertness, she had the quick movements of a bird. The most remarkable thing about her was her voice, high, metallic, and without inflection, it fell on the ear with a hard monotony, irritating to the nerves like the pitiless clamour of the pneumatic drill.

"This must seem like home to you," said Dr Macphail, with his thin, difficult smile.

"Ours are low islands, you know, not like these Coral. These are volcanic. We've got another ten days' journey to reach them."

"In these parts that's almost like being in the next street at home," said Dr Macphail facetiously.

"Well, that's rather an exaggerated way of putting it, but one does look at distances differently in the South Seas So far you're right "

Dr Macphail sighed faintly

"I'm glad we're not stationed here," she went on "They say this is a terribly difficult place to work in The steamers' touching makes the people unsettled, and then there's the naval station, that's bad for the natives In our district we don't have difficulties like that to contend with There are one or two traders, of course, but we take care to make them behave, and if they don't we make the place so hot for them they're glad to go "

Fixing the glasses on her nose she looked at the green island with a ruthless stare

"It's almost a hopeless task for the missionaries here I can never be sufficiently thankful to God that we are at least spared that "

Davidson's district consisted of a group of islands to the North of Samoa, they were widely separated and he had frequently to go long distances by canoe At these times his wife remained at their headquarters and managed the mission Dr Macphail felt his heart sink when he considered the efficiency with which she certainly managed it She spoke of the depravity of the natives in a voice which nothing could hush, but with a vehemently unctuous horror Her sense of delicacy was singular Early in their acquaintance she had said to him

"You know, their marriage customs when we first settled in the islands were so shocking that I couldn't possibly describe them to you But I'll tell Mrs Macphail and she'll tell you "

Then he had seen his wife and Mrs Davidson, their deck-chairs close together, in earnest conversation for about two hours As he walked past them backwards and forwards for the sake of exercise, he had heard Mrs Davidson's agitated whisper, like the distant flow of a mountain torrent, and he saw by his wife's open mouth and pale face that she was enjoying an alarming experience At night in their cabin she repeated to him with bated breath all she had heard

"Well, what did I say to you?" cried Mrs Davidson, exultant, next morning "Did you ever hear anything more dreadful? You don't wonder that I couldn't tell you myself, do you? Even though you are a doctor "

Mrs Davidson scanned his face She had a dramatic eagerness to see that she had achieved the desired effect

"Can you wonder that when we first went there our hearts sank? You'll hardly believe me when I tell you it was impossible to find a single good girl in any of the villages "

She used the word *good* in a severely technical manner

"Mr Davidson and I talked it over, and we made up our minds the first thing to do was to put down the dancing The natives were crazy about dancing "

"I was not averse to it myself when I was a young man," said Dr Macphail

"I guessed as much when I heard you ask Mrs Macphail to have a turn with you last night I don't think there's any real harm if a man dances with his wife, but I was relieved that she wouldn't Under the circumstances I thought it better that we should keep ourselves to ourselves"

"Under what circumstances?"

Mrs Davidson gave him a quick look through her *pince nez*, but did not answer his question

"But among white people it's not quite the same," she went on, "though I must say I agree with Mr Davidson, who says he can't understand how a husband can stand by and see his wife in another man's arms, and as far as I'm concerned I've never danced a step since I married But the native dancing is quite another matter It's not only immoral in itself, but it distinctly leads to immorality However, I'm thankful to God that we stamped it out, and I don't think I'm wrong in saying that no one has danced in our district for eight years"

But now they came to the mouth of the harbour and Mrs Macphail joined them The ship turned sharply and steamed slowly in It was a great landlocked harbour big enough to hold a fleet of battleships, and all around it rose, high and steep, the green hills Near the entrance, getting such breeze as blew from the sea, stood the governor's house in a garden The Stars and Stripes dangled languidly from a flagstaff They passed two or three trim bungalows, and a tennis court, and then they came to the quay with its warehouses Mrs Davidson pointed out the schooner, moored two or three hundred yards from the side, which was to take them to Apia There was a crowd of eager, noisy, and good-humoured natives come from all parts of the island, some from curiosity, others to barter with the travellers on their way to Sydney, and they brought pineapples and huge bunches of bananas, *tapa* cloths, necklaces of shells or sharks' teeth, *kava* bowls, and models of war canoes American sailors, neat and trim, clean shaven and frank of face, sauntered among them, and there was a little group of officials While their luggage was being landed the Macphails and Mrs Davidson watched the crowd Dr Macphail looked at the yaws from which most of the children and the young boys seemed to suffer, disfiguring sores like torpid ulcers, and his professional eyes glistened when he saw for the first time in his experience cases of elephantiasis, men going about with a huge, heavy arm or dragging along a grossly disfigured leg Men and women wore the *lava-lava*

"It's a very indecent costume," said Mrs Davidson "Mr Davidson thinks it should be prohibited by law How can you expect people to be moral when they wear nothing but a strip of red cotton round their loins?"

"It's suitable enough to the climate," said the doctor, wiping the sweat off his head

Now that they were on land the heat, though it was so early in the morning, was already oppressive Closed in by its hills, not a breath of air came in to Pago Pago

"In our islands," Mrs Davidson went on in her high pitched tones, "we've practically eradicated the *lava lava* A few old men still continue to wear it, but that's all The women have all taken to the Mother Hubbard, and the men wear trousers and singlets At the very beginning of our stay Mr Davidson said in one of his reports the inhabitants of these islands will never be thoroughly Christianised till every boy of more than ten years is made to wear a pair of trousers "

But Mrs Davidson had given two or three of her birdlike glances at heavy grey clouds that came floating over the mouth of the harbour A few drops began to fall

"We'd better take shelter," she said

They made their way with all the crowd to a great shed of corrugated iron, and the rain began to fall in torrents They stood there for some time and then were joined by Mr Davidson He had been polite enough to the Macphails during the journey, but he had not his wife's sociability, and had spent much of his time reading He was a silent, rather sullen man, and you felt that his affability was a duty that he imposed upon himself Christianly, he was by nature reserved and even morose His appearance was singular He was very tall and thin, with long limbs loosely jointed, hollow cheeks and curiously high cheek bones, he had so cadaverous an air that it surprised you to notice how full and sensual were his lips He wore his hair very long His dark eyes, set deep in their sockets, were large and tragic, and his hands with their big, long fingers, were finely shaped, they gave him a look of great strength But the most striking thing about him was the feeling he gave you of suppressed fire It was impressive and vaguely troubling He was not a man with whom any intimacy was possible

He brought now unwelcome news There was an epidemic of measles, a serious and often fatal disease among the Kanakas, on the island, and a case had developed among the crew of the schooner which was to take them on their journey The sick man had been brought ashore and put in hospital on the quarantine station, but telegraphic instructions had been sent from Apia to say that the schooner would not be allowed to enter the harbour till it was certain no other member of the crew was affected

"It means we shall have to stay here for ten days at least "

"But I'm urgently needed at Apia," said Dr Macphail

"That can't be helped If no more cases develop on board, the schooner will be allowed to sail with white passengers, but all native traffic is prohibited for three months "

“Is there a hotel here?” asked Mrs Macphail

Davidson gave a low chuckle

“There’s not ”

“What shall we do then?”

“I’ve been talking to the governor There’s a trader along the front who has rooms that he rents, and my proposition is that as soon as the rain lets up we should go along there and see what we can do Don’t expect comfort You’ve just got to be thankful if we get a bed to sleep on and a roof over our heads ”

But the rain showed no sign of stopping, and at length with umbrellas and waterproofs they set out There was no town, but merely a group of official buildings, a store or two, and at the back, among the coconut trees and plantains, a few native dwellings The house they sought was about five minutes’ walk from the wharf It was a frame house of two storeys, with broad verandahs on both floors and a roof of corrugated iron The owner was a half caste named Horn, with a native wife surrounded by little brown children, and on the ground floor he had a store where he sold canned goods and cottons The rooms he showed them were almost bare of furniture In the Macphails’ there was nothing but a poor, worn bed with a ragged mosquito net, a rickety chair, and a washstand They looked round with dismay The rain poured down without ceasing

“I’m not going to unpack more than we actually need,” said Mrs Macphail

Mrs Davidson came into the room as she was unlocking a portmanteau She was very brisk and alert The cheerless surroundings had no effect on her

“If you’ll take my advice you’ll get a needle and cotton and start right in to mend the mosquito net,” she said, “or you’ll not be able to get a wink of sleep to night ”

“Will they be very bad?” asked Dr Macphail

“This is the season for them When you’re asked to a party at Government House at Apia you’ll notice that all the ladies are given a pillowslip to put their — their lower extremities in ”

“I wish the rain would stop for a moment,” said Mrs Macphail “I could try to make the place comfortable with more heart if the sun were shining ”

“Oh, if you wait for that, you’ll wait a long time Pago-Pago is about the rainiest place in the Pacific You see, the hills, and that bay, they attract the water, and one expects rain at this time of year anyway ”

She looked from Macphail to his wife, standing helplessly in different parts of the room, like lost souls, and she pursed her lips She saw that she must take them in hand Feckless people like that made her impatient, but her hands itched to put everything in the order which came so naturally to her

"Here, you give me a needle and cotton and I'll mend that net of yours, while you go on with your unpacking Dinner's at one Dr Macphail, you'd better go down to the wharf and see that your heavy luggage has been put in a dry place You know what these natives are, they're quite capable of storing it where the rain will beat in on it all the time "

The doctor put on his waterproof again and went downstairs At the door Mr Horn was standing in conversation with the quartermaster of the ship they had just arrived in and a second class passenger whom Dr Macphail had seen several times on board The quartermaster, a little, shrivelled man, extremely dirty, nodded to him as he passed

"This is a bad job about the measles, doc," he said, "I see you've fixed yourself up already "

Dr Macphail thought he was rather familiar, but he was a timid man and he did not take offence easily

"Yes, we've got a room upstairs "

"Miss Thompson was sailing with you to Apia, so I've brought her along here "

The quartermaster pointed with his thumb to the woman standing by his side She was twenty-seven perhaps, plump, and in a coarse fashion pretty She wore a white dress and a large white hat Her fat calves in white cotton stockings bulged over the tops of long white boots in glace kid She gave Macphail an ingratiating smile

"The feller's tryin' to soak me a dollar and a half a day for the meanest sized room," she said in a hoarse voice

"I tell you she's a friend of mine, Jo," said the quartermaster "She can't pay more than a dollar, and you've sure got to take her for that "

The trader was fat and smooth and quietly smiling

"Well, if you put it like that, Mr Swan, I'll see what I can do about it I'll talk to Mrs Horn and if we think we can make a reduction we will "

"Don't try to pull that stuff with me," said Miss Thompson "We'll settle this right now You get a dollar a day for the room and not one bean more "

Dr Macphail smiled He admired the effrontery with which she bargained He was the sort of man who always paid what he was asked He preferred to be over-charged than to haggle The trader sighed

"Well, to oblige Mr Swan I'll take it "

"That's the goods," said Miss Thompson "Come right in and have a shot of hooch I've got some real good rye in that grip if you'll bring it along, Mr Swan You come along too, doctor "

"Oh, I don't think I will, thank you," he answered "I'm just going down to see that our luggage is all right "

He stepped out into the rain It swept in from the opening of the har-

bour in sheets and the opposite shore was all blurred. He passed two or three natives clad in nothing but the *lava lava*, with huge umbrellas over them. They walked finely, with leisurely movements, very upright, and they smiled and greeted him in a strange tongue as they went by.

It was nearly dinner-time when he got back, and their meal was laid in the trader's parlour. It was a room designed not to live in but for purposes of prestige, and it had a musty, melancholy air. A suite of stamped plush was arranged neatly round the walls, and from the middle of the ceiling, protected from the flies by yellow tissue paper, hung a gilt chandelier. Davidson did not come.

"I know he went to call on the governor," said Mrs. Davidson, "and I guess he's kept him to dinner."

A little native girl brought them a dish of Hamburger steak, and after a while the trader came up to see that they had everything they wanted.

"I see we have a fellow lodger, Mr. Horn," said Dr. Macphail.

"She's taken a room, that's all," answered the trader. "She's getting her own board."

He looked at the two ladies with an obsequious air.

"I put her downstairs so she shouldn't be in the way. She won't be any trouble to you."

"Is it someone who was on the boat?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

"Yes, ma'am, she was in the second cabin. She was going to Apia. She has a position as cashier waiting for her."

"Oh!"

When the trader was gone Macphail said:

"I shouldn't think she'd find it exactly cheerful having her meals in her room."

"If she was in the second cabin I guess she'd rather," answered Mrs. Davidson. "I don't exactly know who it can be."

"I happened to be there when the quartermaster brought her along. Her name's Thompson."

"It's not the woman who was dancing with the quartermaster last night?" asked Mrs. Davidson.

"That's who it must be," said Mrs. Macphail. "I wondered at the time what she was. She looked rather fast to me."

"Not good style at all," said Mrs. Davidson.

They began to talk of other things, and after dinner, tired with their early rise, they separated and slept. When they awoke, though the sky was still grey and the clouds hung low, it was not raining and they went for a walk on the high road which the Americans had built along the bay.

On their return they found that Davidson had just come in.

"We may be here for a fortnight," he said irritably. "I've argued it out with the governor, but he says there is nothing to be done."

"Mr. Davidson's just longing to get back to his work," said his wife, with an anxious glance at him.

"We've been away for a year," he said, walking up and down the verandah "The mission has been in charge of native missionaries and I'm terribly nervous that they've let things slide They're good men, I'm not saying a word against them, God fearing, devout, and truly Christian men — their Christianity would put many so called Christians at home to the blush — but they're pitifully lacking in energy They can make a stand once, they can make a stand twice, but they can't make a stand all the time If you leave a mission in charge of a native missionary, no matter how trustworthy he seems, in course of time you'll find he's let abuses creep in "

Mr Davidson stood still With his tall, spare form, and his great eyes flashing out of his pale face, he was an impressive figure His sincerity was obvious in the fire of his gestures and in his deep, ringing voice

"I expect to have my work cut out for me I shall act and I shall act promptly If the tree is rotten it shall be cut down and cast into the flames "

And in the evening after the high tea which was their last meal, while they sat in the stiff parlour, the ladies working and Dr Macphail smoking his pipe, the missionary told them of his work in the islands

"When we went there they had no sense of sin at all," he said "They broke the commandments one after the other and never knew they were doing wrong And I think that was the most difficult part of my work, to instil into the natives the sense of sin "

The Macphails knew already that Davidson had worked in the Solomons for five years before he met his wife She had been a missionary in China, and they had become acquainted in Boston, where they were both spending part of their leave to attend a missionary congress On their marriage they had been appointed to the islands in which they had laboured ever since

In the course of all the conversations they had had with Mr Davidson one thing had shone out clearly and that was the man's unflinching courage He was a medical missionary, and he was liable to be called at any time to one or other of the islands in the group Even the whaleboat is not so very safe a conveyance in the stormy Pacific of the wet season, but often he would be sent for in a canoe, and then the danger was great In cases of illness or accident he never hesitated A dozen times he had spent the whole night baling for his life, and more than once Mrs Davidson had given him up for lost

"I'd beg him not to go sometimes," she said, "or at least to wait till the weather was more settled, but he'd never listen He's obstinate, and when he's once made up his mind, nothing can move him "

"How can I ask the natives to put their trust in the Lord if I am afraid to do so myself?" cried Davidson "And I'm not, I'm not They know that if they send for me in their trouble I'll come if it's humanly

possible And do you think the Lord is going to abandon me when I am on his business? The wind blows at his bidding and the waves toss and rage at his word ”

Dr Macphail was a timid man He had never been able to get used to the hurdling of the shells over the trenches, and when he was operating in an advanced dressing station the sweat poured from his brow and dimmed his spectacles in the effort he made to control his unsteady hand He shuddered a little as he looked at the missionary

“I wish I could say that I’ve never been afraid,” he said

“I wish you could say that you believed in God,” retorted the other

But for some reason, that evening the missionary’s thoughts travelled back to the early days he and his wife had spent on the islands

“Sometimes Mrs Davidson and I would look at one another and the tears would stream down our cheeks We worked without ceasing, day and night, and we seemed to make no progress I don’t know what I should have done without her then When I felt my heart sink, when I was very near despair, she gave me courage and hope ”

Mrs Davidson looked down at her work, and a slight colour rose to her thin cheeks Her hands trembled a little She did not trust herself to speak

“We had no one to help us We were alone, thousands of miles from any of our people, surrounded by darkness When I was broken and weary she would put her work aside and take the Bible and read to me till peace came and settled upon me like sleep upon the eyelids of a child, and when at last she closed the book she’d say ‘We’ll save them in spite of themselves ’ And I felt strong again in the Lord, and I answered ‘Yes, with God’s help I’ll save them I must save them ’”

He came over to the table and stood in front of it as though it were a lectern

“You see, they were so naturally depraved that they couldn’t be brought to see their wickedness We had to make sins out of what they thought were natural actions We had to make it a sin, not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve, but to expose their bodies, and to dance and not to come to church I made it a sin for a girl to show her bosom and a sin for a man not to wear trousers ”

“How?” asked Dr Macphail, not without surprise

“I instituted fines Obviously the only way to make people realise that an action is sinful is to punish them if they commit it I fined them if they didn’t come to church, and I fined them if they danced I fined them if they were improperly dressed I had a tariff, and every sin had to be paid for either in money or work And at last I made them understand ”

“But did they never refuse to pay?”

“How could they?” asked the missionary

"It would be a brave man who tried to stand up against Mr Davidson," said his wife, tightening her lips

Dr Macphail looked at Davidson with troubled eyes What he heard shocked him, but he hesitated to express his disapproval

"You must remember that in the last resort I could expel them from their church membership "

"Did they mind that?"

Davidson smiled a little and gently rubbed his hands

"They couldn't sell their copra When the men fished they got no share of the catch It meant something very like starvation Yes, they munded quite a lot "

"Tell him about Fred Ohlson," said Mrs Davidson

The missionary fixed his fiery eyes on Dr Macphail

"Fred Ohlson was a Danish trader who had been in the islands a good many years He was a pretty rich man as traders go and he wasn't very pleased when we came You see, he'd had things very much his own way He paid the natives what he liked for their copra, and he paid in goods and whiskey He had a native wife, but he was flagrantly unfaithful to her He was a drunkard I gave him a chance to mend his ways, but he wouldn't take it He laughed at me "

Davidson's voice fell to a deep bass as he said the last words, and he was silent for a minute or two The silence was heavy with menace

"In two years he was a ruined man He'd lost everything he'd saved in a quarter of a century I broke him, and at last he was forced to come to me like a beggar and beseech me to give him a passage back to Sydney "

"I wish you could have seen him when he came to see Mr Davidson," said the missionary's wife "He had been a fine, powerful man, with a lot of fat on him, and he had a great big voice, but now he was half the size, and he was shaking all over He'd suddenly become an old man "

With abstracted gaze Davidson looked out into the night The rain was falling again

Suddenly from below came a sound, and Davidson turned and looked questioningly at his wife It was the sound of a gramophone, harsh and loud, wheezing out a syncopated tune

"What's that?" he asked

Mrs Davidson fixed her *pince nez* more firmly on her nose

"One of the second class passengers has a room in the house I guess it comes from there "

They listened in silence, and presently they heard the sound of dancing Then the music stopped, and they heard the popping of corks and voices raised in animated conversation

"I daresay she's giving a farewell party to her friends on board," said Dr Macphail "The ship sails at twelve, doesn't it?"

Davidson made no remark, but he looked at his watch

"Are you ready?" he asked his wife

She got up and folded her work

"Yes, I guess I am," she answered

"It's early to go to bed yet, isn't it?" said the doctor

"We have a good deal of reading to do," explained Mrs Davidson
"Wherever we are, we read a chapter of the Bible before retiring for the night and we study it with the commentaries, you know, and discuss it thoroughly It's a wonderful training for the mind "

The two couples bade one another good night Dr and Mrs Macphail were left alone For two or three minutes they did not speak

"I think I'll go and fetch the cards," the doctor said at last

Mrs Macphail looked at him doubtfully Her conversation with the Davidsons had left her a little uneasy, but she did not like to say that she thought they had better not play cards when the Davidsons might come in at any moment Dr Macphail brought them and she watched him, though with a vague sense of guilt, while he laid out his patience Below the sound of revelry continued

It was fine enough next day, and the Macphails, condemned to spend a fortnight of idleness at Pago Pago, set about making the best of things They went down to the quay and got out of their boxes a number of books The doctor called on the chief surgeon of the naval hospital and went round the beds with him They left cards on the governor They passed Miss Thompson on the road The doctor took off his hat, and she gave him a "Good morning, doc," in a loud, cheerful voice She was dressed as on the day before, in a white frock, and her shiny white boots with their high heels, her fat legs bulging over the tops of them, were strange things on that exotic scene

"I don't think she's very suitably dressed, I must say," said Mrs Macphail "She looks extremely common to me "

When they got back to their house, she was on the verandah playing with one of the trader's dark children

"Say a word to her," Dr Macphail whispered to his wife "She's all alone here, and it seems rather unkind to ignore her "

Mrs Macphail was shy, but she was in the habit of doing what her husband bade her

"I think we're fellow lodgers here," she said, rather foolishly

"Terrible, ain't it, bein' cooped up in a one horse burg like this?" answered Miss Thompson "And they tell me I'm lucky to have gotten a room I don't see myself livin' in a native house, and that's what some have to do I don't know why they don't have a hotel "

They exchanged a few more words Miss Thompson, loud voiced and garrulous, was evidently quite willing to gossip, but Mrs Macphail had a poor stock of small talk and presently she said

"Well, I think we must go upstairs "

In the evening when they sat down to their high tea Davidson on coming in said

"I see that woman downstairs has a couple of sailors sitting there I wonder how she's gotten acquainted with them "

"She can't be very particular," said Mrs Davidson

They were all rather tired after the idle, aimless day

"If there's going to be a fortnight of this I don't know what we shall feel like at the end of it," said Dr Macphail

"The only thing to do is to portion out the day to different activities," answered the missionary, "I shall set aside a certain number of hours to study and a certain number to exercise, rain or fine — in the wet season you can't afford to pay any attention to the rain — and a certain number to recreation "

Dr Macphail looked at his companion with misgiving Davidson's programme oppressed him They were eating Hamburger steak again It seemed the only dish the cook knew how to make Then below the gramophone began Davidson started nervously when he heard it, but said nothing Men's voices floated up Miss Thompson's guests were joining in a well known song and presently they heard her voice too, hoarse and loud There was a good deal of shouting and laughing The four people upstairs, trying to make conversation, listened despite themselves to the clink of glasses and the scrape of chairs More people had evidently come Miss Thompson was giving a party

"I wonder how she gets them all in," said Mrs Macphail, suddenly breaking into a medical conversation between the missionary and her husband

It showed whither her thoughts were wandering The twitch of Davidson's face proved that, though he spoke of scientific things, his mind was busy in the same direction Suddenly, while the doctor was giving some experience of practice on the Flanders front, rather prosily, he sprang to his feet with a cry

"What's the matter, Alfred?" asked Mrs Davidson

"Of course! It never occurred to me She's out of Iwelei "

"She can't be "

"She came on board at Honolulu It's obvious And she's carrying on her trade here Here "

He uttered the last word with a passion of indignation

"What's Iwelei?" asked Mrs Macphail

He turned his gloomy eyes on her and his voice trembled with horror

"The plague spot of Honolulu The Red Light district It was a blot on our civilization "

Iwelei was on the edge of the city You went down side streets by the harbour, in the darkness, across a rickety bridge, till you came to a deserted road, all ruts and holes, and then suddenly you came out into the

light There was parking room for motors on each side of the road, and there were saloons, tawdry and bright, each one noisy with its mechanical piano, and there were barbers' shops and tobacconists There was a stir in the air and a sense of expectant gaiety You turned down a narrow alley, either to the right or to the left, for the road divided Iwelei into two parts, and you found yourself in the district There were rows of little bungalows, trim and neatly painted in green, and the pathway between them was broad and straight It was laid out like a garden city In its respectable regularity, its order and spruceness, it gave an impression of sardonic horror, for never can the search for love have been so systematised and ordered The pathways were lit by a rare lamp, but they would have been dark except for the lights that came from the open windows of the bungalows Men wandered about, looking at the women who sat at their windows, reading or sewing, for the most part taking no notice of the passers by, and like the women they were of all nationalities There were Americans, sailors from the ships in port, enlisted men off the gunboats, sombrely drunk, and soldiers from the regiments, white and black, quartered on the island, there were Japanese, walking in twos and threes, Hawaiians, Chinese in long robes, and Filipinos in preposterous hats They were silent and as it were oppressed Desire is sad

"It was the most crying scandal of the Pacific," exclaimed Davidson vehemently "The missionaries had been agitating against it for years, and at last the local press took it up The police refused to stir You know their argument They say that vice is inevitable and consequently the best thing is to localise and control it The truth is, they were paid Paid They were paid by the saloon-keepers, paid by the bullies, paid by the women themselves At last they were forced to move "

"I read about it in the papers that came on board in Honolulu," said Dr Macphail

"Iwelei, with its sin and shame, ceased to exist on the very day we arrived The whole population was brought before the justices I don't know why I didn't understand at once what that woman was "

"Now you come to speak of it " said Mrs Macphail, "I remember seeing her come on board only a few minutes before the boat sailed I remember thinking at the time she was cutting it rather fine "

"How dare she come here!" cried Davidson indignantly "I'm not going to allow it "

He strode towards the door

"What are you going to do?" asked Macphail

"What do you expect me to do? I'm going to stop it I'm not going to have this house turned into — into "

He sought for a word that should not offend the ladies' ears His eyes were flashing and his pale face was paler still in his emotion

"It sounds as though there were three or four men down there," said the doctor "Don't you think it's rather rash to go in just now?"

The missionary gave him a contemptuous look and without a word flung out of the room

"You know Mr Davidson very little if you think the fear of personal danger can stop him in the performance of his duty," said his wife

She sat with her hands nervously clasped, a spot of colour on her high cheek bones, listening to what was about to happen below They all listened They heard him clatter down the wooden stairs and throw open the door The singing stopped suddenly, but the gramophone continued to bray out its vulgar tune They heard Davidson's voice and then the noise of something heavy falling The music stopped He had hurled the gramophone on the floor Then again they heard Davidson's voice, they could not make out the words, then Miss Thompson's, loud and shrill, then a confused clamour as though several people were shouting together at the top of their lungs Mrs Davidson gave a little gasp, and she clenched her hands more tightly Dr Macphail looked uncertainly from her to his wife He did not want to go down, but he wondered if they expected him to Then there was something that sounded like a scuffle The noise now was more distinct It might be that Davidson was being thrown out of the room The door was slammed There was a moment's silence and they heard Davidson come up the stairs again He went to his room

"I think I'll go to him," said Mrs Davidson

She got up and went out

"If you want me, just call," said Mrs Macphail, and then when the other was gone "I hope he isn't hurt"

"Why couldn't he mind his own business?" said Dr Macphail

They sat in silence for a minute or two and then they both started, for the gramophone began to play once more, defiantly, and mocking voices shouted hoarsely the words of an obscene song

Next day Mrs Davidson was pale and tired She complained of head ache, and she looked old and wizened She told Mrs Macphail that the missionary had not slept at all, he had passed the night in a state of frightful agitation and at five had got up and gone out A glass of beer had been thrown over him and his clothes were stained and stinking But a sombre fire glowed in Mrs Davidson's eyes when she spoke of Miss Thompson

"She'll bitterly rue the day when she flouted Mr Davidson," she said "Mr Davidson has a wonderful heart and no one who is in trouble has ever gone to him without being comforted, but he has no mercy for sin, and when his righteous wrath is excited he's terrible"

"Why, what will he do?" asked Mrs Macphail

"I don't know, but I wouldn't stand in that creature's shoes for any thing in the world"

Mrs Macphail shuddered. There was something positively alarming in

the triumphant assurance of the little woman's manner They were going out together that morning, and they went down the stairs side by side Miss Thompson's door was open, and they saw her in a bedraggled dressing gown, cooking something in a chafing dish

"Good morning," she called "Is Mr Davidson better this morning?"

They passed her in silence, with their noses in the air, as if she did not exist They flushed, however, when she burst into a shout of derisive laughter Mrs Davidson turned on her suddenly

"Don't you dare to speak to me," she screamed "If you insult me I shall have you turned out of here"

"Say, did I ask Mr Davidson to visit with me?"

"Don't answer her," whispered Mrs Macphail hurriedly

They walked on till they were out of earshot

"She's brazen, brazen," burst from Mrs Davidson

Her anger almost suffocated her

And on their way home they met her strolling towards the quay She had all her finery on Her great white hat with its vulgar, showy flowers was an affront She called out cheerily to them as she went by, and a couple of American sailors who were standing there grinned as the ladies set their faces to an icy stare They got in just before the rain began to fall again

"I guess she'll get her fine clothes spoilt," said Mrs Davidson with a bitter sneer

Davidson did not come in till they were half way through dinner He was wet through, but he would not change He sat, morose and silent, refusing to eat more than a mouthful, and he stared at the slanting rain When Mrs Davidson told him of their two encounters with Miss Thompson he did not answer His deepening frown alone showed that he had heard

"Don't you think we ought to make Mr Horn turn her out of here?" asked Mrs Davidson "We can't allow her to insult us"

"There doesn't seem to be any other place for her to go," said Macphail

"She can live with one of the natives"

"In weather like this a native hut must be a rather uncomfortable place to live in"

"I lived in one for years," said the missionary

When the little native girl brought in the fried bananas which formed the sweet they had every day, Davidson turned to her

"Ask Miss Thompson when it would be convenient for me to see her," he said

The girl nodded shyly and went out

"What do you want to see her for, Alfred?" asked his wife.

"It's my duty to see her I won't act till I've given her every chance"

"You don't know what she is She'll insult you "

"Let her insult me Let her spit on me She has an immortal soul, and I must do all that is in my power to save it "

Mrs Davidson's ears rang still with the harlot's mocking laughter

"She's gone too far "

"Too far for the mercy of God?" His eyes lit up suddenly and his voice grew mellow and soft "Never The sinner may be deeper in sin than the depth of hell itself, but the love of the Lord Jesus can reach him still "

The girl came back with the message

"Miss Thompson's compliments and as long as Rev Davidson don't come in business hours she'll be glad to see him any time "

The party received it in stony silence, and Dr Macphail quickly effaced from his lips the smile which had come upon them He knew his wife would be vexed with him if he found Miss Thompson's effrontery amusing

They finished the meal in silence When it was over the two ladies got up and took their work, Mrs Macphail was making another of the innumerable comforters which she had turned out since the beginning of the war, and the doctor lit his pipe But Davidson remained in his chair and with abstracted eyes stared at the table At last he got up and with out a word went out of the room They heard him go down and they heard Miss Thompson's defiant "Come in" when he knocked at the door He remained with her for an hour And Dr Macphail watched the rain It was beginning to get on his nerves It was not like our soft English rain that drops gently on the earth, it was unmerciful and somehow terrible, you felt in it the malignancy of the primitive powers of nature It did not pour, it flowed It was like a deluge from heaven, and it rattled on the roof of corrugated iron with a steady persistence that was maddening It seemed to have a fury of its own And sometimes you felt that you must scream if it did not stop, and then suddenly you felt powerless, as though your bones had suddenly become soft, and you were miserable and hopeless

Macphail turned his head when the missionary came back The two women looked up

"I've given her every chance I have exhorted her to repent She is an evil woman "

He paused, and Dr Macphail saw his eyes darken and his pale face grow hard and stern

"Now I shall take the whips with which the Lord Jesus drove the usurers and the money changers out of the Temple of the Most High "

He walked up and down the rooms His mouth was close set, and his black brows were frowning

"If she fled to the uttermost parts of the earth I should pursue her "

With a sudden movement he turned round and strode out of the room They heard him go down-stairs again

“What is he going to do?” asked Mrs Macphail

“I don’t know ” Mrs Davidson took off her *pince nez* and wiped them
 “When he is on the Lord’s work I never ask him questions ”

She sighed a little

“What is the matter?”

“He’ll wear himself out He doesn’t know what it is to spare himself ”

Dr Macphail learnt the first results of the missionary’s activity from the half caste trader in whose house they lodged He stopped the doctor when he passed the store and came out to speak to him on the stoop His fat face was worried

“The Rev Davidson has been at me for letting Miss Thompson have a room here,” he said, “but I didn’t know what she was when I rented it to her When people come and ask if I can rent them a room all I want to know is if they’ve the money to pay for it And she paid me for hers a week in advance ”

Dr Macphail did not want to commit himself

“When all’s said and done it’s your house We’re very much obliged to you for taking us in at all ”

Horn looked at him doubtfully He was not certain yet how definitely Macphail stood on the missionary’s side

“The missionaries are in with one another,” he said, hesitatingly “If they get it in for a trader he may just as well shut up his store and quit ”

“Did he want you to turn her out?”

“No, he said so long as she behaved herself he couldn’t ask me to do that He said he wanted to be just to me I promised she shouldn’t have no more visitors I’ve just been and told her ”

“How did she take it?”

“She gave me Hell ”

The trader squirmed in his old ducks He had found Miss Thompson a rough customer

“Oh, well, I daresay she’ll get out I don’t suppose she wants to stay here if she can’t have anyone in ”

“There’s nowhere she can go, only a native house, and no native’ll take her now, not now that the missionaries have got their knife in her ”

Dr Macphail looked at the falling rain

“Well, I don’t suppose it’s any good waiting for it to clear up ”

In the evening when they sat in the parlour Davidson talked to them of his early days at college He had had no means and had worked his way through by doing odd jobs during the vacations There was silence downstairs Miss Thompson was sitting in her little room alone But suddenly the gramophone began to play She had set it on in defiance, to cheat her loneliness, but there was no one to sing, and it had a melancholy note It was like a cry for help Davidson took no notice He was in the middle of a long anecdote and without change of expression went on The gramo-

phone continued Miss Thompson put on one reel after another It looked as though the silence of the night were getting on her nerves It was breathless and sultry When the Macphails went to bed they could not sleep They lay side by side with their eyes wide open, listening to the cruel singing of the mosquitoes outside their curtain

"What's that?" whispered Mrs Macphail at last

They heard a voice, Davidson's voice, through the wooden partition It went on with a monotonous, earnest insistence He was praying aloud He was praying for the soul of Miss Thompson

Two or three days went by Now when they passed Miss Thompson on the road she did not greet them with ironic cordiality or smile, she passed with her nose in the air, a sulky look on her painted face, frowning, as though she did not see them The trader told Macphail that she had tried to get lodging elsewhere, but had failed In the evening she played through the various reels of her gramophone, but the pretence of mirth was obvious now The ragtime had a cracked, heart broken rhythm as though it were a one step of despair When she began to play on Sunday Davidson sent Horn to beg her to stop at once since it was the Lord's day The reel was taken off and the house was silent except for the steady pattering of the rain on the iron roof

"I think she's getting a bit worked up," said the trader next day to Macphail "She don't know what Mr Davidson's up to and it makes her scared "

Macphail had caught a glimpse of her that morning and it struck him that her arrogant expression had changed There was in her face a hunted look The half caste gave him a sidelong glance

"I suppose you don't know what Mr Davidson is doing about it?" he hazarded

"No, I don't "

It was singular that Horn should ask him that question, for he also had the idea that the missionary was mysteriously at work He had an impression that he was weaving a net around the woman, carefully, systematically, and suddenly, when everything was ready would pull the strings tight

"He told me to tell her," said the trader, "that if at any time she wanted him she only had to send and he'd come "

"What did she say when you told her that?"

"She didn't say nothing I didn't stop, I just said what he said I was to and then I beat it I thought she might be going to start weepin' "

"I have no doubt the loneliness is getting on her nerves," said the doctor "And the rain — that's enough to make anyone jumpy," he continued irritably "Doesn't it ever stop in this confounded place?"

"It goes on pretty steady in the rainy season We have three hundred inches in the year You see, it's the shape of the bay It seems to attract the rain from all over the Pacific "

“Damn the shape of the bay,” said the doctor

He scratched his mosquito bites He felt very short-tempered When the rain stopped and the sun shone, it was like a hothouse, seething humid, sultry, breathless, and you had a strange feeling that everything was growing with a savage violence The natives, blithe and childlike by reputation, seemed then, with their tattooing and their dyed hair, to have something sinister in their appearance, and when they pattered along at your heels with their naked feet you looked back instinctively You felt they might at any moment come behind you swiftly and thrust a long knife between your shoulder blades You could not tell what dark thoughts lurked behind their wide set eyes They had a little the look of ancient Egyptians painted on a temple wall, and there was about them the terror of what is immeasurably old

The missionary came and went He was busy, but the Macphails did not know what he was doing Horn told the doctor that he saw the governor every day, and once Davidson mentioned him

“He looks as if he had plenty of determination,” he said, “but when you come down to brass tacks he has no backbone ”

“I suppose that means he won’t do exactly what you want,” suggested the doctor facetiously

The missionary did not smile

“I want him to do what’s right It shouldn’t be necessary to persuade a man to do that ”

“But there may be differences of opinion about what is right ”

“If a man had a gangrenous foot would you have patience with any one who hesitated to amputate it?”

“Gangrene is a matter of fact ”

“And Evil?”

What Davidson had done soon appeared The four of them had just finished their midday meal, and they had not yet separated for the siesta which the heat imposed on the ladies and on the doctor Davidson had little patience with the slothful habit The door was suddenly flung open and Miss Thompson came in She looked round the room and then went up to Davidson

“You low down skunk, what have you been saying about me to the governor?”

She was spluttering with rage There was a moment’s pause Then the missionary drew forward a chair

“Won’t you be seated, Miss Thompson? I’ve been hoping to have another talk with you ”

“You poor low life bastard ”

She burst into a torrent of insult, foul and insolent Davidson kept his grave eyes on her

“I’m indifferent to the abuse you think fit to heap on me, Miss Thompson,” he said, “but I must beg you to remember that ladies are present ”

Tears by now were struggling with her anger Her face was red and swollen as though she were choking

"What has happened?" asked Dr Macphail

"A feller's just been in here and he says I gotter beat it on the next boat "

Was there a gleam in the missionary's eyes? His face remained impassive

"You could hardly expect the governor to let you stay here under the circumstances "

"You done it," she shrieked "You can't kid me You done it "

"I don't want to deceive you I urged the governor to take the only possible step consistent with his obligations "

"Why couldn't you leave me be? I wasn't doin' you no harm "

"You may be sure that if you had I should be the last man to resent it "

"Do you think I want to stay on in this poor imitation of a burg? I don't look no busher, do I?"

"In that case I don't see what cause of complaint you have," he answered

She gave an inarticulate cry of rage and flung out of the room There was a short silence

"It's a relief to know that the governor has acted at last," said Davidson finally "He's a weak man and he shilly shallied He said she was only here for a fortnight anyway, and if she went on to Apia that was under British jurisdiction and had nothing to do with him "

The missionary sprang to his feet and strode across the room

"It's terrible the way the men who are in authority seek to evade their responsibility They speak as though evil that was out of sight ceased to be evil The very existence of that woman is a scandal and it does not help matters to shift it to another of the islands In the end I had to speak straight from the shoulder "

Davidson's brow lowered, and he protruded his firm chin He looked fierce and determined

"What do you mean by that?"

"Our mission is not entirely without influence at Washington I pointed out to the governor that it wouldn't do him any good if there was a complaint about the way he managed things here "

"When has she got to go?" asked the doctor, after a pause

"The San Francisco boat is due here from Sydney next Tuesday She's to sail on that "

That was in five days' time It was next day, when he was coming back from the hospital where for want of something better to do Macphail spent most of his mornings, that the half caste stopped him as he was going upstairs

"Excuse me, Dr Macphail, Miss Thompson's sick Will you have a look at her "

"Certainly "

Horn led him to her room She was sitting in a chair idly, neither reading nor sewing, staring in front of her She wore her white dress and the large hat with the flowers on it Macphail noticed that her skin was yellow and muddy under her powder, and her eyes were heavy

"I'm sorry to hear you're not well," he said

"Oh, I ain't sick really I just said that, because I just had to see you I've got to clear on a boat that's going to 'Frisco "

She looked at him and he saw that her eyes were suddenly startled She opened and clenched her hands spasmodically The trader stood at the door, listening

"So I understand," said the doctor

She gave a little gulp

"I guess it ain't very convenient for me to go to 'Frisco just now I went to see the governor yesterday afternoon, but I couldn't get to him I saw the secretary, and he told me I'd got to take that boat and that was all there was to it I just had to see the governor, so I waited outside his house this morning, and when he come out I spoke to him He didn't want to speak to me, I'll say, but I wouldn't let him shake me off, and at last he said he hadn't no objection to my staying here till the next boat to Sydney if the Rev Davidson will stand for it "

She stopped and looked at Dr Macphail anxiously

"I don't know exactly what I can do," he said

"Well, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind asking him I swear to God I won't start anything here if he'll just only let me stay I won't go out of the house if that'll suit him It's no more'n a fortnight "

"I'll ask him "

"He won't stand for it," said Horn "He'll have you out on Tuesday, so you may as well make up your mind to it "

"Tell him I can get work in Sydney, straight stuff, I mean 'Tain't asking very much "

"I'll do what I can "

"And come and tell me right away, will you? I can't set down to a thing till I get the dope one way or the other "

It was not an errand that much pleased the doctor, and, characteristically perhaps, he went about it indirectly He told his wife what Miss Thompson had said to him and asked her to speak to Mrs Davidson The missionary's attitude seemed rather arbitrary and it could do no harm if the girl were allowed to stay in Pago Pago another fortnight But he was not prepared for the result of his diplomacy The missionary came to him straightway

"Mrs Davidson tells me that Thompson has been speaking to you "

Dr Macphail, thus directly tackled, had the shy man's resentment at being forced out into the open. He felt his temper rising, and he flushed. "I don't see that it can make any difference if she goes to Sydney rather than to San Francisco, and so long as she promises to behave while she's here it's dashed hard to persecute her."

The missionary fixed him with his stern eyes.

"Why is she unwilling to go back to San Francisco?"

"I didn't enquire," answered the doctor with some asperity. "And I think one does better to mind one's own business."

Perhaps it was not a very tactful answer.

"The governor has ordered her to be deported by the first boat that leaves the island. He's only done his duty and I will not interfere. Her presence is a peril here."

"I think you're very harsh and tyrannical."

The two ladies looked up at the doctor with some alarm, but they need not have feared a quarrel, for the missionary smiled gently.

"I'm terribly sorry you should think that of me, Dr Macphail. Believe me, my heart bleeds for that unfortunate woman, but I'm only trying to do my duty."

The doctor made no answer. He looked out of the window sullenly. For once it was not raining and across the bay you saw nestling among the trees the huts of a native village.

"I think I'll take advantage of the rain stopping to go out," he said.

"Please don't bear me malice because I can't accede to your wish," said Davidson, with a melancholy smile. "I respect you very much, doctor, and I should be sorry if you thought ill of me."

"I have no doubt you have a sufficiently good opinion of yourself to bear mine with equanimity," he retorted.

"That's one on me," chuckled Davidson.

When Dr Macphail, vexed with himself because he had been uncivil to no purpose, went downstairs, Miss Thompson was waiting for him with her door ajar.

"Well," she said, "have you spoken to him?"

"Yes, I'm sorry, he won't do anything," he answered, not looking at her in his embarrassment.

But then he gave her a quick glance, for a sob broke from her. He saw that her face was white with fear. It gave him a shock of dismay. And suddenly he had an idea.

"But don't give up hope yet. I think it's a shame the way they're treating you and I'm going to see the governor myself."

"Now?"

He nodded. Her face brightened.

"Say, that's real good of you. I'm sure he'll let me stay if you speak for me. I just won't do a thing I didn't ought all the time I'm here."

Dr Macphail hardly knew why he had made up his mind to appeal to the governor. He was perfectly indifferent to Miss Thompson's affairs, but the missionary had irritated him, and with him temper was a smouldering thing. He found the governor at home. He was a large, handsome man, a sailor, with a grey toothbrush mustache, and he wore a spotless uniform of white drill.

"I've come to see you about a woman who's lodging in the same house as we are," he said. "Her name's Thompson."

"I guess I've heard nearly enough about her, Dr Macphail," said the governor, smiling. "I've given her the order to get out next Tuesday and that's all I can do."

"I wanted to ask you if you couldn't stretch a point and let her stay here till the boat comes in from San Francisco so that she can go to Sydney. I will guarantee her good behaviour."

The governor continued to smile, but his eyes grew small and serious. "I'd be very glad to oblige you, Dr Macphail, but I've given the order and it must stand."

The doctor put the case as reasonably as he could, but now the governor ceased to smile at all. He listened sullenly, with averted gaze. Macphail saw that he was making no impression.

"I'm sorry to cause any lady inconvenience, but she'll have to sail on Tuesday and that's all there is to it."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Pardon me, doctor, but I don't feel called upon to explain my official actions except to the proper authorities."

Macphail looked at him shrewdly. He remembered Davidson's hint that he had used threats, and in the governor's attitude he read a singular embarrassment.

"Davidson's a damned busybody," he said hotly.

"Between ourselves, Dr Macphail, I don't say that I have formed a very favorable opinion of Mr Davidson, but I am bound to confess that he was within his rights in pointing out to me the danger that the presence of a woman of Miss Thompson's character was to a place like this where a number of enlisted men are stationed among a native population."

He got up and Dr Macphail was obliged to do so too.

"I must ask you to excuse me. I have an engagement. Please give my respects to Mrs Macphail."

The doctor left him crestfallen. He knew that Miss Thompson would be waiting for him, and unwilling to tell her himself that he had failed, he went into the house by the back door and sneaked up the stairs as though he had something to hide.

At supper he was silent and ill at ease, but the missionary was jovial and animated. Dr Macphail thought his eyes rested on him now and then with triumphant good humour. It struck him suddenly that David-

son knew of his visit to the governor and of its ill success. But how on earth could he have heard of it? There was something sinister about the power of that man. After supper he saw Horn on the verandah and, as though to have a casual word with him, went out.

"She wants to know if you've seen the governor," the trader whispered. "Yes. He wouldn't do anything. I'm awfully sorry, I can't do anything more."

"I knew he wouldn't. They daren't go against the missionaries."

"What are you talking about?" said Davidson affably, coming out to join them.

"I was just saying there was no chance of your getting over to Apia for at least another week," said the trader glibly.

He left them, and the two men returned into the parlour. Mr. Davidson devoted one hour after each meal to recreation. Presently a timid knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Davidson, in her sharp voice.

The door was not opened. She got up and opened it. They saw Miss Thompson standing at the threshold. But the change in her appearance was extraordinary. This was no longer the flaunting hussy who had jeered at them in the road, but a broken, frightened woman. Her hair, as a rule so elaborately arranged, was tumbling untidily over her neck. She wore bedroom slippers and a skirt and blouse. They were unfresh and be-draggled. She stood at the door with the tears streaming down her face and did not dare to enter.

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Davidson harshly.

"May I speak to Mr. Davidson?" she said in a choking voice.

The missionary rose and went towards her.

"Come right in, Miss Thompson," he said in cordial tones. "What can I do for you?"

She entered the room.

"Say, I'm sorry for what I said to you the other day and for— for everythin' else, I guess I was a bit lit up. I beg pardon."

"Oh, it was nothing. I guess my back's broad enough to bear a few hard words."

She stepped towards him with a movement that was horribly cringing.

"You've got me beat. I'm all in. You won't make me go back to 'Frisco?"

His genial manner vanished and his voice grew on a sudden hard and stern.

"Why don't you want to go back there?"

She cowered before him.

"I guess my people live there. I don't want them to see me like this. I'll go anywhere else you say."

"Why don't you want to go back to San Francisco?"

“I’ve told you ”

He leaned forward, staring at her, and his great, shining eyes seemed to try to bore into her soul He gave a sudden gasp

“The penitentiary ”

She screamed, and then she fell at his feet, clasping his legs

“Don’t send me back there I swear to you before God I’ll be a good woman I’ll give all this up ”

She burst into a torrent of confused supplication and the tears coursed down her painted cheeks He leaned over her and, lifting her face, forced her to look at him

“Is that it, the penitentiary?”

“I beat it before they could get me,” she gasped “If the bulls grab me it’s three years for mine ”

He let go his hold of her and she fell in a heap on the floor, sobbing bitterly Dr Macphail stood up

“This alters the whole thing,” he said “You can’t make her go back when you know this Give her another chance She wants to turn over a new leaf ”

“I’m going to give her the finest chance she’s ever had If she repents let her accept her punishment ”

She misunderstood the words and looked up There was a gleam of hope in her heavy eyes

“You’ll let me go?”

“No You shall sail for San Francisco on Tuesday ”

She gave a groan of horror and then burst into low, hoarse shrieks which sounded hardly human, and she beat her head passionately on the ground Dr Macphail sprang to her and lifted her up

“Come on, you mustn’t do that You’d better go to your room and lie down I’ll get you something ”

He raised her to her feet and partly dragging her, partly carrying her, got her downstairs He was furious with Mrs Davidson and with his wife because they made no effort to help The half caste was standing on the landing and with his assistance he managed to get her on the bed She was moaning and crying She was almost insensible He gave her a hypodermic injection He was hot and exhausted when he went upstairs again

“I’ve got her to lie down ”

The two women and Davidson were in the same positions as when he had left them They could not have moved or spoken since he went

“I was waiting for you,” said Davidson, in a strange, distant voice “I want you all to pray with me for the soul of our erring sister ”

He took the Bible off a shelf, and sat down at the table at which they had supped It had not been cleared, and he pushed the tea-pot out of the way In a powerful voice, resonant and deep, he read to them the

chapter in which is narrated the meeting of Jesus Christ with the woman taken in adultery Then he closed the book and went down on his knees

"Now kneel with me and let us pray for the soul of our dear sister, Sadie Thompson"

He burst into a long, passionate prayer in which he implored God to have mercy on the sinful woman Mrs Macphail and Mrs Davidson knelt with covered eyes The doctor, taken by surprise, awkward and sheepish, knelt too The missionary's prayer had a savage eloquence He was extraordinarily moved, and as he spoke the tears ran down his cheeks Outside, the pitiless rain fell, fell steadily, with a fierce malignity that was all too human

At last he stopped He paused for a moment and said

"We will now repeat the Lord's prayer"

They said it and then, following him, they rose from their knees Mrs Davidson's face was pale and restful She was comforted and at peace, but the Macphails felt suddenly bashful They did not know which way to look

"I'll just go down and see how she is now," said Dr Macphail

When he knocked at her door it was opened for him by Horn Miss Thompson was in a rocking chair, sobbing quietly

"What are you doing there?" exclaimed Macphail "I told you to lie down"

"I can't lie down I want to see Mr Davidson"

"My poor child, what do you think is the good of it? You'll never move him"

"He said he'd come if I sent for him"

Macphail motioned to the trader

"Go and fetch him"

He waited with her in silence while the trader went upstairs Davidson came in

"Excuse me for asking you to come here," she said, looking at him somberly

"I was expecting you to send for me I knew the Lord would answer my prayer"

They stared at one another for a moment and then she looked away She kept her eyes averted when she spoke

"I've been a bad woman I want to repent"

"Thank God! thank God! He has heard our prayers"

He turned to the two men

"Leave me alone with her Tell Mrs Davidson that our prayers have been answered"

They went out and closed the door behind them

"Gee whizz," said the trader

That night Dr Macphail could not get to sleep till late, and when he

heard the missionary come upstairs he looked at his watch It was two o'clock But even then he did not go to bed at once, for through the wooden partition that separated their rooms he heard him praying aloud, till he himself, exhausted, fell asleep

When he saw him next morning he was surprised at his appearance He was paler than ever, tired, but his eyes shone with an inhuman fire It looked as though he were filled with an overwhelming joy

"I want you to go down presently and see Sadie," he said, "I can't hope that her body is better, but her soul—her soul is transformed"

The doctor was feeling wan and nervous

"You were with her very late last night," he said

"Yes, she couldn't bear to have me leave her"

"You look as pleased as Punch," the doctor said irritably

Davidson's eyes shone with ecstasy

"A great mercy has been vouchsafed me Last night I was privileged to bring a lost soul to the loving arms of Jesus"

Miss Thompson was again in the rocking-chair The bed had not been made The room was in disorder She had not troubled to dress herself, but wore a dirty dressing gown, and her hair was tied in a sluttish knot She had given her face a dab with a wet towel, but it was all swollen and creased with crying She looked a drab

She raised her eyes dully when the doctor came in She was cowed and broken

"Where's Mr Davidson?" she asked

"He'll come presently if you want him," answered Macphail acidly "I came here to see how you were"

"Oh, I guess I'm O K You needn't worry about that"

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Horn brought me some coffee"

She looked anxiously at the door

"D'you think he'll come down soon? I feel as if it wasn't so terrible when he's with me"

"Are you still going on Tuesday?"

"Yes, he says I've got to go Please tell him to come right along You can't do me any good He's the only one as can help me now"

"Very well," said Dr Macphail

During the next three days the missionary spent almost all his time with Sadie Thompson He joined the others only to have his meals Dr Macphail noticed that he hardly ate

"He's wearing himself out," said Mrs Davidson pitifully "He'll have a breakdown if he doesn't take care, but he won't spare himself"

She herself was white and pale She told Mrs Macphail that she had no sleep When the missionary came upstairs from Miss Thompson he prayed till he was exhausted, but even then he did not sleep for long

After an hour or two he got up and dressed himself, and went for a tramp along the bay He had strange dreams

"This morning he told me that he'd been dreaming about the mountains of Nebraska," said Mrs Davidson

"That's curious," said Dr Macphail

He remembered seeing them from the windows of the train when he crossed America They were like huge mole hills, rounded and smooth, and they rose from the plain abruptly Dr Macphail remembered how it struck him that they were like a woman's breasts

Davidson's restlessness was intolerable even to himself But he was buoyed up by a wonderful exhilaration He was tearing out by the roots the last vestiges of sin that lurked in the hidden corners of that poor woman's heart He read with her and prayed with her

"It's wonderful," he said to them one day at supper "It's a true rebirth Her soul, which was black as night, is now pure and white like the new fallen snow I am humble and afraid Her remorse for all her sins is beautiful I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment "

"Have you the heart to send her back to San Francisco?" said the doctor "Three years in an American prison I should have thought you might have saved her from that "

"Ah, but don't you see? It's necessary Do you think my heart doesn't bleed for her? I love her as I love my wife and my sister All the time that she is in prison I shall suffer all the pain that she suffers "

"Bunkum," cried the doctor impatiently

"You don't understand because you're blind She's sinned, and she must suffer I know what she'll endure She'll be starved and tortured and humiliated I want her to accept the punishment of man as a sacrifice to God I want her to accept it joyfully She has an opportunity which is offered to very few of us God is very good and very merciful "

Davidson's voice trembled with excitement He could hardly articulate the words that tumbled passionately from his lips

"All day I pray with her and when I leave her I pray again, I pray with all my might and main, so that Jesus may grant her this great mercy I want to put in her heart the passionate desire to be punished so that at the end, even if I offered to let her go, she would refuse I want her to feel that the bitter punishment of prison is the thank-offering that she places at the feet of our Blessed Lord, who gave his life for her "

The days passed slowly The whole household, intent on the wretched, tortured woman downstairs, lived in a state of unnatural excitement She was like a victim that was being prepared for the savage rites of a bloody idolatry Her terror numbed her She could not bear to let Davidson out of her sight, it was only when he was with her that she had courage, and she hung upon him with a slavish dependence She cried a great deal, and she read the Bible, and prayed Sometimes she was ex-

hausted and apathetic. Then she did indeed look forward to her ordeal, for it seemed to offer an escape, direct and concrete, from the anguish she was enduring. She could not bear much longer the vague terrors which now assailed her. With her sins she had put aside all personal vanity, and she slopped about her room, unkempt and dishevelled, in her tawdry dressing gown. She had not taken off her night dress for four days, nor put on stockings. Her room was littered and untidy. Meanwhile the rain fell with a cruel persistence. You felt that the heavens must at last be empty of water, but still it poured down, straight and heavy, with a maddening iteration, on the iron roof. Everything was damp and clammy. There was mildew on the walls and on the boots that stood on the floor. Through the sleepless nights the mosquitoes droned their angry chant.

"If it would only stop raining for a single day it wouldn't be so bad," said Dr. Macphail.

They all looked forward to the Tuesday when the boat for San Francisco was to arrive from Sydney. The strain was intolerable. So far as Dr. Macphail was concerned, his pity and his resentment were alike extinguished by his desire to be rid of the unfortunate woman. The inevitable must be accepted. He felt he would breathe more freely when the ship had sailed. Sadie Thompson was to be escorted on board by a clerk in the governor's office. This person called on the Monday evening and told Miss Thompson to be prepared at eleven in the morning. Davidson was with her.

"I'll see that everything is ready. I mean to come on board with her myself."

Miss Thompson did not speak.

When Dr. Macphail blew out his candle and crawled cautiously under his mosquito curtains, he gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, thank God that's over. By this time to-morrow she'll be gone."

"Mrs. Davidson will be glad too. She says he's wearing himself to a shadow," said Mrs. Macphail. "She's a different woman."

"Who?"

"Sadie. I should never have thought it possible. It makes one humble."

Dr. Macphail did not answer, and presently he fell asleep. He was tired out, and he slept more soundly than usual.

He was awakened in the morning by a hand placed on his arm, and, starting up, saw Horn by the side of his bed. The trader put his finger on his mouth to prevent any exclamation from Dr. Macphail and beckoned to him to come. As a rule he wore shabby ducks, but now he was barefoot and wore only the *lava lava* of the natives. He looked suddenly savage, and Dr. Macphail, getting out of bed, saw that he was heavily tattooed. Horn made him a sign to come on to the verandah. Dr. Macphail got out of bed and followed the trader out.

"Don't make a noise," he whispered. "You're wanted. Put on a coat and some shoes. Quick."

Dr Macphail's first thought was that something had happened to Miss Thompson

"What is it? Shall I bring my instruments?"

"Hurry, please, hurry"

Dr Macphail crept back into the bedroom, put on a waterproof over his pyjamas, and a pair of rubber soled shoes. He rejoined the trader, and together they tiptoed down the stairs. The door leading out to the road was open and at it were standing half a dozen natives.

"What is it?" repeated the doctor

"Come along with me," said Horn

He walked out and the doctor followed him. The natives came after them in a little bunch. They crossed the road and came on to the beach. The doctor saw a group of natives standing round some object at the water's edge. They hurried along, a couple of dozen yards perhaps, and the natives opened out as the doctor came up. The trader pushed him forwards. Then he saw, lying half in the water and half out, a dreadful object, the body of Davidson. Dr Macphail bent down — he was not a man to lose his head in an emergency — and turned the body over. The throat was cut from ear to ear, and in the right hand was still the razor with which the deed was done.

"He's quite cold," said the doctor. "He must have been dead some time."

"One of the boys saw him lying there on his way to work just now and came and told me. Do you think he did it himself?"

"Yes. Someone ought to go for the police."

Horn said something in the native tongue, and two youths started off.

"We must leave him here till they come," said the doctor.

"They mustn't take him into my house. I won't have him in my house."

"You'll do what the authorities say," replied the doctor sharply. "In point of fact I expect they'll take him to the mortuary."

They stood waiting where they were. The trader took a cigarette from a fold in his *lava-lava* and gave one to Dr Macphail. They smoked while they stared at the corpse. Dr Macphail could not understand.

"Why do you think he did it?" asked Horn.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. In a little while native police came along, under the charge of a marine, with a stretcher, and immediately afterwards a couple of naval officers and a naval doctor. They managed everything in a businesslike manner.

"What about the wife?" said one of the officers.

"Now that you've come I'll go back to the house and get some things on. I'll see that it's broken to her. She'd better not see him till he's been fixed up a little."

"I guess that's right," said the naval doctor.

When Dr Macphail went back he found his wife nearly dressed

"Mrs Davidson's in a dreadful state about her husband," she said to him as soon as he appeared "He hasn't been to bed all night She heard him leave Miss Thompson's room at two, but he went out If he's been walking about since then he'll be absolutely dead "

Dr Macphail told her what had happened and asked her to break the news to Mrs Davidson

"But why did he do it?" she asked, horror stricken

"I don't know "

"But I can't I can't "

"You must "

She gave him a frightened look and went out He heard her go into Mrs Davidson's room He waited a minute to gather himself together and then began to shave and wash When he was dressed he sat down on the bed and waited for his wife At last she came

"She wants to see him," she said

"They've taken him to the mortuary We'd better go down with her How did she take it?"

"I think she's stunned She didn't cry But she's trembling like a leaf "

"We'd better go at once "

When they knocked at her door Mrs Davidson came out She was very pale, but dry eyed To the doctor she seemed unnaturally composed No word was exchanged, and they set out in silence down the road When they arrived at the mortuary Mrs Davidson spoke

"Let me go in and see him alone "

They stood aside A native opened a door for her and closed it behind her They sat down and waited One or two white men came and talked to them in undertones Dr Macphail told them again what he knew of the tragedy At last the door was quietly opened and Mrs Davidson came out Silence fell upon them

"I'm ready to go back now," she said

Her voice was hard and steady Dr Macphail could not understand the look in her eyes Her pale face was very stern They walked back slowly, never saying a word, and at last they came round the bend on the other side of which stood their house Mrs Davidson gave a gasp, and for a moment they stopped still An incredible sound assaulted their ears The gramophone which had been silent for so long was playing, playing ragtime loud and harsh

"What's that?" cried Mrs Macphail with horror

"Let's go on," said Mrs Davidson

They walked up the steps and entered the hall Miss Thompson was standing at her door, chatting with a sailor A sudden change had taken place in her She was no longer the cowed drudge of the last days She was dressed in all her finery, in her white dress, with the high shiny boots

over which her fat legs bulged in their cotton stockings, her hair was elaborately arranged, and she wore that enormous hat covered with gaudy flowers Her face was painted, her eyebrows were boldly black, and her lips were scarlet She held herself erect She was the flaunting quean that they had known at first As they came in she broke into a loud, jeering laugh, and then, when Mrs Davidson involuntarily stopped, she collected the spittle in her mouth and spat Mrs Davidson cowered back, and two red spots rose suddenly to her cheeks Then, covering her face with her hands, she broke away and ran quickly up the stairs Dr Macphail was outraged He pushed past the woman into her room

“What the devil are you doing?” he cried “Stop that damned machine ”

He went up to it and tore the record off She turned on him

“Say, doc, you can that stuff with me What the hell are you doin’ in my room?”

“What do you mean?” he cried “What d’you mean?”

She gathered herself together No one could describe the scorn of her expression or the contemptuous hatred she put into her answer

“You men! You filthy, dirty pigs! You’re all the same, all of you Pigs! Pigs!”

Dr Macphail gasped He understood

JOHN GALSWORTHY

(1867-)

JOHN GALSWORTHY was born at Coombe Surrey, in 1867. He was educated first at Harrow and later at Oxford. He graduated in 1889 and the next year he was called to the bar. At law he practised almost not at all and left London in order to travel. In 1899 he published his first novel *Jocelyn*. As novelist, essayist, dramatist and writer of short stories he has occupied an important position in contemporary English letters.

Few of Galsworthy's stories are of finer texture than *The Apple Tree*, a short novel of extraordinary charm. It first appeared in *Five Tales*. It is here reprinted from that volume and from the collected stories in *Caravan* copyright 1918 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and by William Heinemann Ltd. London 1918 by permission of the publishers.

THE APPLE-TREE

“The Apple tree, the singing, and the gold”

MURRAY'S *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*

ON THEIR silver wedding day Ashurst and his wife were motoring along the outskirts of the moor, intending to crown the festival by stopping the night at Torquay, where they had first met. This was the idea of Stella Ashurst, whose character contained a streak of sentiment. If she had long lost the blue-eyed, flower-like charm, the cool slim purity of face and form, the apple-blossom colouring, which had so swiftly and so oddly affected Ashurst twenty-six years ago, she was still at forty-three a comely and faithful companion, whose cheeks were faintly mottled, and whose grey-blue eyes had acquired a certain fullness.

It was she who had stopped the car where the common rose steeply to the left, and a narrow strip of larch and beech, with here and there a pine, stretched out towards the valley between the road and the first long high hill of the full moor. She was looking for a place where they might lunch, for Ashurst never looked for anything, and this, between the golden furze and the feathery green larches smelling of lemons in the last sun of April — this, with a view into the deep valley and up to the long moor heights, seemed fitting to the decisive nature of one who sketched in water colours, and loved romantic spots. Grasping her paint box, she got out

“Won't this do, Frank?”

Ashurst, rather like a bearded Schiller, grey in the wings, tall, long leg-

ged, with large remote grey eyes which sometimes filled with meaning and became almost beautiful, with nose a little to one side, and bearded lips just open — Ashurst, forty eight, and silent, grasped the luncheon basket, and got out too

“Oh! Look, Frank! A grave!”

By the side of the road, where the track from the top of the common crossed it at right angles and ran through a gate past the narrow wood, was a thin mound of turf, six feet by one, with a moorstone to the west, and on it someone had thrown a blackthorn spray and a handful of blue bells Ashurst looked, and the poet in him moved At cross roads — a suicide's grave! Poor mortals with their superstitions! Whoever lay there, though, had the best of it, no clammy sepulchre among other hideous graves carved with futilities — just a rough stone, the wide sky, and wayside blessings! And, without comment, for he had learned not to be a philosopher in the bosom of his family, he strode away up on to the common, dropped the luncheon basket under a wall, spread a rug for his wife to sit on — she would turn up from her sketching when she was hungry — and took from his pocket Murray's translation of the “*Hippolytus*” He had soon finished reading of “*The Cyprian*” and her revenge, and looked at the sky instead And watching the white clouds so bright against the intense blue, Ashurst, on his silver wedding day, longed for — he knew not what Mal adjusted to life — man's organism! One's mode of life might be high and scrupulous, but there was always an undercurrent of greediness, a hankering, and sense of waste Did women have it too? Who could tell? And yet, men who gave vent to their appetites for novelty, their riotous longings for new adventures, new risks, new pleasures, these suffered, no doubt, from the reverse side of starvation, from surfeit No getting out of it — a mal adjusted animal, civilised man! There could be no garden of his choosing, of “the Apple tree, the singing, and the gold,” in the words of that lovely Greek chorus, no achievable elysium in life, or lasting haven of happiness for any man with a sense of beauty — nothing which could compare with the captured loveliness in a work of art, set down for ever, so that to look on it or read was always to have the same precious sense of exaltation and restful inebriety Life no doubt had moments with that quality of beauty, of unbidden flying rapture, but the trouble was, they lasted no longer than the span of a cloud's flight over the sun, impossible to keep them with you, as Art caught beauty and held it fast They were fleeting as one of the glimmering or golden visions one had of the soul in nature, glimpses of its remote and brooding spirit Here, with the sun hot on his face, a cuckoo calling from a thorn tree, and in the air the honey savour of gorse — here among the little fronds of the young fern, the starry blackthorn, while the bright clouds drifted by high above the hills and dreamy valleys — here and now was such a glimpse But in a moment it would

pass — as the face of Pan, which looks round the corner of a rock, vanishes at your stare And suddenly he sat up Surely there was something familiar about this view, this bit of common, that ribbon of road, the old wall behind him While they were driving he had not been taking notice — never did, thinking of far things or of nothing — but now he saw! Twenty six years ago, just at this time of year, from the farmhouse within half a mile of this very spot he had started for that day in Torquay whence it might be said he had never returned And a sudden ache beset his heart, he had stumbled on just one of those past moments in his life, whose beauty and rapture he had failed to arrest, whose wings had fluttered away into the unknown, he had stumbled on a buried memory, a wild sweet time, swiftly choked and ended And, turning on his face, he rested his chin on his hands, and stared at the short grass where the little blue milkwort was growing

And this is what he remembered

I

On the first of May, after their last year together at college, Frank Ashurst and his friend Robert Garton were on a tramp They had walked that day from Brent, intending to make Chagford, but Ashurst's football knee had given out, and according to their map they had still some seven miles to go They were sitting on a bank beside the road, where a track crossed alongside a wood, resting the knee and talking of the universe, as young men will Both were over six feet, and thin as rails, Ashurst pale, idealistic, full of absence, Garton queer, round the corner, knotted, curly, like some primeval beast Both had a literary bent, neither wore a hat Ashurst's hair was smooth, pale, wavy, and had a way of rising on either side of his brow, as if always being flung back, Garton's was a kind of dark unfathomed mop They had not met a soul for miles

"My dear fellow," Garton was saying, "pity's only an effect of self consciousness, it's a disease of the last five thousand years The world was happier without"

Ashurst, following the clouds with his eyes, answered

"It's the pearl in the oyster, anyway"

"My dear chap, all our modern unhappiness comes from pity Look at animals, and Red Indians, limited to feeling their own occasional misfortunes, then look at ourselves — never free from feeling the toothaches of others Let's get back to feeling for nobody, and have a better time"

"You'll never practise that"

↳ Garton pensively stirred the hotch potch of his hair
 "To attain full growth, one mustn't be squeamish To starve oneself emotionally's a mistake All emotion is to the good — enriches life")

"Yes, and when it runs up against chivalry?"

"Ah! That's so English! If you speak of emotion the English always think you want something physical, and are shocked. They're afraid of passion, but not of lust — oh, no! — so long as they can keep it secret."

Ashurst did not answer, he had plucked a blue floweret, and was twiddling it against the sky. A cuckoo began calling from a thorn tree. The sky, the flowers, the songs of birds! Robert was talking through his hat! And he said

"Well, let's go on, and find some farm where we can put up." In uttering those words, he was conscious of a girl coming down from the common just above them. She was outlined against the sky, carrying a basket, and you could see that sky through the crook of her arm. And Ashurst, who saw beauty without wondering how it could advantage him, thought "How pretty!" The wind, blowing her dark frieze skirt against her legs, lifted her battered peacock tam o' shanter, her greyish blouse was worn and old, her shoes were split, her little hands rough and red, her neck browned. Her dark hair waved untidy across her broad forehead, her face was short, her upper lip short, showing a glint of teeth, her brows were straight and dark, her lashes long and dark, her nose straight, but her grey eyes were the wonder — dewy as if opened for the first time that day. She looked at Ashurst — perhaps he struck her as strange, limping along without a hat, with his large eyes on her, and his hair flung back. He could not take off what was not on his head, but put up his hand in a salute, and said

"Can you tell us if there's a farm near here where we could stay the night? I've gone lame."

"There's only our farm near, sir." She spoke without shyness, in a pretty, soft, crisp voice.

"And where is that?"

"Down here, sir."

"Would you put us up?"

"Oh! I think we would."

"Will you show us the way?"

"Yes, sir."

He limped on, silent, and Garton took up the catechism.

"Are you a Devonshire girl?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"From Wales."

"Ah! I *thought* you were a Celt, so it's not your farm?"

"My aunt's, sir."

"And your uncle's?"

"He is dead."

"Who farms it, then?"

"My aunt, and my three cousins."

“But your uncle was a Devonshire man?”

“Yes, sir ”

“Have you lived here long?”

“Seven years ”

“And how d’you like it after Wales?”

“I don’t know, sir ”

“I suppose you don’t remember?”

“Oh, yes! But it is different ”

“I believe you!”

Ashurst broke in suddenly

“How old are you?”

“Seventeen, sir ”

“And what’s your name?”

“Megan David ”

“This is Robert Garton, and I am Frank Ashurst We wanted to get on to Chagford ”

“It is a pity your leg is hurting you ”

Ashurst smiled, and when he smiled his face was rather beautiful

Descending past the narrow wood, they came on the farm suddenly — a long, low, stone built dwelling with casement windows, in a farmyard where pigs and fowls and an old mare were straying A short steep-up grass hill behind was crowned with a few Scotch firs, and in front, an old orchard of apple trees, just breaking into flower, stretched down to a stream and a long wild meadow A little boy with oblique dark eyes was shepherding a pig, and by the house door stood a woman, who came towards them The girl said

“It is Mrs Narracombe, my aunt ”

“Mrs Narracombe, my aunt,” had a quick, dark eye, like a mother wild duck’s, and something of the same snaky turn about her neck

“We met your niece on the road,” said Ashurst, “she thought you might perhaps put us up for the night ”

Mrs Narracombe, taking them in from head to heel, answered

“Well, I can, if you don’t mind one room Megan, get the spare room ready, and a bowl of cream You’ll be wanting tea, I suppose ”

Passing through a sort of porch made by two yew trees and some flowering currant bushes, the girl disappeared into the house, her peacock tam o’ shanter bright athwart that rosy pink and the dark green of the yews

“Will you come into the parlour and rest your leg? You’ll be from college, perhaps?”

“We were, but we’ve gone down now ”

Mrs Narracombe nodded sagely

The parlour, brick floored, with bare table and shiny chairs and sofa stuffed with horsehair, seemed never to have been used, it was so terribly

clean Ashurst sat down at once on the sofa, holding his lame knee between his hands, and Mrs Narracombe gazed at him. He was the only son of a late professor of chemistry, but people found a certain lordliness in one who was often so sublimely unconscious of them.

"Is there a stream where we could bathe?"

"There's the strame at the bottom of the orchard, but sittin' down you'll not be covered!"

"How deep?"

"Well, 'tis about a foot and a half, maybe."

"Oh! That'll do fine. Which way?"

"Down the lane, through the second gate on the right, an' the pool's by the big apple tree that stands by itself. There's trout there, if you can tickle them."

"They're more likely to tickle us!"

Mrs Narracombe smiled. "There'll be the tea ready when you come back."

The pool, formed by the damming of a rock, had a sandy bottom and the big apple tree, lowest in the orchard, grew so close that its boughs almost overhung the water, it was in leaf, and all but in flower — its crimson buds just bursting. There was not room for more than one at a time in that narrow bath, and Ashurst waited his turn, rubbing his knee and gazing at the wild meadow, all rocks and thorn trees and field flowers, with a grove of beeches beyond, raised up on a flat mound. Every bough was swinging in the wind, every spring bird calling, and a slanting sunlight dappled the grass. He thought of Theocritus, and the river Cherwell, of the moon, and the maiden with the dewy eyes, of so many things that he seemed to think of nothing, and he felt absurdly happy.

2

During a late and sumptuous tea with eggs to it, cream and jam, and thin, fresh cakes touched with saffron, Garton descanted on the Celts. It was about the period of the Celtic awakening, and the discovery that there was Celtic blood about this family had excited one who believed that he was a Celt himself. Sprawling on a horsehair chair, with a hand-made cigarette dribbling from the corner of his curly lips, he had been plunging his cold pin-points of eyes into Ashurst's and praising the refinement of the Welsh. To come out of Wales into England was like the change from china to earthenware! Frank, as a d——d Englishman, had not of course perceived the exquisite refinement and emotional capacity of that Welsh girl! And, delicately stirring in the dark mat of his still wet hair, he explained how exactly she illustrated the writings of the Welsh bard Morgan ap-Something in the twelfth century.

Ashurst, full length on the horsehair sofa, and jutting far beyond its

end, smoked a deeply coloured pipe, and did not listen, thinking of the girl's face when she brought in a relay of cakes. It had been exactly like looking at a flower, or some other pretty sight in Nature — till, with a funny little shiver, she had lowered her glance and gone out, quiet as a mouse.

“Let's go to the kitchen,” said Garton, “and see some more of her.”

The kitchen was a white washed room with rafters, to which were attached smoked hams, there were flower pots on the window sill, and guns hanging on nails, queer mugs, china and pewter, and portraits of Queen Victoria. A long, narrow table of plain wood was set with bowls and spoons, under a string of high hung onions, two sheep dogs and three cats lay here and there. On one side of the recessed fireplace sat two small boys, idle, and good as gold, on the other sat a stout, light eyed, red faced youth with hair and lashes the colour of the tow he was running through the barrel of a gun, between them Mrs Narracombe dreamily stirred some savoury scented stew in a large pot. Two other youths, oblique eyed, dark haired, rather sly faced, like the two little boys, were talking together and lolling against the wall, and a short, elderly, clean-shaven man in corduroys, seated in the window, was conning a battered journal. The girl Megan seemed the only active creature — drawing cider and passing with the jugs from cask to table. Seeing them thus about to eat, Garton said

“Ah! If you'll let us, we'll come back when supper's over,” and without waiting for an answer they withdrew again to the parlour. But the colour in the kitchen, the warmth, the scents, and all those faces, heightened the bleakness of their shuny room, and they resumed their seats moodily.

“Regular gipsy type, those boys. There was only one Saxon — the fellow cleaning the gun. That girl is a very subtle study psychologically.”

Ashurst's lips twitched. Garton seemed to him an ass just then. Subtle study! She was a wild flower. A creature it did you good to look at. Study!

Garton went on

“Emotionally she would be wonderful. She wants awakening.”

“Are you going to awaken her?”

Garton looked at him and smiled. ‘How coarse and English you are!’ that curly smile seemed saying

And Ashurst puffed his pipe. Awaken her! This fool had the best opinion of himself! He threw up the window and leaned out. Dusk had gathered thick. The farm buildings and the wheel house were all dim and bluish, the apple trees but a blurred wilderness, the air smelled of wood smoke from the kitchen fire. One bird going to bed later than the others was uttering a half hearted twitter, as though surprised at the darkness. From the stable came the snuffle and stamp of a feeding horse. And away over there was the loom of the moor, and away and away the shy stars

which had not as yet full light, pricking white through the deep blue heavens. A quavering owl hooted. Ashurst drew a deep breath. What a night to wander out in! A padding of unshod hoofs came up the lane, and three dim, dark shapes passed — ponies on an evening march. Their heads, black and fuzzy, showed above the gate. At the tap of his pipe, and a shower of little sparks, they shied round and scampered. A bat went fluttering past, uttering its almost inaudible “chip, chip.” Ashurst held out his hand, on the upturned palm he could feel the dew. Suddenly from overhead he heard little burring boys’ voices, little thumps of boots thrown down, and another voice, crisp and soft — the girl’s putting them to bed, no doubt, and nine clear words “No, Rick, you can’t have the cat in bed”, then came a skirmish of giggles and gurgles, a soft slap, a laugh so low and pretty that it made him shiver a little. A blowing sound, and the glim of the candle which was fingering the dusk above, went out, silence reigned. Ashurst withdrew into the room and sat down, his knee pained him, and his soul felt gloomy.

“You go to the kitchen,” he said, “I’m going to bed.”

3

For Ashurst the wheel of slumber was wont to turn noiseless and slick and swift, but though he seemed sunk in sleep when his companion came up, he was really wide awake, and long after Garton, smothered in the other bed of that low roofed room, was worshipping darkness with his upturned nose, he heard the owls. Barring the discomfort of his knee, it was not unpleasant — the cares of life did not loom large in night watches for this young man. In fact he had none, just enrolled a barrister, with literary aspirations, the world before him, no father or mother, and four hundred a year of his own. Did it matter where he went, what he did, or when he did it? His bed, too, was hard, and this preserved him from fever. He lay, sniffing the scent of the night which drifted into the low room through the open casement close to his head. Except for a definite irritation with his friend, natural when you have tramped with a man for three days, Ashurst’s memories and visions that sleepless night were kindly and wistful and exciting. One vision, specially clear and unreasonable, for he had not even been conscious of noting it, was the face of the youth cleaning the gun, intent, stolid, yet startled uplook at the kitchen door way, quickly shifted to the girl carrying the cider jug. This red, blue eyed, light-lashed, tow haired face stuck as firmly in his memory as the girl’s own face, so dewy and simple. But at last, in the square of darkness through the uncurtained casement, he saw day coming, and heard one hoarse and sleepy caw. Then followed silence, dead as ever, till the song of a blackbird, not properly awake, adventured into the hush. And, from staring at the framed brightening light, Ashurst fell asleep.

Next day his knee was badly swollen, the walking tour was obviously over. Garton, due back in London on the morrow, departed at midday with an ironical smile left a scar of irritation — healed the moment his loping figure vanished round the corner of the steep lane. All day Ashurst rested his knee, in a green painted wooden chair on the patch of grass by the yew tree porch, where the sunlight distilled the scent of stocks and gillyflowers, and a ghost of scent from the flowering currant bushes. Beatifically he smoked, dreamed, watched.

A farm in spring is all birth — young things coming out of bud and shell, and human beings watching over the process with faint excitement feeding and tending what has been born. So still the young man sat, that a mother goose, with stately cross-footed waddle, brought her six yellow-necked grey-backed goslings to strop their little beaks against the grass blades at his feet. Now and again Mrs. Narracombe or the girl Megan would come and ask if he wanted anything, and he would smile and say "Nothing, thanks. It's splendid here." Towards tea-time they came out together, bearing a long poultice of some dark stuff in a bowl, and after a long and solemn scrutiny of his swollen knee, bound it on. When they were gone, he thought of the girl's soft "Oh!" — of her pitying eyes, and the little wrinkle in her brow. And again he felt that unreasoning irritation against his departed friend, who talked such rot about her. When she brought out his tea, he said

"How did you like my friend, Megan?"

She forced down her upper lip, as if afraid that to smile was not polite. "He was a funny gentleman, he made us laugh. I think he is very clever."

"What did he say to make you laugh?"

"He said I was a daughter of the bards. What are they?"

"Welsh poets, who lived hundreds of years ago."

"Why am I their daughter, please?"

"He meant that you were the sort of girl they sang about."

She wrinkled her brows. "I think he likes to joke. Am I?"

"Would you believe me, if I told you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I think he was right."

She smiled.

And Ashurst thought, "You *are* a pretty thing!"

"He said, too, that Joe was a Saxon type. What would that be?"

"Which is Joe? With the blue eyes and red face?"

"Yes. My uncle's nephew."

"Not your cousin, then?"

"No."

"Well, he meant that Joe was like the men who came over to England about fourteen hundred years ago, and conquered it."

"Oh! I know about them, but is he?"

"Garton's crazy about that sort of thing, but I must say Joe does look a bit Early Saxon "

"Yes "

That "Yes" tickled Ashurst. It was so crisp and graceful, so conclusive, and politely acquiescent in what was evidently Greek to her.

"He said that all the other boys were regular gipsies. He should not have said that. My aunt laughed, but she didn't like it, of course, and my cousins were angry. Uncle was a farmer — farmers are not gipsies. It is wrong to hurt people."

Ashurst wanted to take her hand and give it a squeeze, but he only answered

"Quite right, Megan. By the way, I heard you putting the little ones to bed last night."

She flushed a little. "Please to drink your tea — it is getting cold. Shall I get you some fresh?"

"Do you ever have time to do anything for yourself?"

"Oh, yes."

"I've been watching, but I haven't seen it yet."

She wrinkled her brows in a puzzled frown, and her colour deepened.

When she was gone, Ashurst thought, 'Did she think I was chaffing her? I wouldn't for the world!' He was at that age when to some men "Beauty's a flower," as the poet says, and inspires in them the thoughts of chivalry. Never very conscious of his surroundings, it was some time before he was aware that the youth whom Garton had called "a Saxon type" was standing outside the stable door, and a fine bit of colour he made in his soiled brown velvet cords, muddy gaiters, and blue shirt, red armed, red-faced, the sun turning his hair from tow to flax, immovably stolid, persistent, unsmiling he stood. Then, seeing Ashurst looking at him, he crossed the yard at that gait of the young countryman always ashamed not to be slow and heavy dwelling on each leg, and disappeared round the end of the house towards the kitchen entrance. A chill came over Ashurst's mood. Clods! With all the good will in the world, how impossible to get on terms with them! And yet — see that girl! Her shoes were split, her hands rough, but — what was it? Was it really her Celtic blood, as Garton had said? — she was a lady born, a jewel, though probably she could do no more than just read and write!

The elderly, clean shaven man he had seen last night in the kitchen had come into the yard with a dog, driving the cows to their milking. Ashurst saw that he was lame.

"You've got some good ones there!"

The lame man's face brightened. He had the upward look in his eyes which prolonged suffering often brings.

"Yeas, they'm praaper buties, gude milkers tu."

"I bet they are."

“’Ope as yure leg’s better, zurr ”

“Thank you, it’s getting on ”

The lame man touched his own “I know what ’tes, meself, ’tes a main worritin’ thing, the knee I’ve a ’ad mine bad this ten year ”

Ashurst made the sound of sympathy which comes so readily from those who have an independent income, and the lame man smiled again

“Mustn’t complain, though — they mighty near ’ad it off ”

“Ho!”

“Yeas, an’ compared with what ’twas, ’tes almost so gude as nu ”

“They’ve put a bandage of splendid stuff on mine ”

“The maid she picks et She’m a gude maid wi’ the flowers There’s folks zeem to know the healn’ in things My mother was a rare one for that ’Ope as yu’ll zune be better, zurr Goo ahn, ther!”

Ashurst smiled “Wi’ the flowers!” A flower herself

That evening, after his supper of cold duck, junket, and cider, the girl came in

“Please, auntie says — will you try a piece of our Mayday cake?”

“If I may come to the kitchen for it ”

“Oh, yes! You’ll be missing your friend ”

“Not I But are you sure no one minds?”

“Who would mind? We shall be very pleased ”

Ashurst rose too suddenly for his stiff knee, staggered, and subsided The girl gave a little gasp, and held out her hands Ashurst took them, small, rough, brown, checked his impulse to put them to his lips, and let her pull him up She came close beside him, offering her shoulder And leaning on her he walked across the room That shoulder seemed quite the pleasantest thing he had ever touched But he had presence of mind enough to catch his stick out of the rack, and withdraw his hand before arriving at the kitchen

That night he slept like a top, and woke with his knee of almost normal size He again spent the morning in his chair on the grass patch, scribbling down verses, but in the afternoon he wandered about with the two little boys Nick and Rick It was Saturday, so they were early home from school, quick, shy, dark little rascals of seven and six, soon talkative, for Ashurst had a way with children By four o’clock they had shown him all their methods of destroying life, except the tickling of trout, and with breeches tucked up, lay on their stomachs over the trout stream, pretending they had this accomplishment also They tickled nothing, of course, for their giggling and shouting scared every spotted thing away Ashurst, on a rock at the edge of the beech clump, watched them, and listened to the cuckoos, till Nick, the elder and less persevering, came up and stood beside him

“The gipsy bogle zets on that stone,” he said

“What gipsy bogle?”

"Dunno, never zeen 'e Megan zays 'e zets there, an' old Jim zeed 'e once 'E was zettin' there naight afore our pony kicked in father's 'ead 'E plays the viddle"

"What tune does he play?"

"Dunno"

"What's he like?"

"'E's black Old Jim zays 'e's all over 'air 'E's a praaper bogle 'E don' come only at naight" The little boy's oblique dark eyes slid round "Dy'u think 'e might want to take me away? Megan's feared of 'e"

"Has she seen him?"

"No She's not afeared o' yu"

"I should think not Why should she be?"

"She zays a prayer for yu"

"How do you know that, you little rascal?"

"When I was asleep, she said 'God bless us all, an' Mr Ashes' I yeard 'er whisperin'"

"You're a little ruffian to tell what you hear when you're not meant to hear it!"

The little boy was silent Then he said aggressively

"I can skin rabbets Megan, she can't bear skinnin' 'em I like blood"

"Oh! you do, you little monster!"

"What's that?"

"A creature that likes hurting others"

The little boy scowled "They'm only dead rabbets, what us eats"

"Quite right, Nick I beg your pardon"

"I can skin frogs, tu"

But Ashurst had become absent "God bless us all, and Mr Ashes!" And puzzled by that sudden inaccessibility, Nick ran back to the stream where the giggling and shouts again uprose at once

When Megan brought his tea, he said

"What's the gipsy bogle, Megan?"

She looked up, startled

"He brings bad things"

"Surely you don't believe in ghosts?"

"I hope I will never see him"

"Of course you won't There aren't such things What old Jim saw was a pony"

"No! There are bogles in the rocks, they are the men who lived long ago"

"They aren't gipsies, anyway, those old men were dead long before gipsies came"

She said simply "They are all bad"

"Why? If there are any, they're only wild, like the rabbets The flowers aren't bad for being wild, the thorn trees were never planted — and you

don't mind them I shall go down at night and look for your bogle, and have a talk with him "

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! I shall go and sit on his rock "

She clasped her hands together "Oh, please!"

"Why! What does it matter if anything happens to me?"

She did not answer, and in a sort of pet he added

"Well, I daresay I shan't see him, because I suppose I must be off soon "

"Soon?"

"Your aunt won't want to keep me here "

"Oh, yes! We always let lodgings in summer "

Fixing his eyes on her face, he asked

"Would you like me to stay?"

"Yes "

"I'm going to say a prayer for *you* to night!"

She flushed crimson, frowned, and went out of the room He sat cursing himself, till his tea was stewed It was as if he had hacked with his thick boots at a clump of bluebells Why had he said such a silly thing? Was he just a towney college ass like Robert Garton, as far from understanding this girl?

4

Ashurst spent the next week confirming the restoration of his leg, by exploration of the country within easy reach Spring was a revelation to him this year In a kind of intoxication he would watch the pink white buds of some backward beech tree sprayed up in the sunlight against the deep blue sky, or the trunks and limbs of the few Scotch firs, tawny in violent light, or again on the moor, the gale-bent larches which had such a look of life when the wind streamed in their young green, above the rusty black underboughs Or he would lie on the banks, gazing at the clusters of dog violets, or up in the dead bracken, fingering the pink, transparent buds of the dewberry, while the cuckoos called and yaffles laughed, or a lark, from very high, dripped its beads of song It was certainly different from any spring he had ever known, for spring was within him, not without In the daytime he hardly saw the family, and when Megan brought in his meals she always seemed too busy in the house or among the young things in the yard to stay talking long But in the evenings he installed himself in the window seat in the kitchen, smoking and chatting with the lame man Jim, or Mrs Narracombe, while the girl sewed, or moved about, clearing the supper things away And sometimes with the sensation a cat must feel when it purrs, he would become conscious that Megan's eyes — those dew grey eyes — were fixed on him with a sort of lingering soft look which was strangely flattering

It was on Sunday week in the evening, when he was lying in the orchard listening to a blackbird and composing a love poem, that he heard the gate swing to, and saw the girl come running among the trees, with the red cheeked, stolid Joe in swift pursuit. About twenty yards away the chase ended, and the two stood fronting each other, not noticing the stranger in the grass — the boy pressing on, the girl fending him off. Ashurst could see her face, angry, disturbed, and the youth's — who would have thought that red-faced yokel could look so distraught! And painfully affected by that sight, he jumped up. They saw him then. Megan dropped her hands, and shrank behind a tree trunk, the boy gave an angry grunt, rushed at the bank, scrambled over and vanished. Ashurst went slowly up to her. She was standing quite still, biting her lip — very pretty, with her fine, dark hair blown loose about her face, and her eyes cast down.

“I beg your pardon,” he said.”

She gave him one upward look, from eyes much dilated, then, catching her breath, turned away. Ashurst followed.

“Megan!”

But she went on, and taking hold of her arm, he turned her gently round to him.

“Stop and speak to me.”

“Why do you beg my pardon? It is not to me you should do that.”

“Well, then, to Joe.”

“How dare he come after me?”

“In love with you, I suppose.”

She stamped her foot.

Ashurst uttered a short laugh. “Would you like me to punch his head?”

She cried with sudden passion.

“You laugh at me — you laugh at us!”

He caught hold of her hands, but she shrank back, till her passionate little face and loose dark hair were caught among the pink clusters of the apple blossom. Ashurst raised one of her imprisoned hands and put his lips to it. He felt how chivalrous he was, and superior to that clod Joe — just brushing that small, rough hand with his mouth! Her shrinking ceased suddenly, she seemed to tremble towards him. A sweet warmth overtook Ashurst from top to toe. This slim maiden, so simple and fine and pretty, was pleased, then, at the touch of his lips! And, yielding to a swift impulse, he put his arms round her, pressed her to him, and kissed her forehead. Then he was frightened — she went so pale, closing her eyes, so that the long dark lashes lay on her pale cheeks, her hands, too, lay inert at her sides. The touch of her breast sent a shiver through him. “Megan!” he sighed out, and let her go. In the utter silence a blackbird shouted. Then the girl seized his hand, put it to her cheek, her heart, her lips, kissed it passionately, and fled away among the mossy trunks of the apple trees, till they hid her from him.

Ashurst sat down on a twisted old tree growing almost along the ground, and, all throbbing and bewildered, gazed vacantly at the blossom which had crowned her hair — those pink buds with one white open apple star. What had he done? How had he let himself be thus stampeded by beauty — or — just the spring! He felt curiously happy, all the same, happy and triumphant, with shivers running through his limbs, and a vague alarm. This was the beginning of — what? The midges bit him, the dancing gnats tried to fly into his mouth, and all the spring around him seemed to grow more lovely and alive, the songs of the cuckoos and the blackbirds, the laughter of the yaffles, the level-slanting sunlight, the apple blossom which had crowned her head — 'He got up from the old trunk and strode out of the orchard, wanting space, an open sky, to get on terms with these new sensations. He made for the moor, and from an ash tree in the hedge a magpie flew out to herald him.

Of man — at any age from five years on — who can say he has never been in love? Ashurst had loved his partners at his dancing class, loved his nursery governess, girls in school holidays, perhaps never been quite out of love, cherishing always some more or less remote admiration. But this was different, not remote at all. Quite a new sensation, terribly delightful, bringing a sense of completed manhood. To be holding in his fingers such a wild flower, to be able to put it to his lips, and feel it tremble with delight against them! What intoxication, and — embarrassment! What to do with it — how meet her next time? His first caress had been cool, pitiful, but the next could not be, now that, by her burning little kiss on his hand, by her pressure of it to her heart, he knew that she loved him. Some natures are coarsened by love bestowed on them, others, like Ashurst's, are swayed and drawn, warmed and softened, almost exalted, by what they feel to be a sort of miracle.

And up there among the tors he was racked between the passionate desire to revel in this new sensation of spring fulfilled within him, and a vague but very real uneasiness. At one moment he gave himself up completely to his pride at having captured this pretty, trustful, dewy-eyed thing! At the next he thought with factitious solemnity 'Yes, my boy! But look out what you're doing! You know what comes of it!'

Dusk dropped down without his noticing — dusk on the carved, Assyrian looking masses of the rocks. And the voice of Nature said "This is a new world for you!" As when a man gets up at four o'clock and goes out into a summer morning, and beasts, birds, trees stare at him and he feels as if all had been made new.

He stayed up there for hours, till it grew cold, then groped his way down the stones and heather roots to the road, back into the lane, and came again past the wild meadow to the orchard. There he struck a match and looked at his watch. Nearly twelve! It was black and unstirring in there now, very different from the lingering, bird-befriended brightness of

six hours ago! And suddenly he saw this idyll of his with the eyes of the outer world — had mental vision of Mrs Narracombe's snake like neck turned, her quick dark glance taking it all in, her shrewd face hardening, saw the gipsy like cousins coarsely mocking and distrustful, Joe stolid and furious, only the lame man, Jim, with the suffering eyes, seemed tolerable to his mind. And the village pub! — the gossiping matrons he passed on his walks, and then — his own friends — Robert Garton's smile when he went off that morning ten days ago, so ironical and knowing! Disgusting! For a minute he literally hated this earthly, cynical world to which one belonged, willy nilly. The gate where he was leaning grew grey, a sort of shimmer passed before him and spread into the bluish darkness. The moon! He could just see it over the bank behind, red, nearly round — a strange moon! And turning away, he went up the lane which smelled of the night and cow-dung and young leaves. In the straw yard he could see the dark shapes of cattle, broken by the pale sickles of their horns, like so many thin moons, fallen ends up. He unlatched the farm gate stealthily. All was dark in the house. Muffling his footsteps, he gained the porch, and, blotted against one of the yew trees, looked up at Megan's window. It was open. Was she sleeping, or lying awake perhaps disturbed — unhappy at his absence? An owl hooted while he stood there peering up, and the sound seemed to fill the whole night, so quiet was all else, save for the never ending murmur of the stream running below the orchard. The cuckoos by day, and now the owls — how wonderfully they voiced this troubled ecstasy within him! And suddenly he saw her at her window, looking out. He moved a little from the yew tree, and whispered "Megan!" She drew back, vanished, reappeared, leaning far down. He stole forward on the grass patch, hit his shin against the green painted chair, and held his breath at the sound. The pale blur of her stretched down arm and face did not stir, he moved the chair, and noiselessly mounted it. By stretching up his arm he could just reach. Her hand held the huge key of the front door, and he clasped that burning hand with the cold key in it. He could just see her face, the glint of teeth between her lips, her tumbled hair. She was still dressed — poor child, sitting up for him, no doubt! "Pretty Megan!" Her hot, roughened fingers clung to his, her face had a strange, lost look. To have been able to reach it — even with his hand! The owl hooted, a scent of sweetbriar crept into his nostrils. Then one of the farm dogs barked, her grasp relaxed, she shrank back.

"Good night, Megan!"

"Good night, sir!" She was gone! With a sigh he dropped back to earth, and sitting on that chair, took off his boots. Nothing for it but to creep in and go to bed, yet for a long while he sat unmoving, his feet chilly in the dew, drunk on the memory of her lost, half smiling face, and the clinging grip of her burning fingers, pressing the cold key into his hand.

5

He awoke feeling as if he had eaten heavily overnight, instead of having eaten nothing And far off, unreal, seemed yesterday's romance! Yet it was a golden morning Full spring had burst at last — in one night the "golddecups," as the little boys called them, seemed to have made the field their own, and from his window he could see apple blossoms covering the orchard as with a rose and white quilt He went down almost dreading to see Megan, and yet, when not she but Mrs Narracombe brought in his breakfast, he felt vexed and disappointed The woman's quick eye and snaky neck seemed to have a new alacrity this morning Had she noticed?

"So you an' the moon went walkin' last night, Mr Ashurst! Did ye have your supper anywheres?"

Ashurst shook his head

"We kept it for you, but I suppose you was too busy in your brain to think o' such a thing as that?"

Was she mocking him, in that voice of hers, which still kept some Welsh crispness against the invading burr of the West Country? If she knew! And at that moment he thought 'No, no, I'll clear out I won't put myself in such a beastly false position'

But, after breakfast, the longing to see Megan began and increased with every minute, together with fear lest something should have been said to her which had spoiled everything Sinister that she had not appeared, not given him even a glimpse of her! And the love poem, whose manufacture had been so important and absorbing yesterday afternoon under the apple trees, now seemed so paltry that he tore it up and rolled it into pipe spills What had he known of love, till she seized his hand and kissed it! And now — what did he not know? But to write of it seemed mere insipidity! He went up to his bedroom to get a book, and his heart began to beat violently, for she was in there making the bed He stood in the doorway watching and suddenly, with turbulent joy, he saw her stoop and kiss his pillow, just at the hollow made by his head last night How let her know he had seen that pretty act of devotion? And yet if she heard him stealing away, it would be even worse She took the pillow up, holding it as if reluctant to shake out the impress of his cheek, dropped it, and turned round

"Megan!"

She put her hands up to her cheeks, but her eyes seemed to look right into him He had never before realised the depth and purity and touching faithfulness in those dew bright eyes, and he stammered

"It was sweet of you to wait up for me last night"

She still said nothing, and he stammered on

"I was wandering about on the moor, it was such a jolly night I — I've just come up for a book"

Then, the kiss he had seen her give the pillow afflicted him with sudden headness, and he went up to her Touching her eyes with his lips, he thought with queer excitement 'I've done it! Yesterday all was sudden — anyhow, but now — I've done it!' The girl let her forehead rest against his lips, which moved downwards till they reached hers That first real lover's kiss — strange, wonderful, still almost innocent — in which heart did it make the most disturbance?

"Come to the big apple tree to night, after they've gone to bed Megan — promise!"

She whispered back "I promise!"

Then, scared at her white face, scared at everything, he let her go, and went downstairs again Yes! he had done it now! Accepted her love, declared his own! He went out to the green chair as devoid of a book as ever, and there he sat staring vacantly before him, triumphant and remorseful, while under his nose and behind his back the work of the farm went on How long he had been sitting in that curious state of vacancy he had no notion when he saw Joe standing a little behind him to the right The youth had evidently come from hard work in the fields, and stood shifting his feet, breathing loudly, his face coloured like a setting sun, and his arms, below the rolled up sleeves of his blue shirt, showing the hue and furry sheen of ripe peaches His red lips were open, his blue eyes with their flaxen lashes stared fixedly at Ashurst, who said ironically

"Well, Joe, anything I can do for you?"

"Yeas"

"What, then?"

"Yu can goo away from yere Us don' want yu"

Ashurst's face, never too humble, assumed its most lordly look

"Very good of you, but, do you know, I prefer the others should speak for themselves"

The youth moved a pace or two nearer, and the scent of his honest heat afflicted Ashurst's nostrils

"What d'yu stay yere for?"

"Because it pleases me"

"'Twon't please yu when I've bashed yure head in!"

"Indeed! When would you like to begin that?"

Joe answered only with the loudness of his breathing, but his eyes looked like those of a young and angry bull Then a sort of spasm seemed to convulse his face

"Megan don' want yu"

A rush of jealousy, of contempt, and anger with this thick, loud breathing rustic got the better of Ashurst's self possession, he jumped up and pushed back his chair

"You can go to the devil!"

And as he said those simple words, he saw Megan in the doorway with a tiny brown spaniel puppy in her arms She came up to him quickly

"It's eyes are blue!" she said

Joe turned away, the back of his neck was literally crimson

Ashurst put his finger to the mouth of the little brown bull frog of a creature in her arms How cosy it looked against her!

"It's fond of you already Ah! Megan, everything is fond of *you* "

"What was Joe saying to you, please?"

"Telling me to go away, because you didn't want me here "

She stamped her foot, then looked up at Ashurst At that adoring look he felt his nerves quiver, just as if he had seen a moth scorching its wings

"To night!" he said "Don't forget!"

"No " And smothering her face against the puppy's little fat, brown body, she slipped back into the house

Ashurst wandered down the lane At the gate of the wild meadow he came on the lame man and his cows

"Beautiful day, Jim!"

"Ah! 'Tes brave weather for the grass The ashes be later than th' oaks this year 'When th' oak before th' ash ——'"

Ashurst said idly "Where were you standing when you saw the gipsy bogle, Jim?"

"It might be under that big apple tree, as you might say "

"And you really do think it was there?"

The lame man answered cautiously

"I shouldn't like to say rightly that 't *was* there 'Twas in my mind as 'twas there "

"What do you make of it?"

The lame man lowered his voice

"They du zay old master, Mist' Narracombe, come o' gipsy stock But that's tellin' They'm a wonderful people, yu know, for claimin' their own Maybe they knu 'e was goin', and sent this feller along for company That's what I've a-thought about it "

"What was he like?"

"'E 'ad 'air all over 'is face, an' goin' like this, he was, zame as if 'e-'ad a viddle They zay there's no such thing as bogles, but I've a zeen the 'air on this dog standin' up of a dark naight, when I couldn' zee nothin', meself "

"Was there a moon?"

"Yeas, very near full, but 'twas on'y just risen, gold-like be'nd them trees "

"And you think a ghost means trouble, do you?"

The lame man pushed his hat up, his aspiring eyes looked at Ashurst more earnestly than ever

"'Tes not for me to zay that — but 'tes they bein' so unrestin' like There's things us don' understand, that's zartin, for zure There's people that zee things, tu, an' others that don't never zee nothin' Now, our

Joe — yu might putt anything under 'is eyes an' 'e'd never see it, and them other boys, tu, they'm rattlin' fellers But yu take an' putt our Megan where there's suthin', she'll zee it, an' more tu, or I'm mistaken "

"She's sensitive, that's why "

"What's that?"

"I mean, she feels everything "

"Ah! She'm very lovin' 'earted "

Ashurst, who felt colour coming into his cheeks, held out his tobacco pouch

"Have a fill, Jim?"

"Thank 'ee, sir She'm one in an 'underd, I think "

"I expect so," said Ashurst shortly, and folding up his pouch, walked on

"Lovin' 'earted!" Yes! And what was he doing? What were his intentions — as they say — towards this loving hearted girl? The thought dogged him, wandering through fields bright with buttercups, where the little red calves were feeding, and the swallows flying high Yes, the oaks were before the ashes, brown gold already, every tree in different stage and hue The cuckoos and a thousand birds were singing, the little streams were very bright The ancients believed in a golden age, in the garden of the Hesperides! A queen wasp settled on his sleeve Each queen wasp killed meant two thousand fewer wasps to thief the apples which would grow from that blossom in the orchard, but who, with love in his heart, could kill anything on a day like this? He entered a field where a young red bull was feeding It seemed to Ashurst that he looked like Joe But the young bull took no notice of this visitor, a little drunk himself, perhaps, on the singing and the glamour of the golden pasture, under his short legs Ashurst crossed out unchallenged to the hillside above the stream From that slope a tor mounted to its crown of rocks The ground there was covered with a mist of bluebells, and nearly a score of crab apple trees were in full bloom He threw himself down on the grass The change from the buttercup glory and oak goldened glamour of the fields to this ethereal beauty under the grey tor filled him with a sort of wonder, nothing the same, save the sound of running water and the songs of the cuckoos He lay there a long time, watching the sunlight wheel till the crab-trees threw shadows over the bluebells, his only companions a few wild bees He was not quite sane, thinking of that morning's kiss, and of to night under the apple tree In such a spot as this, fauns and dryads surely lived, nymphs, white as the crab apple blossoms, retired within those trees, fauns, brown as the dead bracken, with pointed ears, lay in wait for them The cuckoos were still calling when he woke, there was the sound of running water, but the sun had couched behind the tor, the hillside was cool, and some rabbits had come out 'To night!' he thought Just as from the earth everything was pushing up, unfolding under the

soft insistent fingers of an unseen hand, so were his heart and senses being pushed, unfolded He got up and broke off a spray from a crab apple tree The buds were like Megan — shell like, rose pink, wild, and fresh, and so, too, the opening flowers, white, and wild, and touching He put the spray into his coat And all the rush of the spring within him escaped in a triumphant sigh But the rabbits scurried away

6

It was nearly eleven that night when Ashurst put down the pocket "Odyssey" which for half an hour he had held in his hands without reading, and slipped through the yard down to the orchard The moon had just risen, very golden, over the hill, and like a bright, powerful, watching spirit peered through the bars of an ash tree's half naked boughs In among the apple trees it was still dark and he stood making sure of his direction, feeling the rough grass with his feet A black mass close behind him stirred with a heavy grunting sound, and three large pigs settled down again close to each other, under the wall He listened There was no wind, but the stream's burbling whispering chuckle had gained twice its daytime strength One bird, he could not tell what, cried "Pip — pip," "Pip — pip," with perfect monotony, he could hear a nightjar spinning very far off, an owl hooting Ashurst moved a step or two, and again halted, aware of a dim living whiteness all round his head On the dark unstirring trees innumerable flowers and buds all soft and blurred were being bewitched to life by the creeping moonlight He had the oddest feeling of actual companionship, as if a million white moths or spirits had floated in and settled between dark sky and darker ground, and were opening and shutting their wings on a level with his eyes In the bewildering, still, scentless beauty of that moment he almost lost memory of why he had come to the orchard The flying glamour which had clothed the earth all day had not gone now that night had fallen, but only changed into this new form He moved on through the thicket of stems and boughs covered with that live powdering whiteness, till he reached the big apple tree No mistaking that, even in the dark, nearly twice the height and size of any other, and leaning out towards the open meadows and the stream Under the thick branches he stood still again, to listen The same sounds exactly, and a faint grunting from the sleepy pigs He put his hands on the dry, almost warm tree trunk, whose rough mossy surface gave forth a peaty scent at his touch Would she come — would she? And among these quivering, haunted, moon bewitched trees he was seized with doubts of everything! All was unearthly here, fit for no earthly lovers, fit only for god and goddess, faun and nymph — not for him and this little country girl Would it not be almost a relief if she did not come? But all the time he was listening And still that unknown bird went "Pip — pip," "Pip —

pip" and there rose the busy chatter of the little trout stream, whereon the moon was flinging glances through the bars of her tree prison. The blossom on a level with his eyes seemed to grow more living every moment, seemed with its mysterious white beauty more and more a part of his suspense. He plucked a fragment and held it close — three blossoms. Sacrilege to pluck fruit tree blossom — soft, sacred, young blossom — and throw it away! Then suddenly he heard the gate close, the pigs stirring again and grunting, and leaning against the trunk, he pressed his hands to its mossy sides behind him, and held his breath. She might have been a spirit threading the trees, for all the noise she made! Then he saw her quite close — her dark form part of a little tree, her white face part of its blossom, so still, and peering towards him. He whispered "Megan!" and held out his hands. She ran forward, straight to his breast. When he felt her heart beating against him, Ashurst knew to the full the sensations of chivalry and passion. Because she was not of his world, because she was so simple and young and headlong, adoring and defenceless, how could he be other than her protector, in the dark! Because she was all simple Nature and beauty, as much a part of this spring night as was the living blossom, how should he not take all that she would give him — how not fulfil the spring in her heart and his! And torn between these two emotions he clasped her close, and kissed her hair. How long they stood there without speaking he knew not. The stream went on chattering, the owls hooting, the moon kept stealing up and growing whiter, the blossom all round them and above brightened in suspense of living beauty. Their lips had sought each other's, and they did not speak. The moment speech began all would be unreal! Spring has no speech, nothing but rustling and whispering. Spring has so much more than speech in its unfolding flowers and leaves, and the coursing of its streams, and in its sweet restless seeking! And sometimes spring will come alive, and, like a mysterious Presence, stand, encircling lovers with its arms, laying on them the fingers of enchantment, so that, standing lips to lips, they forget everything but just a kiss. While her heart beat against him, and her lips quivered on his, Ashurst felt nothing but simple rapture — Destiny meant her for his arms, Love could not be flouted! But when their lips parted for breath, division began again at once. Only, passion now was so much the stronger, and he sighed.

"Oh! Megan! Why did you come?"

She looked up, hurt, amazed

"Sir, you asked me to"

"Don't call me 'sir,' my pretty sweet"

"What should I be callin' you?"

"Frank"

"I could not. Oh, no!"

"But you love me — don't you?"

“I could not help lovin’ you I want to be with you — that’s all ”

“All!”

So faint that he hardly heard, she whispered

“I shall die if I can’t be with you ”

Ashurst took a mighty breath

“Come and be with me, then!”

“Oh!”

Intoxicated by the awe and rapture in that “Oh!” he went on, whispering

“We’ll go to London I’ll show you the world And I *will* take care of you, I promise, Megan I’ll never be a brute to you!”

“If I can be with you — that is all ”

He stroked her hair, and whispered on

“To morrow I’ll go to Torquay and get some money, and get you some clothes that won’t be noticed, and then we’ll steal away And when we get to London, soon perhaps, if you love me well enough, we’ll be married ”

He could feel her hair shiver with the shake of her head

“Oh, no! I could not, I only want to be with you!”

Drunk on his own chivalry, Ashurst went on murmuring

“It’s I who am not good enough for you Oh! Megan, when did you begin to love me?”

“When I saw you in the road, and you looked at me The first night I loved you, but I never thought you would want me ”

She slipped down suddenly to her knees, trying to kiss his feet

A shiver of horror went through Ashurst, he lifted her up bodily and held her fast — too upset to speak

She whispered “Why won’t you let me?”

“It’s I who will kiss your feet!”

Her smile brought tears into his eyes The whiteness of her moonlit face so close to his, the faint pink of her opened lips, had the living un-earthly beauty of the apple blossom

And then, suddenly, her eyes widened and stared past him painfully, she writhed out of his arms, and whispered “Look!”

Ashurst saw nothing but the brightened stream, the furze faintly gilded, the beech trees glistening, and behind them all the wide loom of the moonlit hill Behind him came her frozen whisper “The gypsy bogle!”

“Where?”

“There — by the stone — under the trees!”

Exasperated, he leapt the stream, and strode towards the beech clump Prank of the moonlight! Nothing! In and out of the boulders and thorn trees, muttering and cursing, yet with a kind of terror, he rushed and stumbled Absurd! Silly! Then he went back to the apple tree But she was gone, he could hear a rustle, the grunting of the pigs, the sound of a gate closing Instead of her, only this old apple tree! He flung his arms

round the trunk What a substitute for her soft body, the rough moss against his face — what a substitute for her soft cheek, only the scent, as of the woods, a little the same! And above him, and around, the blossoms, more living, more moonlit than ever, seemed to glow and breathe

7

Descending from the train at Torquay station, Ashurst wandered uncertainly along the front, for he did not know this particular queen of English watering places Having little sense of what he had on, he was quite unconscious of being remarkable among its inhabitants, and strode along in his rough Norfolk jacket, dusty boots, and battered hat, without observing that people gazed at him rather blankly He was seeking a branch of his London bank, and having found one, found also the first obstacle to his mood Did he know anyone in Torquay? No In that case, if he would wire to his bank in London, they would be happy to oblige him on receipt of the reply That suspicious breath from the matter of fact world somewhat tarnished the brightness of his visions But he sent the telegram

Nearly opposite to the post office he saw a shop full of ladies' garments, and examined the window with strange sensations To have to undertake the clothing of his rustic love was more than a little disturbing He went in A young woman came forward, she had blue eyes and a faintly puzzled forehead Ashurst stared at her in silence

"Yes, sir?"

"I want a dress for a young lady "

The young woman smiled Ashurst frowned — the peculiarity of his request struck him with sudden force

The young woman added hastily

"What style would you like — something modish?"

"No Simple "

"What figure would the young lady be?"

"I don't know, about two inches shorter than you, I should say "

"Could you give me her waist measurement?"

Megan's waist!

"Oh! anything usual!"

"Quite!"

While she was gone he stood disconsolately eyeing the models in the window, and suddenly it seemed to him incredible that Megan — his Megan — could ever be dressed save in the rough tweed skirt, coarse blouse, and tam-o'-shanter cap he was wont to see her in The young woman had come back with several dresses in her arms, and Ashurst eyed her laying them against her own modish figure There was one whose colour he liked, a dove-grey, but to imagine Megan clothed in it was

beyond him The young woman went away, and brought some more But on Ashurst there had now come a feeling of paralysis How choose? She would want a hat too, and shoes, and gloves, and, suppose, when he had got them all, they commonised her, as Sunday clothes always commonised village folk! Why should she not travel as she was? Ah? But conspicuousness would matter, this was a serious elopement And, staring at the young woman, he thought 'I wonder if she guesses, and thinks me a blackguard?'

"Do you mind putting aside that grey one for me?" he said desperately at last "I can't decide now, I'll come in again this afternoon "

The young woman sighed

"Oh! certainly It's a very tasteful costume I don't think you'll get anything that will suit your purpose better "

"I expect not," Ashurst murmured, and went out

Freed again from the suspicious matter of factness of the world, he took a long breath, and went back to visions In fancy he saw the trustful pretty creature who was going to join her life to his, saw himself and her stealing forth at night, walking over the moor under the moon, he with his arm around her, and carrying her new garments, till, in some far off wood, when dawn was coming, she would slip off her old things and put on these, and an early train at a distant station would bear them away on their honeymoon journey, till London swallowed them up, and the dreams of love came true

"Frank Ashurst! Haven't seen you since Rugby old chap!"

Ashurst's frown dissolved, the face, close to his own, was blue eyed, suffused with sun — one of those faces where sun from within and without join in a sort of lustre And he answered

"Phil Halliday, by Jove!"

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh! nothing Just looking round, and getting some money I'm staying on the moor "

"Are you lurching anywhere? Come and lunch with us, I'm here with my young sisters They've had measles "

Hooked in by that friendly arm Ashurst went along, up a hill, down a hill, away out of the town, while the voice of Halliday, redolent of optimism as his face was of sun, explained how "in this mouldy place the only decent things were the bathing and boating," and so on, till presently they came to a crescent of houses a little above and back from the sea, and into the centre one — an hotel — made their way

"Come up to my room and have a wash Lunch'll be ready in a jiffy "

Ashurst contemplated his visage in a looking glass After his farmhouse bedroom, the comb and one spare shirt *regime* of the last fortnight, this room littered with clothes and brushes was a sort of Capua, and he thought 'Queer — one doesn't realise ——' But what — he did not quite know

When he followed Halliday into the sitting room for lunch, three faces, very fair and blue eyed, were turned suddenly at the words "This is Frank Ashurst — my young sisters"

Two were indeed young, about eleven and ten. The third was perhaps seventeen, tall and fair haired too, with pink and white cheeks just touched by the sun, and eyebrows, rather darker than the hair, running a little upwards from her nose to their outer points. The voices of all three were like Halliday's, high and cheerful, they stood up straight, shook hands with a quick movement, looked at Ashurst critically, away again at once, and began to talk of what they were going to do in the afternoon. A regular Diana and attendant nymphs! After the farm this crisp, slangy, eager talk, this cool, clean, off hand refinement, was queer at first, and then so natural that what he had come from became suddenly remote. The names of the two little ones seemed to be Sabina and Freda, of the eldest, Stella.

Presently the one called Sabina turned to him and said
 "I say, will you come shrimping with us? — it's awful fun!"
 Surprised by this unexpected friendliness, Ashurst murmured
 "I'm afraid I've got to get back this afternoon."
 "Oh!"

"Can't you put it off?"

Ashurst turned to the new speaker, Stella, shook his head, and smiled. She was very pretty! Sabina said regretfully "You might!" Then the talk switched off to caves and swimming.

"Can you swim far?"

"About two miles."

"Oh!"

"I say!"

"How jolly!"

The three pairs of blue eyes, fixed on him, made him conscious of his new importance. The sensation was agreeable. Halliday said

"I say, you simply must stop and have a bathe. You'd better stay the night."

"Yes, do!"

But again Ashurst smiled and shook his head. Then suddenly he found himself being catechised about his physical achievements. He had rowed — it seemed — in his college boat, played in his college football team, won his college mile and he rose from table a sort of hero. The two little girls insisted that he must see "their" cave, and they set forth chattering like magpies, Ashurst between them, Stella and her brother a little behind. In the cave, damp and darkish like any other cave, the great feature was a pool with possibility of creatures which might be caught and put into bottles. Sabina and Freda, who wore no stockings on their shapely brown legs, exhorted Ashurst to join them in the middle of it, and help

sieve the water. He too was soon bootless and sockless. Time goes fast for one who has a sense of beauty, when there are pretty children in a pool and a young Diana on the edge, to receive with wonder anything you can catch! Ashurst never had much sense of time. It was a shock when, pulling out his watch, he saw it was well past three. No cashing his cheque to day — the bank would be closed before he could get there. Watching his expression, the little girls cried out at once

“Hurrah! Now you’ll have to stay!”

Ashurst did not answer. He was seeing again Megan’s face, when at breakfast he had whispered “I’m going to Torquay, darling, to get everything, I shall be back this evening. If it’s fine we can go to night. Be ready.” He was seeing again how she quivered and hung on his words. What would she think? Then he pulled himself together, conscious suddenly of the calm scrutiny of this other young girl, so tall and fair and Diana like, at the edge of the pool, of her wondering blue eyes under those brows which slanted up a little. If they knew what was in his mind — if they knew that this very night he had meant — ‘Well, there would be a little sound of disgust, and he would be alone in the cave. And with a curious mixture of anger, chagrin, and shame, he put his watch back into his pocket and said abruptly

“Yes, I’m dished for to day.”

“Hurrah! Now you can bathe with us.”

It was impossible not to succumb a little to the contentment of these pretty children, to the smile on Stella’s lips, to Halliday’s “Ripping, old chap! I can lend you things for the night!” But again a spasm of longing and remorse throbbled through Ashurst, and he said moodily

“I must send a wire!”

The attractions of the pool palling, they went back to the hotel. Ashurst sent his wire, addressing it to Mrs Narracombe “Sorry, detained for the night, back to morrow.” Surely Megan would understand that he had too much to do, and his heart grew lighter. It was a lovely afternoon, warm, the sea calm and blue, and swimming his great passion, the favour of these pretty children flattered him, the pleasure of looking at them, at Stella, at Halliday’s sunny face, the slight unreality, yet extreme naturalness of it all — as of a last peep at normality before he took this plunge with Megan! He got his borrowed bathing dress, and they all set forth. Halliday and he undressed behind one rock, the three girls behind another. He was first into the sea, and at once swam out with the bravado of justifying his self-given reputation. When he turned he could see Halliday swimming along shore, and the girls flopping and dipping, and riding the little waves, in the way he was accustomed to despise, but now thought pretty and sensible, since it gave him the distinction of the only deep-water fish. But drawing near, he wondered if they would like him, a stranger, to come into their splashing group, he felt shy, approaching

that slim nymph Then Sabina summoned him to teach her to float, and between them the little girls kept him so busy that he had no time even to notice whether Stella was accustomed to his presence, till suddenly he heard a startled sound from her She was standing submerged to the waist, leaning a little forward, her slim white arms stretched out and pointing, her wet face puckered by the sun and an expression of fear

"Look at Phil! Is he all right? Oh, look!"

Ashurst saw at once that Phil was not all right He was splashing and struggling out of his depth, perhaps a hundred yards away, suddenly he gave up a cry, threw up his arms, and went down Ashurst saw the girl launch herself towards him, and crying out "Go back, Stella! Go back!" he dashed out He had never swum so fast, and reached Halliday just as he was coming up a second time It was a case of cramp, but to get him in was not difficult, for he did not struggle The girl, who had stopped when Ashurst told her to, helped as soon as he was in his depth, and once on the beach they sat down one on each side of him to rub his limbs, while the little ones stood by with scared faces Halliday was soon smiling It was — he said — rotten of him, absolutely rotten! If Frank would give him an arm, he could get to his clothes all right now Ashurst gave him the arm, and as he did so caught sight of Stella's face, wet and flushed and tearful, all broken up out of its calm, and he thought 'I called her Stella! Wonder if she minded?'

While they were dressing, Halliday said quietly

"You saved my life, old chap!"

"Rot!"

Clothed, but not quite in their right minds, they went up all together to the hotel and sat down to tea, except Halliday, who was lying down in his room After some slices of bread and jam, Sabina said

"I say, you know, you *are* a brick!" And Freda chimed in

"Rather!"

Ashurst saw Stella looking down, he got up in confusion, and went to the window From there he heard Sabina mutter "I say, let's swear blood bond Where's your knife, Freda?" and out of the corner of his eye could see each of them solemnly prick herself, squeeze out a drop of blood and dabble on a bit of paper He turned and made for the door

"Don't be a stoat! Come back!" His arms were seized, imprisoned between the little girls he was brought back to the table On it lay a piece of paper with an effigy drawn in blood, and the three names Stella Halliday, Sabina Halliday, Freda Halliday — also in blood, running towards it like the rays of a star Sabina said

"That's you We shall have to kiss you, you know"

And Freda echoed

"Oh! Blow — Yes!"

Before Ashurst could escape, some wettish hair dangled against his face,

something like a bite descended on his nose, he felt his left arm pinched, and other teeth softly searching his cheek. Then he was released, and Freda said

“Now, Stella.”

Ashurst, red and rigid, looked across the table at a red and rigid Stella. Sabina giggled, Freda cried

“Buck up — it spoils everything!”

A queer, ashamed eagerness shot through Ashurst then he said quietly

“Shut up, you little demons!”

Again Sabina giggled

“Well, then, she can kiss her hand, and you can put it against your nose. It is on one side!”

To his amazement the girl did kiss her hand and stretch it out. Solemnly he took that cool, slim hand and laid it to his cheek. The two little girls broke into clapping, and Freda said

“Now, then, we shall have to save your life at any time, that’s settled. Can I have another cup, Stella, not so beastly weak?”

Tea was resumed, and Ashurst, folding up the paper, put it in his pocket. The talk turned on the advantages of measles, tangerine oranges, honey in a spoon, no lessons, and so forth. Ashurst listened, silent, exchanging friendly looks with Stella, whose face was again of its normal sun-touched pink and white. It was soothing to be so taken to the heart of this jolly family, fascinating to watch their faces. And after tea, while the two little girls pressed seaweed, he talked to Stella in the window seat and looked at her water-colour sketches. The whole thing was like a pleasurable dream, time and incident hung up, importance and reality suspended. To-morrow he would go back to Megan, with nothing of all this left save the paper with the blood of these children, in his pocket. Children! Stella was not quite that — as old as Megan! Her talk — quick, rather hard and shy, yet friendly — seemed to flourish on his silences, and about her there was something cool and virginal — a maiden in a bower. At dinner, to which Halliday, who had swallowed too much sea water, did not come, Sabina said

“I’m going to call you Frank.”

Freda echoed

“Frank, Frank, Franky.”

Ashurst grinned and bowed

“Every time Stella calls you Mr. Ashurst, she’s got to pay a forfeit. It’s ridiculous.”

Ashurst looked at Stella, who grew slowly red. Sabina giggled, Freda cried

“She’s ‘smoking’ — ‘smoking!’ — Yah!”

Ashurst reached out to right and left, and grasped some fair hair in each hand.

"Look here," you two! Leave Stella alone, or I'll tie you together!

Freda gurgled

"Ouch! You *are* a beast!"

Sabina murmured cautiously

"*You* call *her* Stella, you see!"

"Why shouldn't I? It's a jolly name!"

"All right, we give you leave to!"

Ashurst released the hair Stella! What would she call him — after this But she called him nothing, till at bedtime he said, deliberately

"Good night, Stella!"

' Good night, Mr — Good night, Frank! It *was* jolly of you, you know!"

"Oh — that! Bosh! "

Her quick, straight handshake tightened suddenly, and as suddenly became slack

Ashurst stood motionless in the empty sitting room Only last night under the apple tree and the living blossom, he had held Megan to him kissing her eyes and lips And he gasped, swept by that rush of remembrance To night it should have begun — his life with her who only wanted to be with him! And now, twenty four hours and more must pass because — of not looking at his watch! Why had he made friends with this family of innocents just when he was saying good-bye to innocence and all the rest of it? 'But I mean to marry her,' he thought, 'I told he so!'

He took a candle, lighted it, and went to his bedroom, which was next to Halliday's His friend's voice called as he was passing

"Is that you, old chap? I say, come in "

He was sitting up in bed, smoking a pipe and reading

"Sit down a bit "

Ashurst sat down by the open window

"I've been thinking about this afternoon, you know," said Halliday rather suddenly "They say you go through all your past I didn't I suppose I wasn't far enough gone "

"What did you think of?"

Halliday was silent for a little, then said quietly

"Well, I did think of one thing — rather odd — of a girl at Cambridge that I might have — you know, I was glad I hadn't got her on my mind Anyhow, old chap, I owe it to you that I'm here, I should have been in the big dark by now No more bed, or baccy, no more anything I say what d'you suppose happens to us?"

Ashurst murmured

"Go out like flames, I expect "

"Phew!"

"We may flicker, and cling about a bit, perhaps "

"H'm! I think that's rather gloomy I say, I hope my young sisters have been decent to you?"

"Awfully decent"

Halliday put his pipe down, crossed his hands behind his neck, and turned his face towards the window

"They're not bad kids!" he said

Watching his friend, lying there, with that smile, and the candle light on his face, Ashurst shuddered. Quite true! He might have been lying there with no smile, with all that sunny look gone out for ever! He might not have been lying there at all, but "sanded" at the bottom of the sea, waiting for resurrection on the — ninth day, was it? And that smile of Halliday's seemed to him suddenly something wonderful, as if in it were all the difference between life and death — the little flame — the all! He got up, and said softly

"Well, you ought to sleep, I expect. Shall I blow out?"

Halliday caught his hand

"I can't say it, you know, but it must be rotten to be dead. Good night, old boy!"

Stirred and moved, Ashurst squeezed the hand, and went downstairs. The hall door was still open, and he passed out on to the lawn before the Crescent. The stars were bright in a very dark blue sky, and by their light some lilacs had that mysterious colour of flowers by night which no one can describe. Ashurst pressed his face against a spray, and before his closed eyes Megan started up, with the tiny brown spaniel pup against her breast. "I thought of a girl that I might have — you know I was glad I hadn't got her on my mind!" He jerked his head away from the lilac, and began pacing up and down over the grass, a grey phantom coming to substance for a moment in the light from the lamp at either end. He was with her again under the living, breathing whiteness of the blossom, the stream chattering by, the moon glinting steel blue on the bathing pool, back in the rapture of his kisses on her upturned face of innocence and humble passion, back in the suspense and beauty of that pagan night. He stood still once more in the shadow of the lilacs. Here the sea, not the stream, was Night's voice, the sea with its sigh and rustle, no little bird, no owl, no nightjar called or spun, but a piano tinkled, and the white houses cut the sky with solid curve, and the scent from the lilacs filled the air. A window of the hotel, high up, was lighted, he saw a shadow move across the blind. And most queer sensations stirred within him, a sort of churning, and twining, and turning of a single emotion on itself, as though spring and love, bewildered and confused, seeking the way, were baffled. This girl, who had called him Frank, whose hand had given his that sudden little clutch, this girl so cool and pure — what would *she* think of such wild, unlawful loving? He sank down on the grass, sitting there cross legged, with his back to the house, motionless as some

carved Buddha Was he really going to break through innocence, and steal? Sniff the scent out of a wild flower, and — perhaps — throw it away? “Of a girl at Cambridge that I might have — you know!” He put his hands to the grass, one on each side, palms downwards, and pressed, it was just warm still — the grass, barely moist, soft and firm and friendly ‘What am I going to do?’ he thought Perhaps Megan was at her window, looking out at the blossom, thinking of him! Poor little Megan! ‘Why not?’ he thought ‘I love her! But do I — really love her? or do I only want her because she is so pretty, and loves me? What am I going to do?’ The piano tinkled on, the stars winked, and Ashurst gazed out before him at the the dark sea, as if spell bound He got up at last, cramped and rather chilly There was no longer light in any window And he went in to bed

8

Out of a deep and dreamless sleep he was awakened by the sound of thumping on the door A shrill voice called

“Hi! Breakfast’s ready”

He jumped up Where was he —? Ah!

He found them already eating marmalade, and sat down in the empty place between Stella and Sabina, who, after watching him a little, said

“I say, do buck up, we’re going to start at half past nine”

“We’re going to Berry Head, old chap, you *must* come!”

Ashurst thought ‘Come! Impossible I shall be getting things and going back’ He looked at Stella She said quickly

“Do come!”

Sabina chimed in

“It’ll be no fun without you”

Freda got up and stood behind his chair

“You’ve got to come, or else I’ll pull your hair!”

Ashurst thought ‘Well — one day more — to think it over! One day more!’ And he said

“All right! You needn’t tweak my mane!”

“Hurrah!”

At the station he wrote a second telegram to the farm, and then — tore it up, he could not have explained why From Brixham they drove in a very little wagonette There, squeezed between Sabina and Freda, with his knees touching Stella’s, they played “Up Jenkins”, and the gloom he was feeling gave way to frolic In this one day more to think it over, he did not want to think! They ran races, wrestled, paddled — for to day no body wanted to bathe — they sang catches, played games, and ate all they had brought The little girls fell asleep against him on the way back, and his knees still touched Stella’s in the wagonette It seemed incredible that thirty hours ago he had never set eyes on any of these three flaxen

heads In the train he talked to Stella of poetry, discovering her favourite, and telling her his own with a pleasing sense of superiority, till suddenly she said, rather low

“Phil says you don’t believe in a future life, Frank I think that’s dreadful ”

Disconcerted, Ashurst muttered

“I don’t either believe or not believe — I simply don’t know ”

She said quickly

“I couldn’t bear that What would be the use of living?”

Watching the frown of those pretty oblique brows, Ashurst answered

“I don’t believe in believing things because one wants to ”

“But why should one *wish* to live again, if one isn’t going to?”

And she looked full at him

He did not want to hurt her, but an itch to dominate pushed him on to say

“While one’s alive one naturally wants to go on living for ever, that’s part of being alive But it probably isn’t anything more ”

“Don’t you believe in the Bible at all, then?”

Ashurst thought ‘Now I shall really hurt her!’

“I believe in the Sermon on the Mount, because it’s beautiful and good for all time ”

“But don’t you believe Christ was divine?”

He shook his head

She turned her face quickly to the window, and there sprang into his mind Megan’s prayer, repeated by little Nick “God bless us all, and Mr Ashes!” Who else would ever say a prayer for him, like her who at this moment must be waiting — waiting to see him come down the lane? And he thought suddenly ‘What a scoundrel I am!’

All that evening this thought kept coming back but, as is not unusual, each time with less poignancy, till it seemed almost a matter of course to be a scoundrel And — strange! — he did not know whether he was a scoundrel if he meant to go back to Megan, or if he did not mean to go back to her

They played cards till the children were sent off to bed, then Stella went to the piano From over on the window seat, where it was nearly dark, Ashurst watched her between the candles — that fair head on the long, white neck bending to the movement of her hands She played fluently, without much expression, but what a picture she made, the faint golden radiance, a sort of angelic atmosphere — hovering about her! Who could have passionate thoughts or wild desires in the presence of that swaying, white clothed girl with the seraphic head? She played a thing of Schumann’s called “*Warum?*” Then Halliday brought out a flute, and the spell was broken After this they made Ashurst sing, Stella playing him accompaniments from a book of Schumann songs, till, in the middle

of "*Ich grolle nicht*," two small figures clad in blue dressing gowns crept in and tried to conceal themselves beneath the piano. The evening broke up in confusion, and what Sabina called "a splendid rag."

That night Ashurst hardly slept at all. He was thinking, tossing and turning. The intense domestic intimacy of these last two days, the strength of this Halliday atmosphere, seemed to ring him round, and make the farm and Megan — even Megan — seem unreal. Had he really made love to her — really promised to take her away to live with him? He must have been bewitched by the spring, the night, the apple blossom! The notion that he was going to make her his mistress — that simple child not yet eighteen — now filled him with a sort of horror, even while it still stung and whipped his blood. He muttered to himself "It's awful, what I've done — awful!" And the sound of Schumann's music throbbed and mingled with his fevered thoughts, and he saw again Stella's cool, white, fair haired figure and bending neck, the queer, angelic radiance about her. 'I must have been — I must be — mad!' he thought. 'What came into me? Poor little Megan!' "God bless us all, and Mr. Ashes!" "I want to be with you — only to be with you!" And burying his face in his pillow, he smothered down a fit of sobbing. Not to go back was awful! To go back — more awful still!

Emotion, when you are young, and give real vent to it, loses its power of torture. And he fell asleep, thinking 'What was it — a few kisses — all forgotten in a month!'

Next morning he got his cheque cashed, but avoided the shop of the dove grey dress like the plague, and, instead, bought himself some necessaries. He spent the whole day in a queer mood, cherishing a kind of sullenness against himself. Instead of the hankering of the last two days, he felt nothing but a blank — all passionate longing gone, as if quenched in that outburst of tears. After tea Stella put a book down beside him, and said shyly

"Have you read that, Frank?"

It was Farrar's *Life of Christ*. Ashurst smiled. Her anxiety about his beliefs seemed to him comic, but touching. Infectious, too, perhaps, for he began to have an itch to justify himself, if not to convert her. And in the evening, when the children and Halliday were mending their shrimp-netting, he said

"At the back of orthodox religion, so far as I can see, there's always the idea of reward — what you can get for being good, a kind of begging for favours. I think it all starts in fear."

She was sitting on the sofa making reefer knots with a bit of string. She looked up quickly.

"I think it's much deeper than that."

Ashurst felt again that wish to dominate.

"You think so," he said, "but wanting the '*quid pro quo*' is about the deepest thing in all of us! It's jolly hard to get to the bottom of it!"

She wrinkled her brows in a puzzled frown

“I don't think I understand ”

He went on obstinately

“Well, think, and see if the most religious people aren't those who feel that this life doesn't give them all they want I believe in being good because to be good is good in itself ”

“Then you do believe in being good?”

How pretty she looked now — it was easy to be good with her! And he nodded and said

“I say, show me how to make that knot!”

With her fingers touching his, in manœuvring the bit of string he felt soothed and happy And when he went to bed he wilfully kept his thoughts on her, wrapping himself in her fair, cool sisterly radiance, as in some garment of protection

Next day he found they had arranged to go by train to Totnes, and picnic at Berry Pomeroy Castle Still in that resolute oblivion of the past, he took his place with them in the landau beside Halliday, back to the horses And, then, along the sea front, nearly at the turning to the railway station, his heart almost leaped into his mouth Megan — Megan herself! — was walking on the far pathway, in her old skirt and jacket and her tam o' shanter, looking up into the faces of the passers by Instinctively he threw his hand up for cover, then made a feint of clearing dust out of his eyes, but between his fingers he could see her still, moving, not with her free country step, but wavering, lost looking, pitiful — like some little dog which has missed its master and does not know whether to run on, to run back — where to run How had she come like this? — what excuse had she found to get away? — what did she hope for? But with every turn of the wheels bearing him away from her, his heart revolted and cried to him to stop them, to get out and go to her When the landau turned the corner to the station he could stand it no more, and opening the carriage door, muttered “I've forgotten something! Go on — don't wait for me! I'll join you at the castle by the next train!” He jumped, stumbled, spun round, recovered his balance, and walked forward, while the carriage with the astonished Hallidays rolled on

From the corner he could only just see Megan, a long way ahead now He ran a few steps, checked himself, and dropped into a walk With each step nearer to her, further from the Hallidays, he walked more and more slowly How did it alter anything — this sight of her? How make the going to her, and that which must come of it, less ugly? For there was no hiding it — since he had met the Hallidays he had become gradually sure that he would not marry Megan It would only be a wild love-time, a troubled, remorseful, difficult time — and then — well, then he would get tired, just because she gave him everything, was so simple, and so trustful, so dewy And dew — wears off! The little spot of faded colour, her tam-

o' shanter cap, wavered on far in front of him, she was looking up into every face, and at the house windows Had any man ever such a cruel moment to go through? Whatever he did, he felt he would be a beast And he uttered a groan which made a nursemaid turn and stare He saw Megan stop and lean against the sea wall, looking at the sea, and he too stopped Quite likely she had never seen the sea before, and even in her distress could not resist that sight 'Yes — she's seen nothing,' he thought, 'everything's before her And just for a few weeks' passion, I shall be cutting her life to ribbons I'd better go and hang myself rather than do it!' And suddenly he seemed to see Stella's calm eyes looking into his, the wave of fluffy hair on her forehead stirred by the wind Ah! it would be madness, would mean giving up all that he respected, and his own self respect He turned and walked quickly back towards the station But memory of that poor, bewildered little figure, those anxious eyes searching the passers by, smote him too hard again, and once more he turned towards the sea The cap was no longer visible, that little spot of colour had vanished in the stream of the noon promenaders And impelled by the passion of longing, the dearth which comes on one when life seems to be whiling something out of reach, he hurried forward She was nowhere to be seen, for half an hour he looked for her, then on the beach flung himself face downward in the sand To find her again he knew he had only to go to the station and wait till she returned from her fruitless quest, to take her train home, or to take train himself and go back to the farm, so that she found him there when she returned But he lay inert in the sand, among the indifferent groups of children with their spades and buckets Pity at her little figure wandering, seeking, was well nigh merged in the spring-running of his blood, for it was all wild feeling now — the chivalrous part, what there had been of it, was gone He wanted her again, wanted her kisses, her soft, little body, her abandonment, all her quick, warm, pagan emotion, wanted the wonderful feeling of that night under the moon-lit apple boughs, wanted it all with a horrible intensity, as the faun wants the nymph The quick chatter of the little bright trout stream, the dazzle of the buttercups, the rocks of the old "wild men", the calling of the cuckoos and yaffles, the hooting of the owls, and the red moon peeping out of the velvet dark at the living whiteness of the blossom, and her face just out of reach at the window, lost in its love look, and her heart against his, her lips answering his, under the apple tree — all this besieged him Yet he lay inert What was it which struggled against pity and this feverish longing, and kept him there paralysed in the warm sand? Three flaxen heads — a fair face with friendly blue grey eyes, a slim hand pressing his, a quick voice speaking his name — "So you do believe in being good?" Yes, and a sort of atmosphere as of some old walled in English garden, with pinks, and corn-flowers, and roses, and scents of lavender and lilac — cool and fair,

untouched, almost holy — all that he had been brought up to feel was clean and good. And suddenly he thought 'She might come along the front again and see me!' and he got up and made his way to the rock at the far end of the beach. There, with the spray biting into his face, he could think more coolly. To go back to the farm and love Megan out in the woods, among the rocks, with everything around wild and fitting — that, he knew, was impossible, utterly. To transplant her to a great town, to keep, in some little flat or rooms, one who belonged so wholly to Nature — the poet in him shrank from it. His passion would be a mere sensuous revel, soon gone, in London, her very simplicity, her lack of all intellectual quality, would make her his secret plaything — nothing else. The longer he sat on the rock, with his feet dangling over a greenish pool from which the sea was ebbing, the more clearly he saw this, but it was as if her arms and all of her were slipping slowly, slowly down from him, into the pool, to be carried away out to sea, and her face looking up, her lost face with beseeching eyes, and dark, wet hair — possessed, haunted, tortured him! He got up at last, scaled the low rock cliff, and made his way down into a sheltered cove. Perhaps in the sea he could get back his control — lose this fever! And stripping off his clothes, he swam out. He wanted to tire himself so that nothing mattered, and swam recklessly, fast and far, then suddenly, for no reason, felt afraid. Suppose he could not reach shore again — suppose the current set him out — or he got cramp, like Halliday! He turned to swim in. The red cliffs looked a long way off. If he were drowned they would find his clothes. The Hallidays would know, but Megan perhaps never — they took no newspaper at the farm. And Phil Halliday's words came back to him again. "A girl at Cambridge I might have — Glad I haven't got her on my mind!" And in that moment of unreasoning fear he vowed he would not have her on his mind. Then his fear left him, he swam in easily enough, dried himself in the sun, and put on his clothes. His heart felt sore, but no longer ached, his body cool and refreshed.

When one is as young as Ashurst, pity is not a violent emotion. And, back in the Halliday's sitting-room, eating a ravenous tea, he felt much like a man recovered from fever. Everything seemed new and clear, the tea, the buttered toast and jam tasted absurdly good, tobacco had never smelt so nice. And walking up and down the empty room, he stopped here and there to touch or look. He took up Stella's work basket, fingered the cotton reels and a gaily coloured plait of sewing silks, smelt at the little bag filled with woodroffe she kept among them. He sat down at the piano, playing tunes with one finger, thinking 'To night she'll play, I shall watch her while she's playing, it does me good to watch her.' He took up the book, which still lay where she had placed it beside him, and tried to read. But Megan's little, sad figure began to come back at once, and he got up and leaned in the window, listening to the thrushes

in the Crescent gardens, gazing at the sea, dreamy and blue below the trees. A servant came in and cleared the tea away, and he still stood, inhaling the evening air, trying not to think. Then he saw the Hallidays coming through the gate of the Crescent, Stella a little in front of Phil and the children, with their baskets, and instinctively he drew back. His heart, too sore and discomfited, shrank from this encounter, yet wanted its friendly solace — bore a grudge against this influence, yet craved its cool innocence, and the pleasure of watching Stella's face. From against the wall behind the piano he saw her come in and stand looking a little blank as though disappointed, then she saw him and smiled, a swift, brilliant smile which warmed yet irritated Ashurst.

"You never came after us, Frank."

"No, I found I couldn't."

"Look! We picked such lovely late violets!" She held out a bunch. Ashurst put his nose to them, and there stirred within him vague longings, chilled instantly by a vision of Megan's anxious face lifted to the faces of the passers by.

He said shortly "How jolly!" and turned away. He went up to his room, and, avoiding the children, who were coming up the stairs, threw himself on his bed, and lay there with his arms crossed over his face. Now that he felt the die really cast, and Megan given up, he hated himself, and almost hated the Hallidays and their atmosphere of healthy, happy English homes. Why should they have chanced here, to drive away first love — to show him that he was going to be no better than a common seducer? What right had Stella, with her fair, shy beauty, to make him know for certain that he would never marry Megan, and, tarnishing it all, bring him such bitterness of regretful longing and such pity? Megan would be back by now, worn out by her miserable seeking — poor little thing! — expecting, perhaps, to find him there when she reached home. Ashurst bit at his sleeve, to stifle a groan of remorseful longing. He went to dinner glum and silent, and his mood threw a dinge even over the children. It was a melancholy, rather ill tempered evening, for they were all tired, several times he caught Stella looking at him with a hurt, puzzled expression, and this pleased his evil mood. He slept miserably, got up quite early, and wandered out. He went down to the beach. Alone there with the serene, the blue, the sunlit sea, his heart relaxed a little. Conceited fool — to think that Megan would take it so hard! In a week or two she would almost have forgotten! And he — well, he would have the reward of virtue! A good young man! If Stella knew, she would give him her blessing for resisting that devil she believed in, and he uttered a hard laugh. But slowly the peace and beauty of sea and sky, the flight of the lonely seagulls, made him feel ashamed. He bathed, and turned homewards.

In the Crescent gardens Stella herself was sitting on a camp stool, sketching. He stole up close behind. How fair and pretty she was, bent diligently, holding up her brush, measuring, wrinkling her brows.

He said gently

“Sorry I was such a beast last night, Stella ”

She turned round, startled, flushed very pink, and said in her quick way

“It’s all right I knew there was something Between friends it doesn’t matter, does it?”

Ashurst answered

“Between friends — and we are, aren’t we?”

She looked up at him, nodded vehemently, and her upper teeth gleamed again in that swift, brilliant smile

Three days later he went back to London, travelling with the Hallidays He had not written to the farm What was there he could say?

On the last day of April in the following year he and Stella were married

Such were Ashurst’s memories, sitting against the wall among the gorse, on his silver wedding day At this very spot, where he had laid out the lunch, Megan must have stood outlined against the sky when he had first caught sight of her Of all queer coincidences! And there moved in him a longing to go down and see again the farm and the orchard, and the meadow of the gipsy bogle It would not take long, Stella would be an hour yet, perhaps

How well he remembered it all — the little crowning group of pine trees, the steep up grass hill behind! He paused at the farm gate The low stone house, the yew tree porch, the flowering currants — not changed a bit, even the old green chair was out there on the grass under the window, where he had reached up to her that night to take the key Then he turned down the lane, and stood leaning on the orchard gate — grey skeleton of a gate, as then A black pig even was wandering in there among the trees Was it true that twenty six years had passed, or had he dreamed and awakened to find Megan waiting for him by the big apple tree? Unconsciously he put up his hand to his grizzled beard and brought himself back to reality Opening the gate, he made his way down through the docks and nettles till he came to the edge, and the old apple tree itself Unchanged! A little more of the grey green lichen, a dead branch or two, and for the rest it might have been only last night that he had embraced that mossy trunk after Megan’s flight and inhaled its woody savour, while above his head the moonlit blossom had seemed to breathe and live In that early spring a few buds were showing already, the blackbirds shouting their songs, a cuckoo calling, the sunlight bright and warm Incredibly the same — the chattering trout stream, the narrow pool he had lain in every morning, splashing the water over his flanks and chest, and out there in the wild meadow the beech clump and the stone where the gipsy bogle was supposed to sit And an ache for lost youth, a hanker-

ing, a sense of wasted love and sweetness, gripped Ashurst by the throat Surely, on this earth of such wild beauty, one was meant to hold rapture to one's heart, as this earth and sky held it! And yet, one could not!

He went to the edge of the stream, and looking down at the little pool, thought 'Youth and spring! What has become of them all, I wonder?' And then, in sudden fear of having this memory jarred by human encounter, he went back to the lane, and pensively retraced his steps to the cross roads

Beside the car an old, grey bearded labourer was leaning on a stick, talking to the chauffeur He broke off at once, as though guilty of disrespect, and touching his hat, prepared to limp on down the lane

Ashurst pointed to the narrow green mound "Can you tell me what this is?"

The old fellow stopped, on his face had come a look as though he were thinking 'You've come to the right shop, Mister!'

"'Tis a grave," he said

"But why out here?"

The old man smiled "That's a tale, as yu may say An' not the first time as I've a-told et — there's plenty folks asks 'bout that bit o' turf 'Maid's Grave' us calls et, 'ereabouts"

Ashurst held out his pouch "Have a fill?"

The old man touched his hat again, and slowly filled an old clay pipe His eyes, looking upward out of a mass of wrinkles and hair, were still quite bright

"If yu don' mind, zurr, I'll zet down — my leg's 'urtin' a bit to day" And he sat down on the mound of turf

"There's always a vlower on this grave An' 'tain't so very lonesome, neither, brave lot o' folks goes by now, in they new motor cars an' things — not as 'twas in th' old days She've a got company up 'ere 'Twas a poor soul killed 'erself"

"I see!" said Ashurst "Cross roads burial I didn't know that custom was kept up"

"Ah! but 'twas a main long time ago Us 'ad a parson as was very God fearn' then Let me see, I've 'ad my pension six year come Michaelmas, an' I were just on fifty when t'appened There's none livin' knows more about et than what I du She belonged close 'ere, same farm as where I used to work along o' Mrs Narracombe — 'tes Nick Narracombe's now, I dus a bit for 'im still, odd times"

Ashurst, who was leaning against the gate, lighting his pipe, left his curved hands before his face for long after the flame of the match had gone out

"Yes?" he said, and to himself his voice sounded hoarse and queer

"She was one in an 'underd, poor maid! I putts a vlower 'ere every time I passes Pretty maid an' gude maid she was, though they wouldn't

burry 'er up tu th' church, nor where she wanted to be burried⁻neither"
The old labourer paused, and put his hairy, twisted hand flat down on
the turf beside the bluebells

"Yes?" said Ashurst

"In a manner of speakin'," the old man went on, "I think as 'twas a
love story — though there's no one never knu for zartin Yu can't tell
what's in a maid's 'ead — but that's wot I think about it" He drew his
hand along the turf "I was fond o' that maid — don' know as there was
anyone as wasn' fond of 'er But she was tu lovin'-earted — that's where
'twas, I think" He looked up And Ashurst, whose lips were trembling
in the cover of his beard, murmured again "Yes?"

"'Twas in the spring, 'bout now as't might be, or a little later — blossom
time — an' we 'ad one o' they young college gentlemen stayin' at the
farm — nice feller tu, with 'is 'ead in the air I liked 'e very well, an' I
never see nothin' between 'em, but to my thinkin' e' turned the maid's
fancy" The old man took the pipe out of his mouth, spat, and went on

"Yu see, 'e went away sudden one day, an' never come back They got
'is knapsack and bits o' things down there still That's what stuck in my
mind — 'is never sendin' for 'em 'Is name was Ashes, or somethin' like
that"

"Yes?" said Ashurst once more

The old man licked his lips

"'Er never said nothin', but from that day 'er went kind of dazed
lukin', didn' seem rightly therr at all I never knu a 'uman creature so
changed in me life — never There was another young feller at the farm —
Joe Biddaford 'is name wer', that was praaperly sweet on 'er, tu, I guess
'e used to plague 'er wi' 'is attentions She got to luke quite wild I'd zee
her sometimes of an avenin' when I was bringin' up the calves, ther' she'd
stand in th' orchard, under the big apple tree, lukin' straight before 'er
'Well, I used t'think, 'I dunno what 'tes that's the matter wi' yu, but
yu'm lukin' pittiful, that yu be!'"

The old man relit his pipe, and sucked at it reflectively

"Yes?" said Ashurst

"I remembers one day I said to 'er, 'What's the matter, Megan?' —
'er name was Megan David, she come from Wales same as 'er aunt, ol'
Missis Narracombe 'Yu'm frettin' about something,' I says 'No, Jim,'
she says, 'I'm not frettin'' 'Yes, yu be!' I says 'No,' she says, and tu
tears cam' rollin' out 'Yu'm cryin' — what's that, then?' I says She
putts 'er 'and over 'er 'eart 'It 'urts me,' she says, 'but 'twill sune be
better,' she says 'But if anything shude 'appen to me, Jim, I wants to be
burried under this 'ere apple tree' I laughed 'What's goin' to 'appen to
yu?' I says 'don't 'ee be fulish' 'No,' she says, 'I won't be fulish'
Well, I know what maids are, an' I never thought no more about et, till
tu days arter that, 'bout six in the avenin' I was comin' up wi' the calves,

when I see somethin' dark lyin' in the strame, close to that big apple tree I says to meself 'Is that a pig — funny place for a pig to get to!' an' I goes up to et, an' I see what 'twas "

The old man stopped his eyes, turned upward, had a bright, suffering look

"'Twas the maid, in a little narrer pool ther' that's made by the stop pin' of a rock — where I see the young gentleman bathin' once or twice 'Er was lyin' on 'er face in the watter There was a plant o' goldie cups growin' out o' the stone just above 'er 'ead An' when I come to luke at 'er face, 'twas luvly, butiful, so calm's a baby's — wonderful butiful et was When the docter saw 'er, 'e said "'Er culdn' never a done it in that little bit o' watter ef 'er 'adn't a been in an extarsy ' Ah! an' judgin' from 'er face, that was just 'ow she was Et made me cry praaper — butiful et was! 'Twas June then, but she d a found a little bit of apple blossom left over somewheres, and stuck et in 'er 'air That's why I thinks 'er must a been in an extarsy, to go to et gay, like that Why! there wasn't more than a fute and 'arf o' watter But I tell 'ee one thing — that meadder's 'arnted, I knu et, an' she knu et, an' no one'll persuade me as 'tesn't I told 'em what she said to me 'bout bein' burried under th' apple tree But I think that turned 'em — made et luke tu much 's ef she'd 'ad it in 'er mind deliberate, an' so they burried 'er up 'ere Parson we 'ad then was very particular, 'e was "

Again the old man drew his hand over the turf

"'Tes wonderful, et seems," he added slowly, "what maids'll du for love She 'ad a lovin' 'eart, I guess 'twas broken But us never *knu* nothin'!"

He looked up as if for approval of his story, but Ashurst had walked past him as if he were not there

Up on the top of the hill, beyond where he had spread the lunch, over out of sight, he lay down on his face So had his virtue been rewarded and "the Cyprian," goddess of love, taken her revenge! And before his eyes, dim with tears, came Megan's face with the sprig of apple blossoms in her dark, wet hair 'What did I do that was wrong?' he thought 'What did I do?' But he could not answer Spring, with its rush of passion, its flowers and song — the spring in his heart and Megan's! Was it just Love seeking a victim! The Greek was right, then — the words of the "Hippolytus" as true to day!

*"For mad is the heart of Love,
And gold the gleam of his wing,
And all to the spell thereof
Bend when he makes his spring
All life that is wild and young
In mountain and wave and stream,
All that of earth is sprung,*

*Or breathes in the red sunbeam,
Yea, and Mankind O'er all a royal throne
Cyprian, Cyprian, is thine alone!*"

The Greek was right! Megan! Poor little Megan — coming over the hill!
Megan under the old apple tree waiting and looking! Megan dead, with
beauty printed on her!

A voice said

"Oh, there you are! Look "

Ashurst rose, took his wife's sketch, and stared at it in silence

"Is the foreground right, Frank?"

"Yes "

"But there's something wanting, isn't there?"

Ashurst nodded Wanting? The apple tree, the singing, and the gold!

HARTMANN VON AUE

(About 1170-1215)

HARTMANN VON AUE was born in Swabia about the year 1170. He joined the lord of Aue and in 1196 went on the Crusade. Besides the tale printed below he is the author of *Eric* and *Iwein* both based on Arthurian stories by the French poet Chrestien de Troyes.

Poor Heinrich is one of the best told and loveliest of all the Medieval legends. In the words of Longfellow who retold it in his *Golden Legend* it surpasses all other legends in beauty and significance.

This tale was especially translated for this volume by Marie Ottilie Heyl. The translation appears here for the first time in English by special arrangement with the translator.

POOR HEINRICH

THERE was a knight so learned in books that he read, forsooth, whatever he found written therein. Hartmann was his name, and he was a vassal at Aue. Oft would he look about him in all manner of books for knowledge to beguile the long and heavy hours. Moreover, he sought, this worthy man, to learn all that could bring him honor in the eyes of God, and the love of his fellow men.

Here beginneth he to relate a tale that he found written. No other reward does he beg, save that whosoever reads or hears, may breathe one prayer for the salvation of his soul. Truly is it written that man is his own intercessor, and that he saveth his own soul who prayeth for the remission of another's sins.

A wondrous tale he read, of a knight who once lived in Swabia. Not a single courtly virtue lacked this true and noble man. The fame of no other had spread abroad so wide to every land. Besides all this, noble birth and riches beyond count were his, and high nobility. However great his wealth might be, his rank stood unchangeable, equal to that of any prince. But, for all this, he was not so greatly endowed with rank and treasure, as with honor and courage.

His name was verily famed afar — he was called Sir Heinrich, and was born at Aue. His steadfast heart had forsworn all falsehood and dishonour, and to this oath he held until the end, spotless alike were his honor and his life. Talent was bestowed on him for winning earthly glory, and this he increased with every kind of high virtue. He was the flower

of chivalry, and esteemed the mirror of earthly joy, a diamond of constancy and a crown of temperance, the refuge of all men in trouble, a shield and buckler to his kin none ever appealed to him in vain. In his abode, want was unknown, nor might excessive luxury be found. The heavy fardel of honor he bore on his own back. Sage was his counsel, and right well did he know how to sing of love. So was he fain to win the world's praise and guerdon.

But even as Sir Heinrich was at the height of honor and wealth, and with untroubled mind revelled in earthly joy (for, indeed, of his kin was he most loved and praised) his joy on a sudden was changed to black despair.

To him was it made known, just as to Absalom of old, that such an idle crown of earthly joy and sweetness, is oftentimes trodden underfoot with all its glory and its power, for so the Holy Scripture foretells. Thus is it written:

"In the midst of life we find ourselves in the very presence of death." Verily thus do I expound this unto you that we hover on the brink of eternity, when most we believe that all is well.

For the stability of this world, its permanence and certainty, and all its glory and power stand beyond the control of mortal man. The candle offers a true picture of this—is it not burning to dust and ashes, even while shedding the most resplendent light? We are indeed ephemeral beings. How often is our laughter drowned in tears! How soon our joy mingled with the bitterness of gall! The flower falls at the height of its beauty. This (oh, heavy grief!) befell poor Sir Heinrich, who in the midst of a joyous carefree life upon this earth felt the heavy hand of God laid upon him. At His command did the knight fall from his high estate into most dire affliction, for a loathsome leprosy seized upon him. Then all who beheld God's punishment laid so upon his limbs, yea, men and women, too, did flee his very presence. Behold, he for whom all doors had opened wide, seemed now so disgusting, that none willingly looked upon him, as it had once befallen Job, the noble and the rich, who (sorrow without equal) from the peak of happiness was cast into the depths of grief.

But, alas! when Heinrich found that he disgusted all the world (as it hath ever been with such as he) then in his sore affliction did he show none of the patience of good Job, for Job, the pious, suffered with a truly patient spirit, for his soul's salvation, all that was laid upon him, sickness and shame in the eyes of the world, yea, he ever praised his God, and welcomed tribulation.

But poor Heinrich never bore his trials thus, nor did he cease from repining, his proud heart sickened, joy, once so light, sank within him like a stone, his pride trailed in the dust, his honey turned to gall. A grim dark thunderbolt had shot through the brightness of his noonday and a dense black cloud veiled the glory of his sun.

Sorely did he grieve that he must now renounce so many honors. With evil hatred in his heart, he oftentimes cursed the day he first saw the light.

One small ray of comfort broke through all this gloom for oftentimes was he told when seeking aid and counsel, that his malady appears in many forms, and even for him relief might yet be found. So was he ever sustained in hope and thought. He bethought him that he might readily be cured and, on the counsel of his physician, swiftly rode to Montpellier in France, where he found nought but the sorrowful confirmation of his fears, that he might never be relieved of his burden.

This news he heard in sorrow, then straightway to Salerno turned his face, hoping there to be made whole by the counsel of the wisest doctors. The greatest master he consulted there, who gave him a most strange answer namely that he might be cured, but that he never would be.

He spoke "How can this be? Speak! It is impossible. If I *can* be cured, then I *must* be, in faith. Whatever penance may be laid on me, whatever it may cost in gold or striving, I swear it shall be done."

"Still, success shall not be thine," the master's answer came. "For such is thine affliction! What boots it that I should expound to thee? But one cure only, friend, will make thee whole. None hath ever been so rich or strong of heart, that he could succeed. Thou canst not, therefore, hope ever to be healed, unless God Himself become thy doctor."

Then spoke poor Heinrich "Why dost thou discourage me? I am rich in worldly goods. If thou makest use of thine art and skill upon me, not refusing my silver and bright gold, I shall make thee so beholden unto me, that thou shalt speak loud thy blessings on the day my cure is wrought."

"Thy wish would be well answered," came the master's voice, "were but the phisic such as might be bought at any price. In truth, thou shouldst then be healed. But alas! This may not be. For hearken to me, since thou implorest my help. Thou must bring hither a maid, of marriageable age, who knowingly and willingly will die and suffer death for thy sake. But among mankind it is not given that one should do this of his own free will. No other remedy availeth, but the heart's blood of a chaste virgin. That alone, my friend, will affect a perfect cure."

Poor Heinrich knew full well it was not possible to find one who would gladly die for him. And in that moment was all comfort snatched from him that had but now been offered, and from that selfsame hour he renounced all hope of being whole again. And straightway his heart's heaviness became violent and great, nought grieved him so sore as the thought that he must spend more days upon this earth. Home he returned, and began to bestow his goodly heritage, all that he owned, even as the wishes of his heart and good counsel bade him. Taking careful thought, he made his poor friends rich, and gave succor to the stranger poor, so that God might take pity on his soul, and what was left over he shared among the

houses of God In this wise, he disposed of his goods, all but a small farmstead, whither he fled, and there he lived apart from all men But he did not bewail his sorry state alone, for in all parts where he was known, men pitied him, and even in strange places, where his repute had spread, was wailing heard for his affliction One who had ever tilled that ground, and now again harrowed it with skill, was a free husbandman, who but seldom suffered such misfortune as other peasants had to bear, who served less noble masters, and ill could spare the money for taxes, or payment in kind All that this peasant did, seemed to his lord both good and right, great care he took that he should never receive work or assistance from without Therefore, none of his station was so prosperous as he To this good man his lord, poor Heinrich, retired What this kind master had done for his servant, was now, in ample measure, repaid unto him

To this husbandman had God given a happy and blameless existence He had a healthy body, a thrifty wife, and beautiful children these are a joy to any man Among them, it is told, was a lovely maid, a child of eight years She loved virtue above all else, and would not stir a foot away from her kind lord To win his favor and his praise, she cared for him in every way with tender kindness So pleasing was she altogether, that she was fit for a king's child in all her beauty and her gentleness The others only pondered how, with all due courtesy, they might avoid him still, but she at all times went to him, and would be nowhere else but at his side Daily she amused him, and with a child's pure goodness thought ever of her gentle lord, and made her constant station at his feet With sweetest industry she stood ready to wait upon her lord He also for her pleasure did what he could, whatever game a child might love, this master gave her What helped him, too, was that children are so easily won and held Whatever he could buy, he gave to her mirrors and ribbands, and, what children love especially, girdles and a dainty ring With his service he had so far won her, that in secret he would call her his "little bride" How seldom this dear little maid left poor Heinrich alone! He did ever guard her sweetness and her purity However much her childish charm might merit guerdon, that which endeared her most to him was the sweet soul given her by God's grace

Her service was ever faithful and tender Now when poor Heinrich had been living there for three years, and God had not spared his body from racking torment, one day the peasant and his wife, and their sweet daughter, of whom I have already spoken, were sitting together, and bewailing the suffering of their noble lord They felt that they must mourn, they feared, in truth, one day his death would sore afflict them, mayhap take from them all they owned, and then would come another lord of cruel men and evil ways Ofttimes this thought had troubled them, and at last began the husbandman to question his lord

Said he, "Dear my lord, by your favor, one question I would ask of you Since there are so many masters of medicine at Salerno, how comes it that not one could give advice for healing your misery? Truly, dear lord, I marvel at this thing!"

Then did poor Heinrich heave a deep sigh from his heart's depths, and with the bitterest pain, and grievous sorrow answered him "This shame and mockery have I merited from God Thou didst see how of yore my gate stood open to receive all earthly joys that might come, none of my kindred lived so sumptuously as I, it seemed incredible that I should lack aught I craved But little did I think upon Him by whose grace this much desired joy was given me In my heart I thought as fools do, who desire in their pride that they may enjoy honor and wealth without the grace of God So was I also led astray by foolish error, and thought little of Him, by whom honor and wealth were vouchsafed unto me Since such pride greatly angered the divine Doorkeeper, He locked my gate of happiness forever Alas, my foot shall never enter in, the foolish error of my ways barred it everlastingly As punishment God hath commanded me to bear a malady from which no man can deliver me Therefore, the wicked look down upon me, and the virtuous heed me not at all However evil, he who gazes on my countenance may be yet more horrified, for with contempt he turns his face away First of all, I value in thee thy steadfast faithfulness, for ill as I am, thou lookest upon me as a guest and dost not flee away Thou lookest not on me with loathing well I know, that to none am I dearer than to thee, all thy good wishes are with me, yea, even death wouldst thou patiently suffer for my sake Who but me in all the world ever suffered greater shame or adversity? Formerly was I thy lord, now am I thy pensioner Verily, dear friend, thou, and thy wife, and here my little bride will win eternal bliss, for that thou hast cared for me in my affliction What thou hast asked, I tell thee willingly In all Salerno was no master to be found, who dared or wished to give me hope The only means that might restore me to health, was such a thing as none can win on earth Thus did they say 'I must win a maid of marriageable age, who is determined to suffer death for me, who will be cut to the heart', nought else will save me but the heart's blood of such a one Is it possible, a maid should wish for my sake to suffer death? Therefore must I bear shame and misery, even unto the end God grant it may be soon!"

Now all that Heinrich told her father, the chaste maid heard For this tender one was holding in her lap the feet of her dear lord Truly, like an angel was this tender child She pondered all his speech until night came, and as was her custom, she lay in her bed by the feet of her father and mother Then she drew a deep sigh from her heart, and her grief for her poor master's suffering was so great, that a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which, falling on the sleepers' feet, awakened them

They felt the hot tears flow, awoke, and began to question her, asking what troubled her, yet she forbore to tell them. But when her father spoke with many a threat, then did she answer: "Ye well may mourn with me. What grief can sadden us more than the suffering of our dear lord, disease will slay him, and through his death we lose all our wealth and honor. For nevermore will come so good a lord, who useth us so well as he."

Said they, "Ah daughter, thou speakest sooth, but no help at all will thy great grief and mourning bring, therefore, dear daughter, be silent. We grieve even as much as thou, but, alas, we cannot give him aid. It is God's will, were it another's, our curse would be upon him."

Thus they silenced her, but all night long she pondered, and all day. This thought alone filled her mind till evensong, when all again went to rest. When once more her head lay in its accustomed place, again the flood of tears burst from her eyes, so sore afflicted was she. For deep in her childish soul lay hidden the greatest thought of goodness was ever known to dwell within a child. What other little one has ever done as she? This she determined, that if the next day she awoke, she would lay down her life for her dear lord.

At this thought her spirit became light, she grew carefree and happy, one thought only troubled her: her lord might not agree, and the others might not allow her to do as she had planned.

Then so great became her sorrow that her parents, who lay near, again awoke as on the night before. They said: "Child, what troubleth thee? Thou art a foolish lass to grieve so over that which none can mend. Why dost thou break our sleep?" Then they chided her, saying, "Of what avail is repining, when none can cure or help?" So they hoped to quiet the sweet maid, not dreaming what she had determined on.

Straight answered them the maid: "Even as my lord hath said, he may be made whole again! If ye will give me leave, I may then be his cure. I am the maid, I have the courage, rather than see him perish I will gladly die for him."

At this speech, her parents grew sorrowful and downcast, and the father begged his child to say unto her lord, that she would wish to do this deed for his sake, but could not bring herself to take the step. "Dear daughter, thou art yet a child, and thy fine determination is too hard for thee to carry out, thou canst not accomplish this thing. Thou knowest, thine eyes have never yet gazed upon death. And if thy days were at an end, and death stood there before thee, yet wouldst thou strive to live a little longer, for thou wouldst be put into a frightful hole in the ground. So, be quiet and say no more, if ever from this hour thou breathest another word of this, verily, thy body shall answer for it." So he sought with entreaties and threats to have quieted the maid, but nought had he accomplished, for his daughter made answer:

"Simple as I am, yet from all I have heard, I know full well how

strong and hard death is But he who also must live long in misery is above all to be pitied. For even though he fights his way, and liveth to old age, in the end he must encounter death, in spite of all. And if he loseth his own soul, then better far had he never been born. I have ever striven to praise God, and willingly do I give my body for eternal life. Think not ill of me, let me do the best I may, both for myself and for the two of you. Only by leaving you forthwith can I preserve you from all harm and grief. Ye have plenty of rich land, and much store through my dear lord's favor, who never spoke an unkind word to you, and hath left unto you all this demesne. All will be well with you while he lives, but if we let him die, then must we perish with him. Him will I save, yea, by this worthy deed. Pray, grant it unto me, for so it must be."

Then spoke her mother, weeping, when she saw how determined her child was. "Bethink thee, dear one, how much toil and travail I have suffered for thy sake. repay me not as thou sayest thou wilt, but otherwise, in better ways. Lest thou shouldst break my heart, spare me this speech. Dost thou not see thou art seeking thy soul's salvation against the will of God? Dost thou not know his commandment? He has bidden thee love and honor thy father and thy mother, and decreed that thus is the soul saved, and long life granted on this earth. Thou utterest the wish to give thy life for our salvation, but thus thou wilt make our lives a burden to us both. That thy father and I cling to life is for thy sake only. Of what avail are life, or wealth, or any earthly pleasure if we lose thee, our beloved one? Lay not this cross upon us. Dearest daughter, thou art marked out to be the joy of our existence, the star of thy kindred, the staff of our old age. If, by thy will, thou makest us stand beside thy grave, surely, then God's favor will be turned from thee. If, dearest daughter, thou dost love us, cease this speech, and forswear this desire, for God's dear love."

"Oh, mother, truly do I honor my father and thee, there is never aught but love and affection in my thoughts. Through your grace do I have my soul and my fair body. All who look upon me, men and women, declare I am the fairest child their eyes have ever beheld. To whom should I give thanks for this save to you both and to God? Therefore shall my thoughts and deeds be ever guided by your desires. Great indeed is my duty! But, mother, since through thee I received both soul and body, allow me now to take them both and withdrawing them from the snares of the devil, dedicate them to God. This life on earth brings only sorrow to my spirit. No earthly desire hath ever touched my soul, nor lust, that leadeth to destruction. For this I give thanks to God, that in my youth He hath given me to know of our earthly life only what is poor and of little account. So will I give myself chaste into the hands of God. For I tremble, lest in growing older, I may take delight in earthly joys, and be caught in their net, and so renounce God's ways. Then would one have reason to mourn that I had lived so long, verily the world is not yet be

come dear to me The greatest love it brings is sorrow, I say in truth, its sweet reward is bitter, and a long life, nought but death itself The only certainty it gives is good to day and evil to morrow, and always death in the end, that is but wretched suffering Not rank, nor wealth nor beauty, strength, nor high courage, not virtue, even, nor honor can protect us from death, more than do humble birth and sin Life, like our youth, is but a fog, a cloud of dust, our strength trembleth like a leaf He is a sorry one who strives to catch at this mist, who cannot think upon the truth, and is a slave to the world For all this filth is covered as with a carpet, and he whom this deceiveth is truly destined for hell, in danger of losing both his soul and his body Then bethink thee, O blessed woman, of the truth in the mother's heart, and assuage the grief thou feelest for me Let my father, too, take thought, who wishes for me only what is good Truly, he has such virtue, that he will soon know how little joy ye could have of me, were I to cling to life Though I remain unwooded, and dwell with you for two or three years more, none the less, my lord will die, and ye two be in great want, perhaps in such need that ye cannot give me a dowry for a husband, then must I live so wretchedly, that ye would rather see me dead But of this grief no more, even were my dear lord to remain alive, to see me wed to a man who is rich and worthy, and all come as ye desired, then ye will think all has gone well with me If I love him, I suffer, if I hate him, 'twill be my death So shall I always be wretched and filled with trouble, and robbed of my rest, for reasons that women know, taking away their peace of mind and soul Give me the only treasure that will not depart A free Husbandman desireth me, who is truly worthy of my body, give me to Him, so let my life be ordered His plough goeth easily through the earth, His house is well stocked, neither horses nor kine die for Him, no wailing infant breaketh His rest, at His home is neither heat nor cold, none groweth old, the old become young, no frost nor hunger, no sorrow of any kind is there, — only happiness unalloyed, and joy To Him shall I now go, leaving such poor houses as lightning or hail may lay low, or wave wash away, for which one toils and ever toils All that a full year's work has barely won, half a day may destroy Such treasure, such a country will I leave they shall be cursed and spurned by me Ye love me that is beautiful Therefore, I see with joy, that ye will not treat me as though ye loved me not If the spirit moves you, and it is given you to understand, and you desire for me virtue and honor, then let me turn to our Lord, Jesus Christ, whose goodness endureth forever, and who loveth the poor maid, as He loveth a queen Never can I pay my debt for this deed of grace, save by God's help Surely, it is His command that I remain obedient to you both from whom I have my being But I shall not be untrue to myself Oft have I heard it spoken, that whoever consoleth his neighbor in his affliction, crowneth that neighbor and humbleth himself, such a man hath true

faith But that I may be faithful unto you, I must first be faithful unto myself If ye wish to stand in the way of my salvation, then I must leave ye to your tears to weep for me, for never would I seem at fault Unceasingly I long to go where I shall find eternal joy Ye have other children let them be thy joy, and solace ye for my death For none can stay me from saving my dear lord and myself Oh, mother, often have I heard thee lament and say how it would rend thy heart to stand beside my grave That shall not happen to thee Thou shalt not see my grave, for my death shall come where none of ye shall see, it shall be at Salerno There death shall deliver us all from the fiend of hell, the evil one Through my death shall we all gain reward, I more than any of you”

When they saw their child eager to embrace death, and heard her speak so wisely, in her desire to break all earthly bonds, they began seriously to consider, that never could such wisdom show itself on the lips of a child They said to themselves, “She hath been inspired by the Holy Ghost, who also entered St Nicholas as he lay in his cradle, and taught him wisdom, so that he commended to God his child’s soul” Then in their goodness, they determined not to dissuade her, nor keep her from what she had planned to undertake, feeling that her wish had come from God Their bodies rigid with grief, the peasant and his wife sat by the child’s bedside, and through love of her they said nothing, lost in thought for a time Neither the one nor the other could say a word The mother was wholly broken by her grief So sat they all sad and downcast, until they thought “What boots it to grieve? grief will not move her resolution, and if we show displeasure in our speech, mayhap our dear lord will not then be helped” Whereupon both readily declared their willingness

This rendered the chaste maid happy, and scarcely had the dawn broken, when she went to her dear lord’s bedside His little bride called to him, saying,

“Dear my lord, art thou asleep?”

“Nay, little bride, tell me what hath awakened thee so early?”

“My lord, I am torn by grief and anguish over thy sorry plight”

“Oh, little bride, if thou takest it so to heart, then art thou showing much good unto me, for which God requite thee, but nought can prevail against my misery”

“Take comfort, dear lord, for good tidings await thee Since it hath chanced there may be help for thee, I shall not wait another day Dear lord, didst thou not tell us, if thou couldst find a chaste maid, who for thy sake would suffer death, thou wouldst be whole? That maid — God knows — am I, thy life is of much greater worth than mine”

Thereupon the lord thanked her heartily for her good will, his eyes began to fill with silent tears Said he “My little bride, death is in sooth no little thing, as thou knowest Most fully hast thou shown that if thou couldst, thou wouldst help me I know thy loving valor, thy purpose,

which is pure and good more than this I will not ask of thee Thou canst never bestow upon me that which thou hast offered The faithfulness thou hast conceived for me, God in His goodness will requite I should become a mockery to mankind, were I now to prepare medicine for myself, and no good would come of it after all Dear little bride, thou speakest as children do who are always wilful, whatever cometh into their minds, evil or good, they wish immediately, but repentance follows after Little bride, however thou mayest feel, thy speech springs from an impetuous desire If one were to take thee at thy word, if thy offer should be accepted, how soon wouldst thou rue it!" And that she might consider it still further, he went on to say "Thy father and mother can ill spare thee, never will I bring grief upon those who have always done good unto me Do thou, dear bride, heed whatever they may counsel" He spoke this with a laugh, for little did he suspect how all would befall ✓

Thus did he beseech the good maid But her father and mother said to him "Dear lord, always hast thou loved and honored us greatly, we should be doing a great wrong, if we failed to requite thy goodness Our daughter is determined to die for thy sake, with reverent joy, we permit her to do this For this is the third day that she hath importuned us We have granted her wish and she hath won our leave Let God through her effect a cure upon thee for thy sake, will we give her up"

When his little bride thus offered to release him from illness through her death, and showed her earnestness, great was his sorrow and mourning Then sundry causes of grief laid hold upon all three, as well as upon the Lord Heinrich The father and mother could not restrain their tears, thinking upon their dear child's death Hereafter the lord bethought him of the dear child's tender care, so that great anguish and regret seized upon him He wept bitterly, thinking he had done better to let all stand as it was before The maiden, too, wept, fearing that he had lost courage So all were deeply moved, and no word of thanks could be spoken

At last their liege lord, poor Heinrich, began to thank all three for their fidelity and kindness The maid was happy once more because he took her counsel

Swiftly he prepared to leave for Salerno, making ready all that was needful for the journey Whatever a maiden might need was prepared for her a handsome steed, a rich dress — one she had never worn before — all made of ermine and of velvet, and the best cloak that could be found Such was the maiden's raiment

Who can describe in words their grief and lamentation, the mother's stark despair, the father's sorrow? Between the two, it was a most pitiful farewell, when they sent away their child, blooming with health, to her death, never to see her again Their only solace was the pure goodness of their hearts, from which the feeling sprang that led the young child to take death upon herself With no effort on her part, all grief and heaviness

were purged from her spirit, else would it have been a miracle that their hearts did not break. Their misery was changed into joy, so that hereafter they suffered no more pain for their child's death.

So the maid with happy spirit rode to Salerno with her lord. What could disturb her soul, save that the road was long, and she still lived? And when the Lord Heinrich brought her to the master's house, and it was straightway announced that he had brought with him a maid, whom he called his victim, straight was she brought before the master.

To him it seemed incredible. "Child," he said, "hast thou well considered the intent? Hast thou perhaps been moved to it through the prayers and threats of the master?" But the maid, answered that she herself had so determined, and did it of her own free will.

Thereat was he much astounded, took her aside, and adjured her to tell whether her lord had threatened her, that she should speak thus. Said he: "My child, there is great need that thou shouldst well consider. I shall speak plainly. If thou sufferest death, and do it not freely, then is your youthful body dead, in very truth. But it will not help, nay, not one jot. Seek not to hide thy thoughts from me. I tell thee truly what I must do. I must bind thee, hand and foot, and if thou hast pity on thy body, think of thy suffering. I shall cut thee to the heart, and take it from thy living flesh. Now, maiden, tell me, is thy courage steadfast? No child has yet been made to suffer as thou must now suffer at my hands. A great fear assails me, that I must now perform and look upon this deed. Bethink thee truly, art thou not afraid? If thou dost regret but one hair's breadth, then my labor and time are lost, and alas, thy body too."

And again most earnestly did he urge her that if she felt herself not steadfast as rock to relinquish her purpose.

But smiling answered the maiden that well she knew all this. On this very day was death to release her from all earthly care.

"God reward you, noble Sir, for having so clearly spoken the truth to me. In sooth, I am a little fearful, for one doubt has arisen in my mind. I will tell it frankly to you, how this doubt hath entered into me. I fear our time and effort will be lost by thy timidity, for womanish is thy speech, it maketh thee seem a brother to the timid hare. Thy fear that I must die is far too great. Truly thou art not acting as beseems thy high office as master. I am a woman, yet have I strength. If thou hast the courage to cut my breast, I have the strength to bear it. In sooth, the dreadful thing thou hast just described, I have rightly understood, and would not have come hither, had I not known myself to be of steadfast courage for the trial, and sure that I can bear it well. I feel here in thy honorable presence, my pallor has quite left me, and a firm resolve entered in. I stand here, as if to go to a ball, since there is no torment so great, that will not end in a day, together with my body. I feel, indeed, one day is cheaply given to win eternal life, which never can be lost.

No more will I be moved in my purpose If thou art sure that thou canst give health unto my dear lord, and bring me everlasting life, then I pray God thou mayest do it in time, and prove thyself a master indeed The thought invites me greatly, I know for whose sake I do this, and in whose name it is about to be One who recognizes difficult service, and lets it not pass without its due reward I well know that He himself hath said 'Whoever does great service, he shall have great reward' Therefore will I consider death only a sweet necessity to earn a sure reward If I should fail to seek this heavenly crown, I should be as the foolish, since I am but of humble birth "

When he had seen her strength, arising from her blameless state, he led her again to the sick man, and said to her lord

"No more the thought can trouble us, that thy maid is not perfect in all things Therefore, be of good cheer, I shall soon make thee whole once more "

Straightway did he lead the maid into his secret chamber, because then her lord could not see, he locked the door, and drew the bolt, for he was unwilling that the lord should see how her end must come

In the chamber, where various medicaments were prepared, he bade the damsel cast off her dress She was much delighted at his behest, tore her vesture at the seam, and stood forth stripped of all clothing

When the master gazed upon her, he said in his heart, "So fair a creature seldom liveth on earth " So greatly did he pity her, his soul and spirit well nigh weakened And now did the good maid spy a high table standing there, and upon this he bade her climb To the table he bound her fast, and took into his hand a great sharp knife that lay close by, which he was used to employ for such purpose Though it was long and broad, it had not so sharp an edge as he could have wished Since she might not live longer, he pitied her, and wished he could give her an easy death

Now there lay near her a good whetstone On this he began to rub the knife very slowly and deliberately, in order to sharpen it The sound of this poor Heinrich heard, he quickly came nearer and stood hard by the wall, for greatly did it tear his heart to think he should no more see the maid alive And so did he begin to seek for some open place, until he found a little hole, that pierced the wall, and through this he spied her there, naked and bound to the table

Then he made a new resolve — for he did not think good what he had before determined, and changed his plan His spirit was seized suddenly with compassion

For when he saw the maiden brought to such a pass, to himself he said "How foolish is thy planning, at the best, thou shalt win but a day of life away from Him whom none may withstand Thou dost know what thou art about, since thou must some day die, it is meet for thee to bear

submissively this shameful existence God hath laid upon thee Hast thou then duly pondered, whether this child's death will heal thee? What our dear Lord hath put upon thee, bear it with all fortitude, I cannot allow this dear child's death "

Straightway he went up to the door, and began to beat upon it, begging to be admitted The master spoke deliberately "I have no time now to open the door for thee "

"Nay, master, hear me speak "

"Forgive me, sir, I cannot Be patient until this is over "

"Nay, verily, hear me before it is too late "

"Then speak it through the wall "

"Nay, that will not serve "

Soon was he in the room, Then Heinrich went to where he saw the poor maid bound, and spoke thus to the master "This child is so lovely, in sooth, I may not look upon her death According to God's will, let me remain as I am We must bid her arise The silver I have promised thee for this will I freely give to thee Only, I beseech thee, let this maiden live "

Now when the maiden perceived that she was not to die, her soul was sore oppressed She minded neither precept nor propriety, but beat her body and tore her hair, until her appearance was so wretched, that none could look upon her without shedding tears And bitterly she moaned "Alas, woe unto me, most wretched one Alas, once more! What will now be my lot? Must I thus lose my rich heavenly crown, that was to be given me as reward for all my suffering? Then am I lost indeed! Alas, O powerful Christ, what honor hath been taken from my lord, as well as from me! Now must we both renounce the honor that was destined for us Had this been carried out, then would his body have been saved, and I should have won life everlasting "

So begged she passionately for death However great her pleading she spent it all in vain Since none would do aught for her, she began to chide, saying, "I must pay for my lord's weakness Men have deceived and misled me, that I now clearly see I always heard it said abroad that thou wert honorable and good, possessing a firm manly courage That was, God help me! a fabric of lies The world was much deceived in thee Thou hast ever belonged, and still belong to those who are afraid I can easily see that For I was willing to suffer that which thou wouldst not permit Oh, sir, by what right didst thou become afraid, when I was bound? Was there not a thick wall 'twixt thee and me? My lord, dost thou not trust thyself to see another's death? So will I announce, and proclaim to all, that none will do aught for thee, save what is to thy benefit "

However much she cursed and begged, and chided, all was of no avail, she had to live in spite of it Whatever chiding there befell, poor Heinrich bore it all, virtuously and well, as a good knight should, in whom no chivalrous courtesy is lacking When now the miserable hero had dressed

his maid once more, and paid the doctor a fee for his services, he set forth again, back to his own country, albeit he well knew, that as soon as he reached home from every mouth curses and jeers would fall upon him. This he confided only to God alone.

Now the good maid had wept and wailed so greatly that she seemed on the point of death. Then did the Searcher of all hearts behold her great faith and her grief, He to whom no heart is ever locked. Since He with loving deception had inflicted this upon them both, seeking thus to try them, and just as to Job the rich, so now the loving Christ showed how dear unto Him is such faithfulness, and straightway relieved them of all their grief, and in the selfsame hour made him clean, and healed him of his leprosy.

So now the good Lord Heinrich began to recover so quickly, that on his homeward journey, through God's care, he was completely cleansed, and so full of health, that he looked as he had looked twenty years before. And since for this grace they were filled with joy, he commanded that his good fortune be announced at home in his own country, that all with grateful hearts might rejoice in his good fortune. It was right and fitting that all should feel delight in such favor as the Lord God had bestowed upon him.

All his dearest friends, as soon as they heard of his arrival, rode to meet him three days' journey in order to receive him well. They would believe no evidence, save what their own eyes showed them. They saw the miracle of God made manifest in his clean body. The peasant and his wife, ye may well believe, tarried not at home. Forever will remain untold the joy that they experienced, when God vouchsafed them such a happy sight: their daughter and their lord. Never was greater joy than that bestowed upon these parents, when they saw both their loved ones safe and well. They scarce knew how to act, their happy greeting was accompanied by strange demeanor. So great was their hearts' delight, that while they laughed, the tears gushed from their eyes, and we need not deny, that on her rosy mouth they kissed the maid, three times within the hour.

The Swabians now welcomed them with most costly gifts. This was their perfect greeting, God knows it well, for Swabia must admit to every worthy man who has seen them at home, that none there was of better cheer. How all received him on his homeward way, how things went afterwards, what more is there to tell? For richer than of yore did he become in land and honor. He began to prepare everything for the perpetual service of his God, and was much more obedient to His word than ever he had been of yore. So there remains for him eternal fame.

The peasant and his wife earned honor and substance at his hands. He never showed himself ungrateful, so nobly had they stood by him. He gave them for their own the great demesne, both land and serfs, where he had once lain, a sick man. And his little bride he provided with

goods and all manner of things, as though she were his mistress, or his cousin Duty demanded this

Now all the wise began to recommend and counsel him to think of marriage, but not unanimous was this counsel He answered them, that he would send for all his friends, and settle finally this matter to which they advised So from all sides he summoned the host of those who waited on his commands When all were come before him, friends and clients, too, he made known his desire From each came the same answer it was right, and time that he should marry Thereupon began a great discussion The one said this, the other that, as men are wont to do when bidden to give counsel

Since their advice did not agree at all, poor Heinrich said at last "Ye all know well, that but a short time since, I was in great discomfort, an object of disgust in the eyes of all men Now neither man nor woman shuns me, I have a healthy body, through our Lord's grace For this ye all advise that I render thanks unto our God, from whom I have received this sign of grace — that I once more am whole " And they said "Take such resolve, that thy body, and thy riches, too, may ever be awaiting His commands " His little bride stood at his side, on whom he looked with loving eyes Embracing her, he said

"Let it be known unto all, that through this good maid it hath come about that I can walk abroad a healthy man, through this maid, standing now by my side Now is she free as I am, wherefore do I greatly long to take her as my wife God grant, I shall not be ashamed of this, then will I call her wife, in very truth If this cannot be done, then verily, I die without a wife, since I do owe, to her alone, my life and honor By our Lord's grace, I beg all to be well pleased with my resolve "

Then did all agree, poor and rich, that he might do this with every right Of priests were there enough, I wot, to give the maid to him in marriage

After a long life, blessed with joy, they were taken up together into the Eternal Kingdom May such befall us all upon the Judgment Day

To the reward they reaped then,
May God in Heav'n help us! Amen

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO

(1781-1838)

LOUIS CHARLES ADELAIDE — later known as Adalbert von Chamisso — was born in Champagne in 1781. He was of French descent. At an early age he went to Germany and in 1798 became an officer in the Prussian Army. Eight years later he resigned and took up the study of botany and zoology. Although he wrote some distinguished poetry he is universally known and still read as the author of *Peter Schlemihl*, a romantic masterpiece in which many have tried to discover hidden meanings and allegories. But the novel lives because it is primarily a well told and interesting yarn. It was written in 1813 and published the next year.

The translation here used is by an anonymous writer and reprinted from F. H. Hedge's *Prose Writers of Germany*, Philadelphia, 1847. The original title is *The Marvelous History of Peter Schlemihl*.

PETER SCHLEMIHL

CHAPTER I

AFTER a fortunate, but for me very troublesome voyage, we finally reached the port. The instant that I touched land in the port I loaded myself with my few effects, and passing through the swarming people, I entered the first, and least house, before which I saw a sign hang. I requested a room, the boots measured me with a look, and conducted me into the garret. I caused fresh water to be brought, and made him exactly describe to me where I should find Mr. Thomas John.

"Before the north gate, the first country house on the right hand, a large new house of red and white marble, with many columns."

"Good." It was still early in the day. I opened at once my bundle, took hence my new black cloth coat, clad myself cleanly in my best apparel, put my letter of introduction into my pocket, and set out on the way to the man who was to promote my modest expectations.

When I had ascended the long North Street, and reached the gate, I soon saw the pillars glimmer through the foliage. "Here it is then," thought I. I wiped the dust from my feet with my pocket handkerchief, put my neckcloth in order, and in God's name rung the bell. The door flew open. In the hall I had an examination to undergo, the porter, however, permitted me to be announced, and I had the honor to be called into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a select party. I recognized

the man at once by the lustre of his corpulent self complacency He received me very well — as a rich man receives a poor devil, — even turned towards me, without turning from the rest of the company, and took the offered letter from my hand “So, so, from my brother I have heard nothing from him for a long time But he is well? There,” continued he, addressing the company, without waiting for an answer, and pointing with the letter to a hill, “there I am going to erect the new building” He broke the seal without breaking off the conversation, which turned upon riches

“He that is not master of a million, at least,” he observed, “is — pardon me the word — a wretch!”

“O! how true!” I exclaimed with a rush of overflowing feeling

That pleased him He smiled at me, and said — “Stay here, my good friend, in a while I shall perhaps have time to tell you what I think about this” He pointed to the letter, which he then thrust into his pocket, and turned again to the company He offered his arm to a young lady, the other gentlemen addressed themselves to other fair ones, each found what suited him, and all proceeded towards the rose blossomed mount

I slid into the rear, without troubling any one, for no one troubled himself any further about me The company was excessively lively, there was dalliance and playfulness, trifles were sometimes discussed with an important tone, but oftener important matters with levity, and especially pleasantly flew the wit over absent friends and their circumstances I was too strange to understand much of all this, too anxious and introverted to take an interest in such riddles

We had reached the rosary The lovely Fanny, the belle of the day, as it appeared, would, out of obstinacy, herself break off a blooming bough She wounded herself on a thorn, and as if from the dark roses, flowed the purple on her tender hand This circumstance put the whole party into a flutter English plaster was sought for A still, thin, lanky, longish old man, who stood near, and whom I had not hitherto remarked, put his hand instantly into the close lying breast pocket of his old French gray taffeta coat, produced thence a little pocket-book, opened it, and presented to the lady, with a profound obeisance, the required article She took it without noticing the giver, and without thanks, the wound was bound up, and we went forward over the hill, from whose back the company could enjoy the wide prospect over the green labyrinth of the park to the boundless ocean

The view was in reality vast and splendid A light point appeared on the horizon between the dark flood, and the blue of the heaven “A telescope here!” cried John, and already before the servants who appeared at the call, were in motion, the gray man, modestly bowing, had thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and drawn thence a beautiful Dollond, and handed it to Mr John Bringing it immediately to his eye, he informed the company that it was the ship which went out yesterday, and was detained in view of port by contrary winds The telescope passed from hand to

hand, but not again into that of its owner I, however, gazed in wonder at the man, and could not conceive how the great machine had come out of the narrow pocket but this seemed to have struck no one else, and nobody troubled himself any farther about the gray man than about myself

Refreshments were handed round, the choicest fruits of every zone, in the costliest vessels Mr John did the honors with an easy grace, and a second time addressed a word to me "Help yourself, you have not had the like at sea" I bowed, but he saw it not, he was already speaking with some one else

The company would fain have reclined upon the sward on the slope of the hill, opposite to the outstretched landscape, had they not feared the dampness of the earth "It were divine," observed one of the party, "had we but a Turkey carpet to spread here" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat had his hand in his pocket, and was busied in drawing thence, with a modest and even humble deportment, a rich Turkey carpet interwoven with gold The servants received it as a matter of course, and opened it on the required spot The company without ceremony, took their places upon it, for myself, I looked again in amazement on the man, at the carpet, which measured above twenty paces long and ten in breadth, and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think of it, especially as nobody saw anything extraordinary in it

I would fain have had some explanation regarding the man, and have asked who he was, but I knew not to whom to address myself, for I was almost more afraid of the gentlemen's servants than of the served gentlemen At length I took courage, and stepped up to a young man who appeared to me to be of less consideration than the rest, and who had often stood alone I begged him softly to tell me who the agreeable man in the gray coat there was

"He there, who looks like an end of thread that has escaped out of a tailor's needle?"

"Yes, he who stands alone"

"I don't know him," he replied, and as it seemed in order to avoid a longer conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of indifferent matters to another

The sun began now to shine more powerfully, and to inconvenience the ladies The lovely Fanny addressed carelessly to the gray man, whom as far as I am aware, no one had yet spoken to, the trifling question, "Whether he had not, perchance, also a tent by him?" — He answered her by an obeisance most profound, as if an unmerited honor were done him, and had already his hand in his pocket, out of which I saw come canvass, poles, cordage, iron work, in short, everything which belongs to the most splendid pleasure tent The young gentlemen helped to expand it, and it covered the whole extent of the carpet, and nobody found anything remarkable in it

I was already become uneasy, nay horrified at heart, but how completely so, as, at the very next wish expressed, I saw him yet pull out of his pocket three roadsters — I tell thee three beautiful great black horses, with saddle and caparison Bethink thee! for God's sake! — three saddled horses, still out of the same pocket out of which already a pocket book, a telescope, an embroidered carpet, twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure tent of equal dimensions, and all the requisite poles and irons, had come forth! If I did not protest to you that I saw it myself with my own eyes, you could not possibly believe it

Embarrassed and obsequious as the man himself appeared to be, little as was the attention which had been bestowed upon him yet to me his grisley aspect, from which I could not turn my eyes, became so fearful, that I could bear it no longer

I resolved to steal away from the company, which from the insignificant part I played in it seemed to me an easy affair I proposed to myself to return to the city, to try my luck again on the morrow with Mr John, and if I could muster the necessary courage, to question him about the singular gray man Had I only had the good fortune to escape so well!

I had already actually succeeded in stealing through the rosary, and in descending the hill, found myself on a piece of lawn, when fearing to be encountered in crossing the grass out of the path, I cast an enquiring glance round me What was my terror to behold the man in the gray coat behind me, and making towards me! In the next moment he took off his hat before me, and bowed so low as no one had ever yet done to me There was no doubt but that he wished to address me, and without being rude, I could not prevent it I also took off my hat, bowed also, and stood there in the sun with bare head as if rooted to the ground I stared at him full of terror, and was like a bird which a serpent has fascinated He himself appeared very much embarrassed He raised not his eyes, again bowed repeatedly, drew nearer, and addressed me with a soft, tremulous voice, almost in a tone of supplication

“May I hope, sir, that you will pardon my boldness in venturing in so unusual manner to approach you, but I would ask a favor Permit me most condescendingly —”

“But in God's name!” exclaimed I in my trepidation, “what can I do for a man who —” we both started, and, as I believe, reddened

After a moment's silence, he again resumed “During the short time that I had the happiness to find myself near you, I have, sir, many times, — allow me to say it to you — really contemplated with inexpressible admiration, the beautiful, beautiful shadow which, as it were, with a certain noble disdain, and without yourself remarking it, you cast from you in the sunshine The noble shadow at your feet there Pardon me the bold supposition, but possibly you might not be indisposed to make this shadow over to me”

I was silent, and a mill wheel seemed to whirl round in my head. What was I to make of this singular proposition to sell my own shadow? He must be mad, thought I, and with an altered tone which was more assimilated to that of his own humility, I answered thus

"Ha! ha! good friend, have not you then enough of your own shadow? I take this for a business of a very singular sort —"

He hastily interrupted me — "I have many things in my pocket which, sir, might not appear worthless to you, and for this inestimable shadow I hold the very highest price too small."

It struck cold through me again as I was reminded of the pocket. I knew not how I could have called him good friend. I resumed the conversation, and sought, if possible, to set all right again by excessive politeness.

"But, sir, pardon your most humble servant, I do not understand your meaning. How indeed could my shadow?" — He interrupted me —

"I beg your permission only here on the spot to be allowed to take up this noble shadow and put it in my pocket, how I shall do that be my care. On the other hand, as a testimony of my grateful acknowledgment to you, I give you the choice of all the treasures which I carry in my pocket, — the genuine Spring root, the Mandrake root, the Change penny, the Rob dollar, the napkin of Roland's Page, a mandrake man, at your own price. But these probably don't interest you, — rather Fortunatus's Wishing cap newly and stoutly repaired, and a lucky-bag such as he had!"

"The Luck-purse of Fortunatus!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, and great as my anxiety was, with that one word he had taken my whole mind captive. A dizziness seized me, and double ducats seemed to glitter before my eyes.

"Honored Sir, will you do me the favor to view, and to make trial of this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a tolerably large, well sewed purse of stout Cordovan leather, with two strong strings, and handed it to me. I plunged my hand into it, and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten, and again ten, and again ten. I extended him eagerly my hand — "Agreed! the business is done, for the purse you have my shadow!"

He closed with me, kneeled instantly down before me, and I beheld him, with an admirable dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from top to toe from the grass, lift it up, roll it together, fold it, and finally, pocket it. He arose, made me another obeisance, and retreated towards the rosary. I fancied that I heard him there softly laughing to himself, but I held the purse fast by the strings, all round me lay the clear sunshine, and within me was yet no power of reflection.

CHAPTER II

At length I came to myself, and hastened to quit the place where I had nothing more to expect. In the first place I filled my pockets with gold, then I secured the strings of the purse fast round my neck, and concealed the purse itself in my bosom. I passed unobserved out of the park, reached the highway and took the road to the city. As, sunk in thought, I approached the gate, I heard a cry behind me:

“Young gentleman! eh! young gentleman! hear you!”

I looked round, an old woman called after me:

“Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!”

“Thank you, good mother!” I threw her a gold piece for her well meant intelligence, and stopped under the trees.

At the city gate I was compelled to hear again from the sentinel — “Where has the gentleman left his shadow?” And immediately again from some women — “Jesus Maria! the poor fellow has no shadow!” That began to irritate me, and I became especially careful not to walk in the sun. This could not, however, be accomplished everywhere, for instance, over the broad street which I next must approach actually, as mischief would have it, at the very moment that the boys came out of school. A cursed hunchbacked rogue, I see him yet, spied out instantly that I had no shadow. He proclaimed the fact with a loud outcry to the whole assembled literary street youth of the suburb, who began forthwith to criticize me, and to pelt me with mud. “Decent people are accustomed to take their shadow with them, when they go into the sunshine.” To defend myself from them I threw whole handfuls of gold amongst them and sprang into a hackney coach, which some compassionate soul procured for me.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling carriage I began to weep bitterly. The presentiment must already have arisen in me, that far as gold on earth transcends in estimation, merit and virtue, so much higher than gold itself is the shadow valued, and as I had earlier sacrificed wealth to conscience, I had now thrown away the shadow for mere gold. What in the world could and would become of me!

I was again greatly annoyed as the carriage stopped before my old inn. I was horrified at the bare idea of entering that wretched cockloft. I ordered my things to be brought down, received my miserable bundle with contempt, threw down some gold pieces, and ordered the coachman to drive to the most fashionable hotel. The house faced the north, and I had not the sun to fear. I dismissed the driver with gold, caused the best front rooms to be assigned me, and shut myself up in them as quickly as I could!

What think you I now began? Oh, my dear Chamisso, to confess it even to you makes me blush. I drew the unlucky purse from my bosom, and with a kind of desperation which, like a rushing conflagration, grew in me

with self increasing growth I extracted gold, and gold, and gold, and ever more gold, and strewed it on the floor, and strode amongst it, and made it ring again, and feeding my poor heart on the splendor and the sound, flung continually more metal to metal, till in my weariness, I sank down on the rich heap, and rioting thereon, rolled and revelled amongst it So passed the day, the evening I opened not my door, night and day found me lying on my gold, and then sleep overcame me

I dreamed of you I seemed to stand behind the glass door of your little room, and to see you sitting then at your work table, between a skeleton and a bundle of dried plants Before you lay open Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus, on your sofa a volume of Goethe and "The Magic Ring" I regarded you long, and every thing in your room, and then you again You did not move, you drew no breath, — you were dead!

I awoke It appeared still to be very early My watch stood I was sore all over, thirsty and hungry too, I had taken nothing since the evening before I pushed from me with loathing and indignation the gold on which I had before sated my foolish heart In my vexation I knew not what I should do with it It must not lie there I tried whether the purse would swallow it again, — but no! None of my windows opened upon the sea I found myself compelled laboriously to drag it to a great cupboard which stood in a cabinet, and there to pile it I left only some handfuls of it lying When I had finished the work, I threw myself exhausted into an easy chair, and waited for the stirring of the people in the house As soon as possible I ordered food to be brought, and the landlord to come to me

I fixed in consultation with this man the future arrangements of my house He recommended for the services about my person a certain Bendel, whose honest and intelligent physiognomy immediately captivated me He it was whose attachment has since accompanied me consolingly through the wretchedness of life, and has helped me to support my gloomy lot I spent the whole day in my room among masterless servants, shoe makers, tailors, and tradespeople I fitted myself out, and purchased besides a great many jewels and valuables for the sake of getting rid of some of the vast heap of hoarded up gold, but it seemed to me as if it were impossible to diminish it

In the meantime I brooded over my situation in the most agonizing despair I dared not venture a step out of my doors, and at evening I caused forty waxlights to be lit in my room before I issued from the shade I thought with horror on the terrible scene with the schoolboys, yet I resolved, much courage as it demanded, once more to make a trial of public opinion The nights were then moonlight Late in the evening I threw on a wide cloak, pressed my hat over my eyes, and stole, trembling like a criminal, out of the house I stepped first out of the shade in whose protection I had arrived there, in a remote square, into the full moonlight, determined to learn my fate out of the mouths of the passers-by

Spare me, dear friend, the painful repetition of all that I had to endure. The women often testified the deepest compassion with which I inspired them, declarations which no less transpierced me than the mockery of the youth and the proud contempt of the men, especially of those fat, well fed fellows, who themselves cast a broad shadow. A lovely and sweet girl, who, as it seemed, accompanied her parents, while these suspiciously only looked before their feet, turned by chance her flashing eyes upon me. She was obviously terrified, she observed my want of a shadow, let fall her veil over her beautiful countenance, and dropping her head, passed in silence.

I could bear it no longer. Briny streams started from my eyes, and, cut to the heart, I staggered back into the shade. I was obliged to support myself against the houses to steady my steps and wearily and late reached my dwelling.

I spent a sleepless night. The next morning it was my first care to have the man in the gray coat everywhere sought after. Possibly I might succeed in finding him again, and how joyful! if he repented of the foolish bargain as heartily as I did. I ordered Bendel to come to me, he appeared to possess address and tact, I described to him exactly the man in whose possession lay a treasure without which my life was only a misery. I told him the time, the place in which I had seen him, I described to him all who had been present, and added, moreover, this token he should particularly inquire after a Dollond's telescope, after a gold interwoven Turkish carpet, after a splendid pleasure tent, and, finally, after the black chargers, whose story, we knew not how, was connected with that of the mysterious man, who seemed of no consideration amongst them, and whose appearance had destroyed the quiet and happiness of my life.

When I had done speaking I fetched out gold, such a load that I was scarcely able to carry it, and laid upon it precious stones and jewels of a far greater value. "Bendel," said I, "these level many ways, and make easy many things which appeared quite impossible, don't be stingy with it, as I am not, but go and rejoice your master with the intelligence on which his only hope depends."

He went. He returned late and sorrowful. None of the people of Mr John, none of his guests, and he had spoken with all, were able in the remotest degree, to recollect the man in the gray coat. The new telescope was there, and no one knew whence it had come, the carpet, the tent were still there spread and pitched on the self same hill, the servants boasted of the affluence of their master, and no one knew whence these same valuables had come to him. He himself took his pleasure in them, and did not trouble himself because he did not know whence he had them. The young gentlemen had the horses, which they had ridden, in their stables, and they praised the liberality of Mr John who on that day made them a present of them. Thus much was clear from the circumstantial relation

of Bendel, whose active zeal and able proceeding, although with such fruitless result, received from me their merited commendation I gloomily motioned him to leave me alone

"I have," began he again, "given my master an account of the matter which was most important to him I have yet a message to deliver which a person gave me whom I met at the door as I went out on the business in which I have been so unfortunate The very words of the man were these 'Tell Mr Peter Schlemihl he will not see me here again as I am going over sea, and a favorable wind calls me at this moment to the harbor But in a year and a day I will have the honor to seek him myself, and then to propose to him another and probably to him more agreeable transaction Present my most humble compliments to him, and assure him of my thanks' I asked him who he was, but he replied, your honor knew him already"

"What was the man's appearance?" cried I, filled with foreboding, and Bendel sketched me the man in the gray coat, trait by trait, word for word, as he had accurately described in his former relation the man after whom he had inquired

"Unhappy one!" I exclaimed, wringing my hands, — "that was the very man!" and there fell, as it were, scales from his eyes

"Yes! it was he, it was positively!" cried he in horror, "and I, blind and imbecile wretch have not recognized him, have not recognized him, and have betrayed my master!"

He broke out into violent weeping, heaped the bitterest reproaches on himself, and the despair in which he was inspired even me with compassion I spoke comfort to him, assured him repeatedly that I entertained not the slightest doubt of his fidelity, and sent him instantly to the port, if possible to follow the traces of this singular man But in the morning a great number of ships which the contrary winds had detained in the harbor, had run out, bound to different climes and different shores, and the gray man had vanished as tracelessly as a dream

CHAPTER III

OF what avail are wings to him who is fast bound in iron fetters? He is compelled only the more fearfully to despair I lay like Fafnir by his treasure far from every consolation, suffering much in the midst of my gold But my heart was not in it, on the contrary, I cursed it, because I saw myself through it cut off from all life Brooding over my gloomy secret alone, I trembled before the meanest of my servants, whom at the same time I was forced to envy, for he had a shadow, he might show himself in the sun I wore away days and nights in solitary sorrow in my chamber, and anguish gnawed at my heart

There was another who pined away before my eyes, my faithful Bendel

never ceased to torture himself with silent reproaches, that he had betrayed the trust reposed in him by his master, and had not recognized him after whom he was despatched, and with whom he must believe that my sorrowful fate was intimately interwoven. I could not lay the fault to his charge, I recognized in the event the mysterious nature of the Unknown.

That I might leave nothing untried, I one time sent Bendel with a valuable brilliant ring to the most celebrated painter of the city, and begged that he would pay me a visit. He came. I ordered my people to retire, closed the door, seated myself by the man, and after I had praised his art, I came with a heavy heart to the business, causing him before that to promise the strictest secrecy.

“Mr. Professor,” said I, “could not you, think you, paint a false shadow for one, who by the most unlucky chance in the world, has become deprived of his own?”

“You mean a personal shadow?”

“That is precisely my meaning” —

“But,” continued he, “through what awkwardness, through what negligence could he then lose his proper shadow?”

“How it happened,” replied I, “is now of very little consequence, but thus far I may say,” added I, lying shamelessly to him, “in Russia, whither he made a journey last winter, in an extraordinary cold his shadow froze so fast to the ground that he could by no means loose it again.”

“The false shadow that I could paint him,” replied the professor, “would only be such a one as by the slightest agitation he might lose again, especially a person, who, as appears by your relation, has so little adhesion to his own native shadow. He who has no shadow, let him keep out of the sunshine, that is the safest and most sensible thing for him.” He arose and withdrew, casting at me a transpiercing glance which mine could not support. I sunk back in my seat, and covered my face with my hands.

Thus Bendel found me, as he at length entered. He saw the grief of his master, and was desirous silently and reverently to withdraw. I looked up, I lay under the burden of my trouble, I must communicate it.

“Bendel!” cried I, “Bendel, you only one who see my affliction and respect it, seeking not to pry into it, but appearing silently and kindly to sympathize, come to me, Bendel, and be the nearest to my heart, I have not locked from you the treasure of my gold, neither will I lock from you the treasure of my grief. Bendel, forsake me not. Bendel, you behold me rich, liberal, kind. You imagine that the world ought to honor me, and you see me fly the world, and hide myself from it. Bendel, the world has passed judgment, and cast me from it, and perhaps you too will turn from me when you know my fearful secret. Bendel, I am rich, liberal, kind, but, — O God! — I have no shadow!”

"No shadow!" cried the good youth with horror, and the bright tears gushed from his eyes "Woe is me, that I was born to serve a shadowless master!" He was silent, and I held my face buried in my hands

"Bendel," added I, at length, tremblingly — "now you have my confidence, and now can you betray it — go forth and testify against me " He appeared to be in a heavy conflict with himself, at length, he flung himself before me and seized my hand, which he bathed with his tears

"No!" exclaimed he, "think the world as it will, I cannot, and will not, on account of a shadow abandon my kind master, I will act justly, and not with policy I will continue with you, lend you my shadow, help you when I can, and when I cannot, weep with you " I fell on his neck, astonished at such unusual sentiment, for I was convinced that he did it not for gold

From that time my fate and my mode of life were in some degree changed It is indescribable how much Bendel continued to conceal my defect He was everywhere before me and with me, foreseeing everything, hitting on contrivances, and where danger threatened, covering me quickly with his shadow, since he was taller and bulkier than I Thus I ventured myself again among men, and began to play a part in the world I was obliged, it is true, to assume many peculiarities and humors, but such became the rich, and so long as the truth continued to be concealed, I enjoyed all the honor and respect which were paid to my wealth I looked calmly forward to the promised visit of the mysterious unknown, at the end of the year and the day

I felt, indeed, that I must not remain longer in a place where I had once been seen without a shadow, and where I might easily be betrayed Perhaps I yet thought too much of the manner in which I had introduced myself to Thomas John, and it was a mortifying recollection I would therefore here merely make an experiment, to present myself with more ease and confidence elsewhere, but that now occurred which held me a long time riveted to my vanity, for there it is in the man that the anchor bites the firmest ground

Even the lovely Fanny, whom I in this place again encountered, honored me with some notice without recollecting ever to have seen me before, for I now had wit and sense As I spoke, people listened, and I could not, for the life of me, comprehend myself how I had arrived at the art of maintaining and engrossing so easily the conversation The impression which I perceived that I had made on the fair one, made of me just what she desired — a fool, and I thenceforward followed her through shade and twilight wherever I could I was only so far vain that I wished to make her vain of myself, and found it impossible, even with the very best intentions, to force the intoxication from my head to my heart

But why relate to you the whole long ordinary story? You yourself have often related it to me of other honorable people To the old, well-

known play in which I goodnatureedly undertook a wornout part, there came in truth to her and me, and everybody, unexpectedly a most peculiar and poetic catastrophe

As, according to my wont, I had assembled on a beautiful evening a party in a garden, I wandered with the lady, arm in arm at some distance from the other guests, and exerted myself to strike out pretty speeches for her She cast down modestly her eyes, and returned gently the pressure of my hand, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds behind me, and — she saw only her own shadow thrown forward before her! She started and glanced wildly at me, then again on the earth, seeking my shadow with her eyes, and what passed within her, painted itself so singularly on her countenance, that I should have burst into a loud laugh if it had not itself run ice cold over my back

I let her fall from my arms in a swoon, shot like an arrow through the terrified guests, reached the door, flung myself into the first chaise which I saw on the stand, and drove back to the city, where this time, to my cost, I had left the circumspect Bendel He was terrified as he saw me, — one word revealed to him all Post horses were immediately fetched I took only one of my people with me, an arrant knave, called Rascal, who had contrived to make himself necessary to me by his cleverness, and who could suspect nothing of the present occurrence That night I left upwards of a hundred miles behind me Bendel remained behind me to discharge my establishment, to pay money, and to bring me what I most required When he overtook me next day, I threw myself into his arms, and swore to him, never again to run into the like folly, but in future to be more cautious We continued our journey without pause, over the frontiers and the mountains, and it was not till we began to descend and had placed those lofty bulwarks between us and our former unlucky abode, that I allowed myself to be persuaded to rest from the fatigues I had undergone, in a neighboring and little frequented bathing place

CHAPTER IV

I MUST pass in my relation hastily over a time in which, how gladly would I linger, could I but conjure up the living spirit of it with the recollection But the color which vivified it, and can only vivify it again, is extinguished in me, and when I seek in my bosom what then so mightily animated it, the grief and the joy, the innocent illusion, — then do I vainly smite a rock in which no living spring now dwells, and the god is departed from me How changed does this past time now appear to me I would act in the watering place an heroic character, ill studied, and myself a novice on the boards, and my gaze was lured from my part by a pair of blue eyes The parents, deluded by the play, offer everything only to make the business quickly secure, and the poor farce closes in

mockery And that is all, all! That presents itself now to me so absurd and commonplace, and yet is it terrible, that that can thus appear to me which then so richly, so luxuriantly, swelled my bosom Mina! as I wept at losing thee, so weep I still to have lost thee also in myself Am I then become so old? Oh, melancholy reason! Oh, but for one pulsation of that time! one moment of that illusion! But no! alone on the high waste sea of thy bitter flood! and long out of the last cup of champagne the elfin has vanished!

I had sent forward Bendel with some purses of gold to procure for me a dwelling adapted to my needs He had there scattered about much money, and expressed himself somewhat indefinitely respecting the distinguished stranger whom he served, for I would not be named, and that filled the good people with extraordinary fancies As soon as my house was ready Bendel returned to conduct me thither We set out

About three miles from the place, on a sunny plain, our progress was obstructed by a gay festal throng The carriage stopped Music, sound of bells, discharge of cannon, were heard, a loud vivat! rent the air, before the door of the carriage appeared, clad in white, a troop of damsels of extraordinary beauty, but who were eclipsed by one in particular, as the stars of night by the sun She stepped forth from the midst of her sisters, the tall and delicate figure kneeled blushing before me, and presented to me on a silken cushion a garland woven of laurel, olive branches, and roses, while she uttered some words about majesty, veneration and love, which I did not understand, but whose bewitching silver tone intoxicated my ear and heart It seemed as if the heavenly apparition had sometime already passed before me The chorus struck in, and sung the praises of a good king and the happiness of his people

And this scene, my dear friend, in the face of the sun! She kneeled still only two paces from me, and I without a shadow, could not spring over the gulf, could not also fall on the knee before the angel! Oh! what would I then have given for a shadow! I was compelled to hide my shame, my anguish, my despair, deep in the bottom of my carriage At length Bendel recollected himself on my behalf He leaped out of the carriage on the other side I called him back, and gave him out of my jewel case, which lay at hand, a splendid diamond crown, which had been made to adorn the brows of the lovely Fanny! He stepped forward, and spoke in the name of his master, who could not and would not receive such tokens of homage, there must be some mistake, and the good people of the city were thanked for their good will As he said thus, he took up the proffered wreath, and laid the brilliant coronet in its place He then extended respectfully his hand to the lovely maiden, that she might arise, and dismissed, with a sign, clergy, magistrates, and all the deputations No one else was allowed to approach He ordered the throng to divide, and make way for the horses, sprang again into the carriage, and on we went at full

gallop, through a festive archway of foliage and flowers towards the city. The discharges of cannon continued. The carriage stopped before my house. I sprang hastily in at the door, dividing the crowd which the desire to see me had collected. The mob hurraed under my window, and I let double ducats rain out of it. In the evening the city was voluntarily illuminated.

And yet I did not at all know what all this could mean, and who I was supposed to be. I sent out Rascal to make inquiry. He brought word to this effect — that the people had received certain intelligence that the good King of Prussia travelled through the country under the designation of a Count, that my adjutant had been recognized, and, finally, how great the joy was as they became certain that they really had me in the place. They now saw clearly that I evidently desired to maintain the strictest incognito, and how very wrong it had been to attempt so importunately to lift the veil. But I had resented it so graciously, so kindly, — I should certainly pardon their good heartedness.

The thing appeared so amusing to the rogue, that he did his best, by reproving words, the more to strengthen the good folk in their belief. He made a very comical recital of all this and as he found that it diverted me, he made a joke to me of his own additional wickedness. Shall I confess it? It flattered me, even by such means, to be taken for that honored head.

I commanded a feast to be prepared for the evening of the next day, beneath the trees which over shadowed the open space before my house, and the whole city to be invited to it. The mysterious power of my purse, the exertions of Bendel and the active invention of Rascal, succeeded in triumphing over time itself. It is really astonishing how richly and beautifully everything was arranged in those few hours. The splendor and abundance which exhibited themselves, and the ingenious lighting up, so admirably contrived that I felt myself quite secure, left me nothing to desire. I could not but praise my servants.

The evening grew dark, the guests appeared, and were presented to me. Nothing more was said about Majesty, I was styled with deep reverence and obeisance, Herr Graf. What was to be done? I allowed the Herr Graf to please, and remained from that hour the Graf Peter. In the midst of festive multitudes my soul yearned alone after one. She entered late, — and wore the crown. She followed modestly her parents, and seemed not to know that she was the loveliest of all. They were presented to me as Mr. Forest master, his lady and their daughter. I found many agreeable and obliging things to say to the old people, before the daughter. I stood like a rebuked boy, and could not bring out one word. I begged her, at length, with a faltering tone, to honor this feast by assuming the office whose insignia she graced. She entreated with blushes and a moving look to be excused, but blushing still more than herself in her presence, I paid her as

her first subject my homage, with a most profound respect, and the hint of the Graf became to all the guests a command which every one with emulous joy hastened to obey. Majesty, innocence and grace, presided in alliance with beauty over a rapturous feast. Mina's happy parents believed their child only thus exalted in honor of them. I myself was in an indescribable intoxication. I caused all the jewels which yet remained of those which I had formerly purchased, in order to get rid of burthensome gold, all the pearls, all the precious stones, to be laid in two covered dishes, and at the table, in the name of the Queen, to be distributed round to her companions and to all the ladies. Gold, in the meantime, was incessantly strewed over the enclosing lists among the exulting people.

Bendel, the next morning, revealed to me in confidence that the suspicion which he had long entertained of Rascal's honesty, was now become certainty. That he had yesterday embezzled whole purses of gold. "Let us permit," replied I, "the poor scoundrel to enjoy the petty plunder. I spend willingly on everybody, why not on him? Yesterday he and all the fresh people you have brought me, served me honestly, they helped me joyfully to celebrate a joyful feast."

There was no further mention of it. Rascal remained the first of my servants, but Bendel was my friend and my confidant. The latter was accustomed to regard my wealth as inexhaustible, and he pried not after its sources, entering into my humor, he assisted me rather to discover opportunities to exercise it, and to spend my gold. Of that unknown one, that pale sneak, he knew only this, that I could alone through him be absolved from the curse which weighed on me, and that I feared him on whom my sole hope reposed. That, for the rest, I was convinced that he could discover me anywhere, I him nowhere, and that therefore awaiting the promised day, I abandoned every vain inquiry.

The magnificence of my feast, and my behavior at it, held at first the credulous inhabitants of the city firmly to their preconceived opinion. True, it was soon stated in the newspapers that the whole story of the journey of the King of Prussia had been a mere groundless rumor, but a king I now was, and must, spite of everything a king remain, and truly one of the most rich and royal who had ever existed, only people did not rightly know what king. The world has never had reason to complain of the scarcity of monarchs, at least in our time. The good people who had never seen any of them, pitched with equal correctness first on one and then on another, Graf Peter still remained who he was.

At one time appeared amongst the guests at the Bath, a tradesman, who had made himself bankrupt in order to enrich himself, and who enjoyed universal esteem, and had a broad though somewhat pale shadow. The property which he had scraped together, he resolved to lay out in ostentation, and it even occurred to him to enter into rivalry with me. I had recourse to my purse, and soon brought the poor devil to such a

pass, that in order to save his credit he was obliged to become bankrupt a second time, and hasten over the frontier. Thus I got rid of him. In this neighborhood I made many idlers and good for nothing fellows.

With all the royal splendor and expenditure by which I made all succumb to me, I still in my own house lived very simply and retired. I had established the strictest circumspection as a rule. No one except Bendel, under any pretence whatever, was allowed to enter the rooms which I inhabited. So long as the sun shone, I kept myself shut up there, and it was said the Graf was employed in his cabinet. With this employment numerous couriers stood in connection, whom I, for every trifle, sent out and received. I received company alone under my trees, or in my hall arranged and lighted according to Bendel's plan. When I went out, on which occasions it was necessary that I should be constantly watched by the Argus eyes of Bendel, it was only to the Forester's Garden, for the sake of one alone, for my love was the innermost heart of my life.

Oh, my good Chamisso! I will hope that you have not yet forgotten what love is! I leave much unmentioned here to you. Mina was really an amiable, kind, good child. I had taken her whole imagination captive. She could not, in her humility, conceive how she could be worthy that I should alone have fixed my regard on her, and she returned love for love with all the youthful power of an innocent heart. She loved like a woman, offering herself wholly up self-forgetting, living wholly and solely for him who was her life, regardless if she herself perished — That is to say, she really loved.

But I — oh what terrible hours — terrible and yet worthy that I should wish them back again, — have I often wept on Bendel's bosom, when after the first unconscious intoxication, I recollected myself, looked sharply into myself, I, without a shadow, with knavish selfishness destroying this angel, this pure soul which I had deceived and stolen. Then did I resolve to reveal myself to her, then did I swear with a most passionate oath to tear myself from her, and to fly, then did I burst into tears, and concert with Bendel how in the evening I should visit her in the Forester's garden.

At other times I flattered myself with great expectations from the rapidly approaching visit from the gray man, and wept again when I had in vain tried to believe in it. I had calculated the day on which I expected again to see the fearful one, for he had said in a year and a day, and I believed his word.

The parents, good honorable old people, who loved their only child extremely, were amazed at the connection, as it already stood, and they knew not what to do in it. Earlier they could not have believed that the Graf Peter could think only of their child, but now he really loved her and was beloved again. The mother was probably vain enough to believe in the probability of a union, and to seek for it, the sound masculine understanding of the father did not give way to such overstretched imag-

inations Both were persuaded of the purity of my love! they could do nothing more than pray for their child

I have laid my hand on a letter from Mina of this date, which I still retain Yes, this is her own writing I transcribe it for you

“I am a weak silly maiden, and cannot believe that my beloved, because I love him dearly, dearly, will make the poor girl unhappy Ah! thou art so kind, so inexpressibly kind, but do not misunderstand me Thou shalt sacrifice nothing for me, desire to sacrifice nothing for me Oh God! I should hate myself if thou didst! No — thou hast made me immeasurably happy, hast taught me to love thee Away! I know my own fate Graf Peter belongs not to me, he belongs to the world I will be proud when I hear — ‘that was he, and that was he again, — and that has he accomplished, there they have worshipped him, and there they have defied him!’ See, when I think of this, then am I angry with thee, that with a simple child thou canst forget thy high destiny Away! or the thought will make me miserable! I — oh! who through thee am so happy, so blessed Have I not woven, too, an olive branch and a rosebud into thy life, as into the wreath which I was allowed to present to thee? I have thee in my heart, my beloved, fear not to leave me I will die oh! so happy, so ineffably happy through thee!”

You can imagine how the words must cut through my heart I explained to her that I was not what people believed me, that I was only a rich but infinitely miserable man That a curse rested on me, which must be the only secret between us, since I was not yet without hope that it should be loosed That this was the poison of my days, that I might drag her down with me into the gulf, — she who was the sole light, the sole happiness, the sole heart of my life Then wept she again, because I was unhappy Ah, she was so loving, so kind! To spare me but one tear she would (and with what joy) have sacrificed herself without reserve

In the meantime she was far from rightly comprehending my words, she conceived in me some prince on whom had fallen a heavy ban, some high and honored head, and her imagination amidst heroic pictures limned forth her lover gloriously

Once I said to her — “Mina, the last day in the next month may change my fate and decide it, — if not I must die, for I will not make thee unhappy” Weeping she hid her head in my bosom “If thy fortune changes, let me know that thou art happy I have no claim on thee Art thou wretched, bind me to thy wretchedness, that I may help thee to bear it”

“Maiden! maiden! take it back, that word, that foolish word which escaped thy lips And knowest thou this wretchedness? Knowest thou this curse? Knowest who thy love, — what he —? Seest thou not that I convulsively shrink together, and have a secret from thee?” She fell sobbing to my feet, and repeated with oaths her entreaty

I announced to the Forest-master, who entered, that it was my intention

on the first approaching of the month to solicit the hand of his daughter I fixed precisely this time, because in the interim many things might occur which might influence my fortunes That I was unchangeable in my love to his daughter

The good man was quite startled as he heard such words out of the mouth of Graf Peter He fell on my neck and again became quite ashamed to have thus forgotten himself Then he began to doubt, to weigh, and to inquire He spoke of dowry, security, and the fortune for his beloved child I thanked him for reminding me of these things I told him that I desired to settle myself in this country where I seemed to be beloved, and to lead a care free life I begged him to purchase the finest estate that the country had to offer, in the name of his daughter, and to charge the cost to me A father could, in such matter, best serve a lover It gave him enough to do, for everywhere a stranger was before him, and he could only purchase for about a million

My thus employing him was, at bottom, an innocent scheme to remove him to a distance, and I had employed him similarly before For I must confess that he was rather wearsome The good mother was, no the contrary, somewhat deaf, and not like him jealous of the honor of entertaining the Graf

The mother joined us The happy people pressed me to stay longer with them that evening, — I dared not remain another minute I saw already the rising moon glimmer of the horizon, — my time was up

The next evening I went again to the Forester's garden I had thrown my cloak over my shoulders and pulled my hat over my eyes I advanced to Mina As she looked up and beheld me, she gave an involuntary start, and there stood again clear before my soul the apparition of that terrible night when I showed myself in the moonlight without a shadow It was actually she! But had she also recognized me again? She was silent and thoughtful on my bosom lay a hundred weight pressure I arose from my seat She threw herself silently weeping on my bosom I went

I now found her often in tears It grew darker and darker in my soul, the parents meanwhile swam in supreme felicity, the eventful day passed on sad and sullen as a thunder cloud The eve of the day was come I could scarcely breathe I had in precaution filled several chests with gold I watched the midnight hour approach — It struck

I now sat, my eye fixed on the fingers of the clock, counting the minutes, the seconds, like dagger-strokes At every noise which arose, I started up The day broke The leaden hours crowded upon each other It was noon — evening — night as the clock fingers sped on, hope withered, it struck eleven and nothing appeared, the last minutes of the last hour fell, and nothing appeared It struck the first stroke, — the last stroke of the twelfth hour, and I sank hopeless and in boundless tears upon my bed On the morrow I should — forever shadowless, solicit the hand of my beloved Towards morning an anxious sleep pressed down my eyelids

CHAPTER V

It was still early morning when voices, which were raised in my ante chamber in violent dispute, awoke me. I listened. Bendel forbade entrance, Rascal swore high and hotly that he would receive no commands from his fellow, and insisted in forcing his way into my room. The good Bendel warned him that such words, came they to my ear, would turn him out of his most advantageous service. Rascal threatened to lay hands on him if he any longer obstructed his entrance.

I had half dressed myself. I flung the door wrathfully open, and advanced to Rascal — “What wantest thou, villain?” He stepped two strides backwards, and replied quite coolly “To request you most humbly, Herr Graf, just to allow me to see your shadow, — the sun shines at this moment so beautifully in the court.”

I was struck, as with thunder. It was some time before I could recover my speech. “How can a servant towards his master?” — ? He interrupted very calmly my speech —

“A servant may be a very honorable man, and not be willing to serve a shadowless master — I demand my discharge.” It was necessary to try other chords. “But honest, dear Rascal, who has put the unlucky idea into your head? How canst thou believe — ?”

He proceeded in the same tone — ‘People will assert that you have no shadow — in short, you show me your shadow, or give me my discharge.’

Bendel, pale and trembling, but more discreet than I, gave me a sign, sought refuge in the all silencing gold, but that had lost its power. He threw it at my feet. “From a shadowless man I accept nothing!” He turned his back upon me, and went most deliberately out of the room with his hat upon his head and whistling a tune. I stood there with Bendel as one turned to stone, thoughtless, motionless, gazing after him.

Heavily sighing and with death in my heart, I prepared myself to redeem my promise, and like a criminal before his judge, to appear in the Forest master’s garden. I alighted in the dark arbor, which was named after me, and where they would be sure also at this time to await me. The mother met me, care free and joyous. Mina sat there, pale and lovely as the first snow which often in the autumn kisses the last flowers, and then instantly dissolves into bitter water. The Forest master went agitatedly to and fro, a written paper in his hand, and appeared to force down many things in himself which painted themselves with rapidly alternating flushes and paleness on his otherwise immovable countenance. He came up to me as I entered and with frequently choked words, begged to speak with me alone. The path in which he invited me to follow him, conducted towards an open, sunny part of the garden. I sank speechless on a seat, and then followed a long silence, which even the good mother dared not interrupt.

The Forest master raged continually with unequal steps to and fro in the arbor, and suddenly halting before me, glanced on the paper which he held, and demanded of me with a searching look —

“May not, Herr Graf, a certain Peter Schlemihl be not quite unknown to you?” I was silent “A man of superior character and singular attainments —” He paused for an answer

“And suppose I were the same man?”

“Who,” added he vehemently — “has by some means, lost his shadow!”

“Oh, my foreboding, my foreboding!” exclaimed Mina, “Yes, I have long known it, he has no shadow,” and she flung herself into the arms of her mother who, terrified, clasped her convulsively, and upbraided her that to her own hurt she had kept to herself such a secret But she, like Arethusa, was changed into a fountain of tears, which at the sound of my voice flowed still more copiously, and at my approach burst forth in torrents

“And you,” again grimly began the Forest master, “and you, with unparalleled impudence, have made no scruple to deceive these and myself, and you give out that you love her whom you have so deeply humbled See, there, how she weeps and writhes! Oh, horrible! horrible!”

I had to such a degree lost all reflection, that talking like one crazed, I began — “And, after all, a shadow is nothing but a shadow, one can do very well without that, and it is not worth while to make such a riot about it” But I felt so sharply the baselessness of what I was saying, that I stopped of myself, without his deigning me an answer, and I then added, “What one has lost at one time, may be found again at another!”

He rushed fiercely towards me — “Confess to me, sir! confess to me, how became you deprived of your shadow!”

I was compelled again to lie “A rude fellow one day trod so heavily on my shadow that he rent a great hole in it I have only sent it to be mended, for money can do much, and I was to have received it back yesterday”

“Good, sir, very good!” replied the Forest master “You solicit my daughter’s hand, others do the same I have, as her father, to care for her I give you three days in which to provide a shadow If you appear before me within these three days with a good, well fitting shadow, you shall be welcome to me, but on the fourth day — I tell you plainly, — my daughter is the wife of another”

I would yet attempt to speak a word to Mina, but she clung, sobbing violently, only closer to her mother’s breast, who motioned me to be silent and to withdraw I reeled away, and the world seemed to close itself behind me

Escaped from Bendel’s affectionate oversight, I traversed in erring course, woods and fields The perspiration of my agony dropped from my brow, a hollow groaning convulsed my bosom, madness raged within me

I know not how long this had continued, when on a sunny heath I felt myself plucked by the sleeve I stood still and looked round — it was the man in the gray coat, who seemed to have run himself quite out of breath in pursuit of me He immediately began

“I had announced myself for to day, but you could not wait the time There is nothing amiss, however, yet You consider the matter, receive your shadow again in exchange, which is at your service, and turn immediately back You shall be welcome in the Forest master s garden, the whole has been only a joke Rascal, who has betrayed you, and who seeks the hand of your bride, I will take charge of, the fellow is ripe ”

I stood there as still asleep “Announced for to day?” I counted over again the time, — he was right I had constantly miscalculated a day I sought with the right hand in my bosom for my purse he guessed my meaning and stepped two paces backwards

‘No, Herr Graf, that is in too good hands, keep you that ” I stared at him with eyes of inquiring wonder, and he proceeded “I request only a trifle, as memento Be so good as to set your name to this paper ” On the parchment stood the words

“By virtue of this my signature, I make over my soul to the holder of this, after its natural separation from the body ”

I gazed with speechless amazement, alternately at the writing and the gray unknown Meanwhile, with a new made pen he had taken up a drop of blood which flowed from a fresh thorn scratch on my hand and presented it to me

“Who are you then?” at length I asked him

“What signifies it?” he replied “And is not that plain enough to be seen in me? A poor devil, a sort of learned man and doctor, who in return for precious arts, receives from his friends poor thanks, and for himself has no other amusement on earth but to make his little experiments — But, however, sign To the right there — P E T E R S C H L E M I H L ”

I shook my head, and said, “Pardon me, sir, I do not sign that ”

“Not?” replied he, in amazement, “and why not?”

“It seems to me to a certain degree serious to stake my soul on a shadow ”

“So, so,” repeated he, “serious!” and he laughed almost in my face “And if I might venture to ask, what sort of thing is that soul of yours? Have you ever seen it? And what do you think of doing with it when you are dead? Be glad that you have found an amateur who in your lifetime is willing to pay you for the bequest of this X, of this galvanic power, or polarized Activity, or whatever this silly thing may be, with something actual, that is to say, with your real shadow, through which you may arrive at the hand of your beloved, and at the accomplishment of all your desires Will you rather push forth, and deliver up that poor young creature to that low bred scoundrel Rascal? No, you must witness that with

your own eyes Here, I lend you the Tarn cap," (the cap of invisibility,) — he drew it from his pocket — "and we will proceed unseen to the Forester's garden "

I must confess that I was excessively ashamed of being ridiculed by this man I detested him from the bottom of my heart, and I believe that this personal antipathy withheld me, more than principle, or prejudice, from purchasing my shadow, essential as it was, by the required signature The thought also was intolerable to me of making the excursion which he proposed, in his company To see this abhorred sneak, this mocking coward, step between me and my beloved, two torn and bleeding hearts, revolted my innermost feeling I regarded what was past as predestined, and my wretchedness as unchangeable, and turning to the man, I said to him,

"Sir, I have sold you my shadow for this in itself most excellent purse, and I have sufficiently repented of it Let the bargain be at an end, in God's name!" He shook his head, and made a very gloomy face I continued, "I will then sell you nothing further of mine, even for this offered price of my shadow, and, therefore, I shall sign nothing From this you may understand, that the cap wearing to which you invite me, must be much more amusing for you than for me Excuse me, therefore, and as it cannot now be otherwise, let us part "

"It grieves me, Monsieur Schlemihl, that you obstinately decline the business which I propose to you Perhaps another time I may be more fortunate Till our speedy meeting again! — Apropos Permit me yet to show you that the things which I purchase I by no means suffer to grow mouldy, but honorably preserve, and that they are well used by me "

With that he drew my shadow out of his pocket and with a dexterous throw unfolding it on the heath, spread it out on the sunny side of his feet, so that he walked between two attendant shadows, his own and mine, for mine must equally obey him, and accommodate itself to and follow all his movements

When I once saw my poor shadow again, after so long an absence, and beheld it degraded to so vile a service, whilst I, on its account, was in such unspeakable trouble, my heart broke, and I began bitterly to weep The detested wretch swaggered with the plunder snatched from me, and impudently renewed his proposal

"You can yet have it A stroke of the pen, and you snatch therewith the poor unhappy Mina from the claws of the villain into the arms of the most honored Herr Graf, — as observed, only a stroke of the pen "

My tears burst forth with fresh impetuosity, but I turned away and motioned to him to withdraw himself Bendel who, filled with anxiety, had traced me to this spot, at this moment arrived When the kind, good soul, found me weeping, and saw my shadow, which could not be mistaken, in the power of the mysterious gray man, he immediately resolved,

was it even by force, to restore to me the possession of my property, and as he did not understand going much about with tender phrases, he immediately assaulted the man with words, and without much asking, ordered him bluntly to allow that which was my own, instantly to follow me. Instead of answer, he turned his back, and went. But Bendel up with his buckthorn cudgel which he carried, and following on his heels, without mercy, and with reiterated commands to give up the shadow, made him feel the full force of his vigorous arm. He, as accustomed to such handling, ducked his head, set up his shoulders, and with silent and deliberate steps pursued his way over the heath, at once going off with my shadow and my faithful servant. I long heard the heavy sounds roll over the waste, till they were finally lost in the distance. I was alone, as before, with my misery.

CHAPTER VI

LEFT alone on the wild heath, I gave free current to my countless tears, relieving my heart from an ineffably weary weight. But I saw no bound, no outlet, no end to my intolerable misery, and I drank besides with savage thirst of the fresh poison which the unknown had poured into my wounds. When I called the image of Mina before my soul and the dear, sweet form appeared pale and in tears, as I saw her last in my shame, then stepped the shadow of the impudent and mocking Rascal between her and me, I covered my face and fled through the wild. But the hideous apparition left me not, but pursued me in my flight, till I sank breathless on the ground, and moistened it with a fresh torrent of tears.

And all for a shadow. And this shadow a pen-stroke would have obtained for me. I thought on the strange proposition and my refusal. All was chaos in me. I had no longer either judgment or mastership of thought.

The day went by. I stilled my hunger with wild fruits, my thirst in the nearest mountain stream. The night fell, I lay down beneath a tree. The damp morning awoke me out of a heavy sleep in which I heard myself rattle in the throat as in death. Bendel must have lost all trace of me, and it rejoiced me to think so. I would not return again amongst men before whom I fled in terror, like the timid game of the mountains. Thus I lived through three weary days.

On the fourth morning I found myself on a sandy plain bright with the sun, and sat on the fragment of a rock in its beams, for I loved now to enjoy its long withheld countenance. I still fed my heart with its despair. A light rustle startled me. Ready for flight I threw round me a hurried glance, I saw no one, but in the sunny sand there glided past me a human shadow, not unlike my own, which wandering there alone, seemed to have got away from its possessor. There awoke in me a mighty yearning.

“Shadow,” said I, “dost thou seek thy master? I will be he,” and I sprang forward to seize it I thought that if I succeeded in treading on it so that its feet touched mine, it probably would remain hanging there, and in time accommodate itself to me

The shadow, on my moving, fled before me, and I was compelled to begin a strenuous chase of the light fugitive, for which the thought of rescuing myself from my fearful condition could alone have endowed me with the requisite vigor It flew towards a wood, at a great distance, in which I must of necessity, have lost it I perceived this, — a horror convulsed my heart, enflamed my desire, added wings to my speed, I gained evidently on the shadow, I came continually nearer, I must certainly reach it Suddenly it stopped, and turned towards me Like a lion on its prey, I shot with a mighty spring forwards to make seizure of it, — and dashed unexpectedly against a hard and bodily object Invisibly I received the most unprecedented blows on the ribs that mortal man probably ever received

The effect of the terror in me was convulsively to close my arms, and firmly to enclose that which stood unseen before me In the rapid transaction, I plunged forward to the ground, but backwards and under me was a man whom I had embraced and who now first became visible

The whole occurrence became now very naturally explicable to me The man must have carried the invisible bird’s nest which renders him who holds it, but not his shadow, imperceptible, and had now cast it away I glanced round, soon discovered the shadow of the invisible nest itself, leaped up and towards it, and did not miss the precious prize Invisible and shadowless, I held the nest in my hand

The man swiftly springing up, gazing round instantly after his fortunate conqueror, descried on the wide sunny plain neither him nor his shadow, for which he sought with especial avidity For that I was myself entirely shadowless he had no leisure to remark, nor could he imagine such a thing Having convinced himself that every trace had vanished, he turned his hand against himself, and tore his hair To me, however, the acquired treasure had given the power and desire to mix again amongst men I did not want for self satisfying palliatives for my base robbery, or rather I had no need of them, and to escape from every thought of the kind, I hastened away, not even looking round at the unhappy one, whose deploring voice I long heard resounding behind me — Thus, at least, appeared to me the circumstances at the time

I was on fire to proceed to the Forester’s garden, and there myself to discern the truth of what the Detested One had told me I knew not, however, where I was I climbed the next hill, in order to look round over the country, and perceived from its summit the near city, and the Forester’s garden lying at my feet My heart beat violently, and tears of another kind than what I had till now shed, rushed into my eyes I should

see her again! Anxious desire hastened my steps down the most direct path I passed unseen some peasants who came out of the city They were talking of me, of Rascal and the Forest master, I would hear nothing, — I hurried past

I entered the garden, all the tremor of expectation in my bosom I seemed to hear laughter near me I shuddered, threw a rapid glance round me, but could discover nobody I advanced further I seemed to perceive a sound as of man's steps at hand, but there was nothing to be seen I believed myself deceived by my ear It was yet early, no one in Graf Peter's arbor, the garden still empty I traversed the well known paths I penetrated to the very front of the dwelling The same noise more distinctly followed me I seated myself with an agonized heart on a bench which stood in the sunny space before the house door It seemed as if I had heard the unseen cobold, laughing in mockery, seat himself near me The key turned in the door, it opened, and the Forest master issued forth with papers in his hand A mist seemed to envelop my head I looked up, and — horror! the man in the gray coat sat by me, gazing on me with a satanic leer He had drawn his Tarn-cap at once over his head and mine, at his feet lay his and my shadow peaceably by each other He played negligently with the well known paper which he held in his hand, and as the Forest master, busied with his documents, went to and fro in the shadow of the arbor, he stooped familiarly to my ear, and whispered in it these words, "So then you have notwithstanding accepted my invitation, and here sit we for once two heads under one cap All right! all right! But now give me my bird's nest again, you have no further occasion for it, and are too honorable a man to wish to withhold it from me, but there needs no thanks I assure you that I have lent it you with the most hearty good will" He took it unceremoniously out of my hand, put it in his pocket, and laughed at me, and that so loud that the Forest master himself looked round at the noise I sat there as if changed to stone

"But you must allow," continued he, "that such a cap is much more convenient It covers not only your person but your shadow at the same time, and as many others as you have a mind to take with you See you, to-day again, I conduct two of them" — he laughed again "Mark this, Schlemihl, what we at first won't do with a good will, that will we in the end be compelled to I still fancy you will buy that thing from me, take back the bride (for it is yet time), and we leave Rascal dangling on the gallows, an easy thing for us so long as rope is to be had Hear you — I will give you also my cap into the bargain"

The mother came forth, and the conversation began "How goes it with Mina?"

"She weeps"

"Silly child! it cannot be altered!"

"Certainly not, but to give her to another so soon Oh, man! thou art cruel to thy own child"

“No, mother, that thou quite mistakest. When she, even before she has wept out her childish tears, finds herself the wife of a very rich and honorable man, she will awake comforted out of her trouble as out of a dream, and thank God and us, that wilt thou see!”

“God grant it!”

“She possesses now indeed a very respectable property, but after the stir that this unlucky affair with the adventurer has made, canst thou believe that a partner so suitable as Mr Rascal could be readily found for her? Dost thou know what a fortune Mr Rascal possesses? He has paid six millions for estates here in the country free from all debts. I have had the title deeds in my own hands! He it was who everywhere had the start of me, and besides this, has in his possession bills on Thomas John for about five and a half millions.”

“He must have stolen enormously.”

“What talk is that again! He has wisely saved what would otherwise have been lavished away.”

“A man that has worn livery —”

“Stupid stuff! he has, however, an unblemished shadow.”

“Thou art right, but —”

The man in the gray coat laughed and looked at me. The door opened and Mina came forth. She supported herself on the arm of a chambermaid, silent tears rolled down her lovely pale cheeks. She seated herself on a stool which was placed for her under the lime trees, and her father took a chair by her. He tenderly took her hand, and addressed her with tender words, while she began violently to weep.

“Thou art my good, dear child, and thou wilt be reasonable, wilt not wish to distress thy old father, who seeks only thy happiness. I can well conceive it, dear heart, that it has sadly shaken thee. Thou art wonderfully escaped from thy misfortunes! Before we discovered the scandalous imposition, thou hadst loved this unworthy one greatly, see, Mina, I know it, and upbraid thee not for it. I myself, dear child, also loved him so long as I looked upon him as a great gentleman. But now thou seest how different all has turned out. What! every poodle has his own shadow, and should my dear child have a husband — no! thou thinkst, indeed, no more about him. Listen, Mina. Now a man solicits thy hand, who does not shun the sunshine, an honorable man, who truly is no prince, but who possesses ten millions, ten times more than thou, a man who will make my dear child happy. Answer me not, make no opposition, be my good, dutiful daughter, let thy loving father care for thee, and dry thy tears. Promise me to give thy hand to Mr Rascal. Say, wilt thou promise me this?”

She answered with a faint voice, — “I have no will, no wish further upon earth. Happen with me what my father will.”

At this moment Mr Rascal was announced, and stepped impudently into the circle. Mina lay in a swoon. My detested companion glanced

archly at me, and whispered in hurried words — “And that can you endure? What then flows instead of blood in your veins?” He scratched with a hasty movement a slight wound in my hand, blood flowed, and he continued — “Actually red blood! — Sign then!” I had the parchment and the pen in my hand

CHAPTER VII

My wish, dear Chamisso, is merely to submit myself to your judgment, not to endeavor to bias it I have long passed the severest sentence on myself, for I have nourished the tormenting worm in my heart It hovered during this solemn moment of my life, incessantly before my soul, and I could only lift my eyes to it with a despairing glance, with humility and contrition Dear friend, he who in levity only sets his foot out of the right road, is unawares conducted into other paths, which draw him downwards, and ever downwards, he then sees in vain the guiding stars glitter in heaven, there remains to him no choice, he must descend unpausingly the declivity, and become a voluntary sacrifice to Nemesis After the false step which had laid the curse upon me, I had, sinning through love, forced myself into the fortunes of another being, what remained for me but that where I had sowed destruction, where speedy salvation was demanded of me, I should blindly rush forward to the rescue? — for the last hour struck! Think not so meanly of me, my Adelbert, as to imagine that I should have regarded any price that was demanded as too high, that I should have begrudged anything that was mine even more than my gold No, Adelbert! but my soul was possessed with the most unconquerable hatred of this mysterious sneaker along crooked paths I might do him injustice, but every degree of association with him maddened me And here stepped forth, as so frequently in my life, and as especially often in the history of the world, an event instead of an action Since then I have achieved reconciliation with myself I have learned, in the first place, to reverence Necessity, and what is more than the action performed, the event accomplished — her property Then I have learned to venerate this Necessity as a wise Providence, which lives through that great collective Machine in which we officiate simply as co operating, impelling and impelled wheels What shall be, must be, what should be, happened, and not without that Providence, which I ultimately learned to reverence in my own fate, and in the fate of her on whom mine thus impinged

I know not whether I shall ascribe it to the excitement of my soul under the impulse of such mighty sensations, or to the exhaustion of my physical strength, which during the last days such unwonted privations had enfeebled, or whether, finally, to the desolating commotion which the presence of this gray fiend excited in my whole nature, be that as it may, as I was on the point of signing, I fell into a deep swoon, and lay a long time as in the arms of death

Stamping of feet and curses were the first sounds which struck my ear, as I returned to consciousness I opened my eyes it was dark, my detested attendant was busied scolding about me "Is not that to behave like an old woman? Up with you, man! and complete off hand what you have resolved on, if you have not taken another thought and had rather blubber" I raised myself with difficulty from the ground and gazed around in silence It was late in the evening, festive music resounded from the brightly illuminated Forester's house, various groups of people wandered through the garden walks One couple came near in conversation, and seated themselves on the bench which I had just quitted They talked of the union this morning solemnized between Mr Rascal and the daughter of the house So, then, it had taken place

I tore the Tarncap of the already vanished Unknown from my head, and hastened in brooding silence towards the garden gate, plunging myself into the deepest night of the thicket, and striking along the path past Graf Peter's arbor But invisibly my tormenting spirit accompanied me, pursuing me with keenest reproaches "These then are one's thanks for the pains which one has taken to support Monsieur, who has weak nerves, through the long precious day And one shall act the fool in the play Good, Mr Wronghead, fly you from me if you please, but we are, nevertheless, inseparable You have my gold and I your shadow, and this will allow us no repose Did anybody ever hear of a shadow forsaking its master? Yours draws me after you till you take it again into favor, and I get rid of it What you have hesitated to do out of fresh pleasure, will you, only too late, be compelled to seek through new weariness and disgust One cannot escape one's fate" He continued speaking in the same tone I fled in vain, he relaxed not, but ever present insultingly talked of gold and shadow I could come to no single thought of my own

I struck through unfrequented ways towards my house When I stood before it, and gazed at it, I could scarcely recognize it No light shone through the dashed in windows The doors were closed, no throng of servants was moving therein There was a laugh near me "Ha! ha! so goes it! But you'll probably find your Bendel at home, for he was the other day purposely sent back so weary, that he has most likely kept his bed since" He laughed again "He will have a story to tell! Well then, for the present, good night! We meet speedily again!"

I had rung repeatedly, light appeared, Bendel demanded from within who rung When the good man recognized my voice, he could scarcely restrain his joy The door flew open, and we stood weeping in each other's arms I found him greatly changed, weak and ill, but for me, — my hair was become quite gray!

He conducted me through the desolated rooms to an inner apartment which had been spared He brought food and wine, and we seated our selves, and he again began to weep He related to me that he the other

day had cudgelled the gray clad man whom he had encountered with my shadow, so long and so far, that he had lost all trace of me, and had sunk to the earth in utter fatigue. That after this, as he could not find me, he returned home, whither presently the mob, at Rascal's instigation, came rushing in fury, dashed in the windows, and gave full play to their lust of demolition. Thus did they to their benefactor. The servants had fled various ways. The police had ordered me, as a suspicious person to quit the city, and had allowed only four and twenty hours in which to evacuate their jurisdiction. To that which I already knew of Rascal's affluence and marriage, he had yet much to add. This scoundrel, from whom all had proceeded that had been done against me, must, from the beginning, have been in possession of my secret. It appeared that attracted by gold, he had contrived to thrust himself upon me, and at the very first had procured a key to the gold cupboard, where he had laid the foundation of that fortune, whose augmentation he could now afford to despise.

All this Bendel narrated to me with abundant tears, and then wept for joy that he again beheld me, again had me, and that after he had long doubted whether this misfortune might have led me, he saw me bear it so calmly and collectedly, for such an aspect had despair now assumed in me. I beheld my misery unchangeably before me, I had wept out to it my last tear, not another cry could be extorted from my heart, I presented to it my bare head with chill indifference.

"Bendel," I said, "thou knowest my lot. Not without earlier blame has my heavy punishment befallen me. Thou, innocent man, shalt no longer bind thy destiny to mine. I do not desire it. I ride to-night still forward, saddle me a horse, I ride alone, thou remainest. It is my will. Here still must remain some chests of gold, that remain thou, but I will alone wander incessantly through the world. But if ever a happier hour should smile upon me, and fortune look on me with reconciled eyes, then will I remember thee, for I have wept upon thy firmly faithful bosom in heavy and agonizing hours."

With a broken heart was this honest man compelled to obey this last command of his master, at which his soul shrank with terror. I was deaf to his prayers, to his representations, blind to his tears. He brought me out my steed. Once more I pressed the weeping man to my bosom, sprung into the saddle, and under the shroud of night hastened from the grave of my existence, regardless which way my horse conducted me, since I had longer on the earth, no aim, no wish, no hope.

CHAPTER VIII

A PEDESTRIAN soon joined me, who begged, after he had walked for some time by the side of my horse, that as we went the same way, he might be allowed to lay a cloak which he carried, on the steed behind me. I

permitted it in silence He thanked me with easy politeness for the trifling service, praised my horse, and thence took occasion to extol the happiness and power of the rich, and let himself, I know not how, fall into a kind of monologue, in which he had me now merely for a listener

He unfolded his views of life and of the world, and came very soon upon metaphysics, in which the ultimate pretension extended to the discovery of the word that should solve all mysteries He stated his premises with great clearness and proceeded to the proofs

You know, my friend, that I have clearly discovered, since I have run through the schools of the philosophers, that I have by no means a turn for philosophical speculations, and that I have totally renounced for my self this field Since then I have left many things to themselves, abandoned the desire to know and to comprehend many things, and as you yourself advised me, have, trusting to my common sense, followed as far as I was able the voice within me on the direct course Now this rhetorician seemed to me to raise with great talent a firmly put-together fabric, which was at once self based and self supported, and stood as by an innate necessity I missed in it completely, however, what most of all I was desirous to find, and so it became for me merely a work of art, whose ornamental compactness and completeless served only to charm the eye nevertheless I listened willingly to the eloquent man who drew my attention from my grief to him, and I would have gladly yielded myself wholly up to him, had he captivated my heart as much as my understanding

Meanwhile the time had passed, and unobserved the dawn had already brightened the heaven I was horrified as I looked suddenly up, and saw the pomp of colors unfold itself in the east, which announced the approach of the sun, while at this hour in which the shadows ostentatiously display themselves in their greatest extent, there was no protection from it, no refuge in the open country to be descried And I was not alone! I cast a glance at my companion, and was again terror-struck It was no other than the man in the gray coat

He smiled at my alarm, and went on without allowing me to get in a word "Let, however, as is the way of the world, our mutual advantage for awhile unite us It is all in good time for separating The road here along the mountain range, though you have not yet thought of it, is, nevertheless, the only one into which you could prudently have struck Down into the valley you may not venture, and still less will you desire to return again over the heights, whence you are come, and this is also exactly my way I see that you already turn pale before the rising sun I will, for the time we keep company, lend you your shadow, and you, on that account, tolerate me in your society You have no longer your Bendel with you, I will do you good service You do not like me, and I am sorry for it, but, notwithstanding, you can make use of me The devil is not so black as he is painted Yesterday you vexed me, it is true, I will not up

brad you with it to day, and I have already shortened the way hither for you, that you must allow Only just take your shadow again awhile on trial ”

The sun had risen, people appeared on the road, I accepted, though with internal repugnance, the proposal Smiling he let my shadow glide to the ground, which immediately took its place on that of the horse, and trotted gaily by my side I was in the strangest state of mind I rode past a group of country people, who made way for a man of consequence, reverently, and with bared heads I rode on, and gazed with greedy eyes and a palpitating heart on this my quondam shadow which I had now borrowed from a stranger, yes, from an enemy

The man went carelessly near me, and even whistled a tune, he on foot, I on horseback A dizziness seized me the temptation was too great, I suddenly turned the reins, clapped spurs to the horse, and struck at full speed into a side path But I carried not off the shadow, which at the turning glided from the horse, and awaited its lawful possessor on the high road I was compelled with shame to turn back The man in the gray coat, when he had calmly finished his tune, laughed at me, set the shadow right again for me, and informed me, that it would then only hang fast and remain with me when I was disposed to become the rightful proprietor “I hold you,” continued he, ‘fast by the shadow, and you can not escape me A rich man, like you, needs shadow, it cannot be otherwise, and you only are to blame that you did not perceive that sooner ”

I continued my journey on the same road, the comforts and the splendor of life again surrounded me, I could move about free and conveniently, since I possessed a shadow, although only a borrowed one, and I everywhere inspired the respect which riches command But I carried death in my heart My strange companion, who gave himself out as the unworthy servant of the richest man in the world, possessed an extraordinary professional readiness, prompt and clever beyond comparison, the very model of a valet for a rich man, but he stirred not from my side, perpetually directing the conversation towards me, and continually blabbing out the most confidential matters, so that, at length, were it only to be rid of him, I resolved to settle the affair of the shadow He was become as burthen some to me as he was hateful I was even in fear of him He had made me dependent on him He held me, after he had conducted me back into the glory of the world, which I had fled from I was obliged to tolerate his eloquence upon myself, and felt, in fact, that he was in the right A rich man in the world must have a shadow, and so soon as I desired to command the rank which he had contrived again to make necessary to me, I saw but one issue By this, however, I stood fast, — after having sacrificed my love, after my life had been blighted, I would never sign away my soul to this creature, for all the shadows in the world I knew not how it would end

We sat one day before a cave which the strangers who frequent these mountains, are accustomed to visit. We heard there the rush of subterranean streams roaring up from immeasurable depths, and the stone cast in seemed, in its resounding fall, to find no bottom. He painted to me, as he often did, with a vivid power of imagination and in the lustrous charms of the most brilliant colors, the most carefully finished pictures of what I might achieve in the world by virtue of my purse, if I had but once my shadow in my possession. With my elbows rested on my knees, I kept my face concealed in my hands, and listened to the false one, my heart divided between the seduction and my own strong will. In such an inward conflict I could no longer contain myself, and the deciding strife began.

“You appear, sir, to forget that I have indeed allowed you, upon certain conditions, to remain in my company, but that I have reserved my perfect freedom.”

“If you command it, I pack up.”

He was accustomed to menace. I was silent. He began immediately to roll up my shadow. I turned pale, but I let it proceed. There followed a long pause, he first broke it.

“You cannot bear me, sir. You hate me, I know it, yet why do you hate me? Is it because you attacked me on the highway, and sought to deprive me by violence of my bird’s nest? Or is it because you have endeavored in a thievish manner to cheat me out of my property, the shadow, which was entrusted to you entirely on your honor? I, for my part, do not, therefore, hate you. I find it quite natural that you should seek to avail yourself of all your advantages, cunning, and power. For the rest, that you have the very strictest principles, and that you think like honor itself, is a taste that you have, against which I have nothing to say. In fact, I think not so strictly as you, I merely act as you think. Or have I at any time pressed my finger on your throat in order to bring to me your most precious soul, for which I have a fancy? Have I, on account of my bartered purse, let a servant loose on you? Have I sought thus to swindle you out of it?” I had nothing to oppose to this, and he proceeded — “Very good, sir! very good! you cannot endure me. I know that very well, and am by no means angry with you for it. We must part, that is clear, and in fact, you begin to be very wearisome to me. In order, then, to rid you of my further, shame inspiring presence, I counsel you once more to purchase this thing from me.” I extended to him the purse. “At that price?” — “No!”

I sighed deeply, and added, “Be it so, then. I insist, sir, that we part, and that you no longer obstruct my path in a world which it is to be hoped, has room enough in it for us both.” He smiled, and replied, “I go, sir, but first let me instruct you how you may ring for me when you desire to see again, your most devoted servant. You have bought your purse, so that the eternal gold pieces there, but at the expense of

I finally opened my eyes, the sun stood still high in the heaven, but in the east, I had slept through the night I took it for a sign that I should not return to the inn I gave up readily as lost what I yet possessed there, and determined to strike on foot into a neighboring path, which led along the wood grown feet of the mountains leaving it secretly to fate to fulfil what it had yet in store for me I looked not behind me, and thought not even of applying to Bendel, whom I left rich behind me and which I could readily have done I considered the new character which I should support in the world My dress was very modest I had on an old black Polonaise, which I had already worn in Berlin, and which, I know not how, had first come again into my hands for this journey I had also a travelling cap on my head, a pair of old boots on my feet I arose, and cut me on the spot a knotty stick as a memorial, and advanced at once on my wandering

I met in the wood an old peasant who greeted me in friendly fashion and with whom I entered into conversation I inquired, like an inquisitive traveller, first the way, then about the country, and its inhabitants, the productions of the mountains, and many such things He answered my questions sensibly and loquaciously We came to the bed of a mountain torrent, which had spread its devastations over a wide tract of the forest I shuddered involuntarily at the sun bright space, and allowed the countryman to go first, but in the midst of this dangerous spot, he stood still, and turned to relate to me the history of this desolation He saw immediately my defect, and paused in the midst of his discourse

“But how does that happen, — the gentleman has actually no shadow!”

“Alas! alas!” replied I, sighing, “during a long and severe illness, my hair, nails, and shadow fell off See, father, at my age, my hair, which is renewed again, is quite white, the nails very short, and the shadow, — that will never grow again”

“Ay! ay!” responded the old man, shading his head, — “no shadow, that is bad! That was a bad illness that the gentleman had” But he continued not his narrative, and at the next cross way which presented itself, he left me without saying a word Bitter tears trembled anew upon my cheeks, and my cheerfulness was gone

I pursued my way with a sorrowful heart, and sought no further the society of men I kept myself in the darkest wood, and was many a time compelled, in order to pass over a space where the sun shone, to wait for whole hours, lest some human eye should forbid me the transit In the evening I sought for a small inn in the villages I went particularly in quest of a mine in the mountains where I hoped to get work under the oath, since, besides that my present situation made it imperative that I should provide for my support, I had discovered that the most active labor alone could protect me from my own annihilating thoughts

A few rainy days advanced me well on the way, but at the expense of

my boots, whose soles had been calculated for the Graf Peter, and not for the pedestrian laborer I was already barefoot I must procure a pair of new boots The next morning I transacted this business with much gravity in a village where was held a wake, and where in a booth old and new boots stood for sale I selected, and bargained long I was forced to deny myself a new pair which I would gladly have had, but the extravagant demand frightened me I therefore contented myself with an old pair, which were yet good and strong, and which the handsome, blond haired boy who kept the stall, for present cash payment handed to me with a friendly smile, and wished me good luck on my journey I put them on at once, and left the place by the northern gate

I was sunk very deep in my thoughts and scarcely saw where I set my feet, for I was pondering on the mine which I hoped to reach by evening, and where I hardly knew how I should propose myself I had not advanced two hundred strides when I observed that I had got out of the way I therefore looked round me, and found myself in a wild and ancient forest, where ax appeared never to have been wielded I pressed forward still a few steps, and beheld myself in the midst of desert rocks which were overgrown only with moss and lichens, and between which lay fields of snow and ice The air was intensely cold, I looked round, — the wood had vanished behind me I took a few strides more, — and around me reigned the silence of death boundlessly extended itself the ice whereon I stood, and on which rested a thick, heavy fog The sun stood blood red on the edge of the horizon The cold was insupportable

I knew not what had happened to me, the benumbing frost compelled me to hasten my steps, I heard only the roar of distant waters, a step and I was on the ice margin of an ocean Innumerable herds of seals plunged rushing before me in the flood I pursued this shore, I saw naked rocks, land, birch and pine forests, I now advanced for a few minutes right onwards It was stifling hot I looked around, — I stood amongst beautifully cultivated rice fields, and beneath mulberry trees I seated myself in their shade, I looked at my watch, I had left the market town only a quarter of an hour before I fancied that I dreamed, I bit my tongue to awake myself I closed my eyes in order to collect my thoughts I heard before me singular accents pronounced through the nose I looked up Two Chinese, unmistakable from their Asiatic form of countenance, if indeed I would have given no credit to their costume, addressed me in their speech with the accustomed salutations of their country I arose and stepped two paces backward, I saw them no more The landscape was totally changed, trees and forests instead of rice fields I contemplated these trees, and the plants which bloomed around me, which I recognized as the growth of south-eastern Asia I wished to approach one of these trees, — one step, and again all was changed I marched now like a recruit who is drilled, and strode slowly, and with measured steps Wonder

fully diversified lands, rivers, meadows, mountain chains, steppes, deserts of sand, unrolled themselves before my astonished eyes There was no doubt of it, — I had seven-leagued boots on my feet

CHAPTER X

I FELL in speechless adoration on my knees and shed tears of thankfulness, for suddenly stood my fortune clear before my soul For early offence thrust out from the society of men, I was cast, for compensation, upon Nature, which I ever loved, the earth was given me as a rich garden, study for the object and strength of my life, and science for its goal It was no resolution which I adopted I have since then, with severe, unremitting diligence, striven faithfully to represent what then stood clear and perfect before my eye, and my satisfaction has depended on the agreement of the demonstration with the original

I prepared without hesitation, with a hasty survey, to take possession of the field which I should hereafter reap I stood on the heights of Tibet, and the sun, which had risen upon me only a few hours before, now already stooped to the evening sky I wandered over Asia from east to west, overtaking him in his course, and entered Africa I gazed about me with eager curiosity, as I repeatedly traversed it in all directions As I surveyed the ancient pyramids and temples in passing through Egypt, I descried in the desert not far from hundred-gated Thebes, the caves where the Christian anchorites once dwelt It was suddenly firm and clear in me — here is thy home! I selected one of the most concealed which was at the same time spacious, convenient and inaccessible to the jackalls, for my future abode, and again went forward

I passed at the pillars of Hercules, over to Europe, and when I had reviewed the southern and northern provinces, I crossed from northern Asia over the polar glaciers to Greenland and America, traversed both parts of that continent, and the winter which already reigned in the south drove me speedily back northwards from Cape Horn

I tarried awhile till it was day in eastern Asia, and after some repose, continued my wandering I traced through both Americas the mountain chain which comprehends the highest known inequalities on our globe I stalked slowly and cautiously from summit to summit, now over flaming volcanoes, now snow-crowned peaks, often breathing with difficulty, when reaching Mount Elias, I sprang across the Behring Strait to Asia I followed the western shores, in their manifold windings, and examined with especial care which of the islands there located were accessible to me From the peninsula of Malacca my boots carried me to Sumatra, Java, Bali and Lamboc I attempted often with danger, and always in vain, a northwest passage over the lesser islets and rocks with which this sea is studded to Borneo and the other islands of this Archipelago I was com-

pelled to abandon the hope At length I seated myself on the extremest part of Lamboc, and gazing towards the south and east, wept, as at the fast closed grating of my prison, that I had so soon discovered my limits New Holland so extraordinary, and so essentially necessary to the comprehension of the earth and its sun woven garment, of the vegetable and the animal world, with the South Sea and its Zoophyte islands, was indicted to me, and thus, at the very outset, all that I should gather and build up was destined to remain a mere fragment! Oh, my Adelbert, what after all, are the endeavors of men!

Often did I in the severest winter of the southern hemisphere, endeavor, passing the polar glaciers westward, to leave behind me those two hundred strides out from Cape Horn, which Sundered me probably from Van Dieman's Land and New Holland, regardless of my return, or whether this dismal region should close upon me as my coffin lid, making desperate leaps from ice drift to ice drift, and bidding defiance to the cold and the sea In vain — I never reached New Holland, but every time, I came back to Lamboc, seated myself on its extremest peak, and wept again, with my face turned towards the south and east, as at the fast closed bars of my prison

I tore myself at length from this spot, and returned with a sorrowful heart into inner Asia I traversed that further, pursuing the morning dawn westward, and came yet in the night to my proposed home in the Thebais, which I had touched upon in the afternoon of the day before

As soon as I was somewhat rested, and when it was day again in Europe, I made it my first care to procure everything which I wanted First of all, stop shoes, for I had experienced how inconvenient it was when I wished to examine near objects, not to be able to slacken my stride, except by pulling off my boots A pair of slippers drawn over them had completely the effect which I anticipated, and later I always carried two pairs, since I sometimes threw them from my feet, without having time to pick them up again, when lions, men, or hyenas startled me from my botanizing My very excellent watch was, for the short duration of my passage, a capital chronometer Besides this I needed a sextant, some scientific instruments and books

To procure all this, I made several anxious journeys to London and Paris, which, auspiciously for me, a mist just then overshadowed As the remains of my enchanted gold was now exhausted, I easily accomplished the payment by gathering African ivory, in which, however, I was obliged to select only the smallest tusks, as not too heavy for me I was soon furnished and equipped with all these, and commenced immediately, as private philosopher, my new course of life

I roamed about the earth, now determining the altitudes of mountains, now the temperature of its springs and the air, now contemplating the animal, now inquiring into the vegetable tribes I hastened from the equa-

tor to the pole, from one world to the other, comparing facts with facts. The eggs of the African ostrich or the northern sea fowl, and fruits, especially of the tropical palms and bananas, were even my ordinary food. In lieu of happiness I had tobacco, and of human society and the ties of love, one faithful poodle, which guarded my cave in the Thebais, and when I returned home with fresh treasures, sprang joyfully towards me, and gave me still a human feeling, that I was not alone on the earth. An adventure was yet destined to conduct me back amongst mankind.

CHAPTER XI

As I once scotched my boots on the shores of the north, and gathered lichens and sea weed, an ice bear came unawares upon me round the corner of a rock. Flinging off my slippers, I would step over to an opposite island, to which a naked crag which protruded midway from the waves offered me a passage. I stepped with one foot firmly on the rock, and plunged over on the other side into the sea, one of my slippers having unobserved remained fast on the foot.

The excessive cold seized on me, I with difficulty rescued my life from this danger, and the moment I reached land, I ran with the utmost speed to the Lybian deserts in order to dry myself in the sun, but as I was here exposed it burned me so furiously on the head that I staggered back again very ill towards the north. I sought to relieve myself by rapid motion, and ran with swift, uncertain steps, from west to east, from east to west. I found myself now in the day, now in the night, now in summer now in the winter's cold.

I know not how long I thus reeled about on the earth. A burning fever glowed in my veins, with deepest distress I felt my senses forsaking me. As mischief would have it, in my incautious career, I now trod on some one's foot, I must have hurt him, I received a heavy blow, and fell to the ground.

When I again returned to consciousness, I lay comfortably in a good bed, which stood amongst many other beds in a handsome hall. Some one sat at my head, people went through the hall from one bed to another. They came to mine, and spoke together about me. They styled me *Number Twelve*, and on the wall at my feet stood, — yes, certainly it was no delusion, I could distinctly read on a black tablet of marble in great golden letters, quite correctly written, my name —

PETER SCHLEMIHL

On the tablet beneath my name were two other rows of letters, but I was too weak to put them together. I again closed my eyes.

I heard something of which the subject was Peter Schlemihl read aloud, and articulately, but I could not collect the sense. I saw a friendly man, and a very lovely woman in black dress appear at my bedside. The forms were not strange to me, and yet I could not recognize them.

Some time went by, and I recovered my strength I was called *Number Twelve*, and *Number Twelve*, on account of his long beard, passed for a Jew, on which account, however, he was not at all the less carefully treated That he had no shadow appeared to have been unobserved My boots, as I was assured, were, with all that I had brought hither, in good keeping, in order to be restored to me on my recovery The place in which I lay was called the SCHLEMIHLIUM What was daily read aloud concerning Peter Schlemihl, was an exhortation to pray for him as the Founder and Benefactor of this institution The friendly man whom I had seen by my bed was Bendel, the lovely woman was Mina

I recovered unrecognized in the Schlemihlium, and learned yet farther that I was in Bendel's native city, where, with the remains of my otherwise unblest gold, he had in my name founded this Hospital, where the unhappy blessed me, and himself maintained its superintendence Mina was a widow An unhappy criminal process had cost Mr Rascal his life, and her the greater part of her property Her parents were no more She lived here as a pious widow, and practised works of mercy

Once she conversed with Mr Bendel at the bedside of *Number Twelve* "Why, noble lady, will you so often expose yourself to the bad atmosphere which prevails here? Does fate then deal so hardly with you that you wish to die?"

"No, Mr Bendel, since I have dreamed out my long dream, and have awoke in myself, all is well with me, since then I crave not, and fear not death Since then, I reflect calmly on the past and the future Is it not also with a still and inward happiness that you now, in so devout a manner, serve your master and friend?"

"Thank God, yes, noble lady But we have seen wonderful things, we have unwarily drunk much good, and bitter woes, out of the full cup Now it is empty, and we may believe that the whole has been only a trial, and armed with wise discernment, await the real beginning The real beginning is of another fashion, and we wish not back the first jugglery, and are on the whole glad, such as it was, to have lived through it I feel also within me a confidence that it must now be better than formerly with our old friend "

"In me too," replied the lovely widow, and then passed on

The conversation left a deep impression upon me, but I was undecided in myself, whether I should make myself known, or depart hence unrecognized I took my resolve I requested paper and pencil, and wrote these words — "It is indeed better with your old friend now than formerly, and if he does penance it is the penance of reconciliation "

Hereupon I desired to dress myself, as I found myself stronger The key of the small wardrobe which stood near my bed, was brought, and I found therein, all that belonged to me I put on my clothes, suspended my botanical case, in which I rejoiced still to find my northern lichens, round

my black Polonaise, drew on my boots, laid the written paper on my bed, and as the door opened, I was already far on the way to the Thebais

As I took the way along the Syrian coast, on which I for the last time had wandered from home, I perceived my poor Figaro coming towards me This excellent poodle, who had long expected his master at home, seemed to desire to trace him out I stood still and called to him He sprang barking towards me, with a thousand moving assurances of his inmost and most extravagant joy I took him up under my arm, for in truth he could not follow me, and brought him with me home again

I found all in its old order, and returned gradually as my strength was recruited, to my former employment and mode of life, except that I kept myself for a whole year out of the, to me, wholly insupportable polar cold And thus, my dear Chamisso, I live to this day My boots are no worse for the wear, as that very learned work of the celebrated Tieckius, *De Rebus Gestis Politicelli*, at first led me to fear Their force remains unimpaired, my strength only decays, yet I have the comfort to have exerted it in a continuous and not fruitless pursuit of one object I have, so far as my boots could carry me, become more fundamentally acquainted than any man before me with the earth, its shape, its elevations, its temperatures, the changes of its atmosphere, the exhibitions of its magnetic power, and the life upon it, especially in the vegetable world The facts I have recorded with the greatest possible exactness, and in perspicuous order in several works, and stated my deductions and views briefly in several treatises I have settled the geography of the interior of Africa, and of the northern polar regions, of the interior of Asia, and its eastern shores My *Historia Stirpium Plantarum Utriusque Orbis* stands as a grand fragment of the *Flora Universalis Terræ*, and as a branch of my *Systema Naturæ* I believe that I have therein not merely augmented, at a moderate calculation, the amount of known species, more than one third, but have done something for the Natural System, and for the Geography of Plants I shall labor diligently at my Fauna I shall take care that, before my death, my works shall be deposited in the Berlin University

And you, my dear Chamisso, have I selected as the preserver of my singular history, which, perhaps, when I have vanished from the earth, may afford valuable instruction to many of its inhabitants But you, my friend, if you will live among men, learn before all things to reverence the shadow, and then the gold If you wish to live only for yourself and for your better self — oh, then! — you need no counsel

THEODOR STORM

(1817-1888)

THEODOR STORM was born at Husum in North Germany in 1817. He became a magistrate in his native town but was driven into exile for political reasons, returning after the war of 1864. He is the author of a good deal of charming and some political verse but his fame rests on his many tales, romantic and vivid recitals of Medieval times and sentimental stories on modern themes. Of his early work *Immensee* is undoubtedly the best example. This first appeared in 1852.

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IMMENSEE

THE OLD MAN

ON AN afternoon late in autumn an old well-dressed man went slowly down the road. He appeared to be returning home from a walk, for his buckled shoes, which were of a bygone fashion, were covered with dust. His long gold-headed cane he carried under his arm, with his dark eyes, into which all his lost youth seemed to have retreated, and which contrasted strangely with his snow-white hair, he looked calmly around, or down into the town, which lay before him in the golden haze of evening — He seemed almost a stranger, for of the passers by only few greeted him, though many were involuntarily constrained to look into those grave eyes. At last he halted before a tall gabled house, took one last look at the town, and then entered the hall. At the ring of the door-bell the green curtain was drawn aside in the sitting-room from a hatch that opened on the hall, and an old woman's face appeared behind it. The man signed to her with his cane. "No light just yet!" he said in a rather Southern accent, and the housekeeper let the curtain fall again. The old man now walked across the spacious hall, then through a drawing-room, where great oak cabinets with china vases lined the walls, through the door facing him he entered a little lobby, from which a narrow stair led to the upper rooms of the back part of the house. Up this he slowly climbed, opened a door, and then stepped into a fairly large room. Here all was homelike and quiet, one wall was almost covered with shelves and book-

cases, on the others hung portraits and views, at a table with a green cover, on which several open books lay about, stood a heavy armchair with red velvet cushions — After the old man had put his hat and stick in the corner, he seated himself in the arm chair, and seemed to be resting with folded hands after his walk — As he sat thus, it gradually became darker, at last a moonbeam fell through the window panes upon the paintings on the wall, and, as the bright streak slowly moved along, the man's eyes followed it involuntarily Now it lighted on a little portrait in a plain black frame "Elisabeth!" said the old man in a low voice, and, as he uttered the word, the time was changed *he was back in his youth*

THE CHILDREN

Soon the sweet form of a little girl approached him Her name was Elisabeth, and she might be five years old, he himself was twice that age Round her neck she wore a little red silk handkerchief, which went very well with her brown eyes

"Reinhardt!" she cried, "we've a holiday! a holiday! No school all to day, and none to morrow either "

Reinhardt took the slate that he already had under his arm, and promptly put it behind the door, then the two children ran through the house into the garden, and through the garden gate into the meadow The unexpected holidays came in splendidly for them Reinhardt with Elisabeth's help had constructed a house of sods here, they meant to spend the summer evenings in it, but it still wanted a seat Now he went straight to work on it, nails, hammer, and the necessary boards were there already Meanwhile Elisabeth went along the bank and began to gather the ring shaped seeds of the wild mallow in her apron, to make into chains and necklaces for herself, and, by the time that Reinhardt, in spite of many a crooked driven nail, had at last finished his seat and stepped out again into the sunshine, she was far away at the other end of the meadow

"Elisabeth!" he called, "Elisabeth!" and at that she came, her locks streaming "Come," he said, "Our house is ready now You have made yourself quite hot, come inside, and we'll sit on the new seat I'll tell you a story "

Then the two went inside and seated themselves on the new seat Elisabeth took her little rings out of her apron and threaded them upon long strings, Reinhardt began to tell his story "There were once three spinners —"

"Ugh!" said Elisabeth, "I know that one by heart You must not always tell the same story "

So Reinhardt had to cut short the story of the three spinners, and instead he told her the story of the poor man who was thrown into the lion's den "Now," said he, "it was night, you know, quite dark, and the

lions were asleep But sometimes they yawned in their sleep, and stretched out their red tongues, then the man shuddered and thought the morning was coming Then all at once a bright light shone round about him, and, when he looked up, an angel was standing before him He signed to him with his hand and went straight away into the rock "

Elisabeth had been listening attentively "An angel?" she said, "Had he any wings, then?"

"It's only a story," replied Reinhardt, "of course there aren't any angels "

"O, fie, Reinhardt!" she said, and stared at him in amazement But, as he frowned at her, she asked him in doubt, "Then why do they always say that there are? Mother and Aunt, and at school, too?"

"That I don't know," he answered

"But, tell me," said Elisabeth, "are there no lions either?"

"Lions? are there lions! Yes, in India the idol priests there harness them to cars, and travel with them through the desert When I am big, I mean to go there some day myself It's a thousand times finer there than here at home, there's no winter there, for one thing You must come with me, too Will you?"

"Yes," said Elisabeth "but Mother must come with us in that case, and your mother, too "

"No," said Reinhardt, "they'll be too old then, they can't come "

"But I daren't go alone "

"But you must dare, you'll be really my wife then, and the others won't be able to say anything to you "

"But my mother will cry "

"O, we'll come back again," Reinhardt said hotly "Just tell me straight out if you will travel with me! Else I'll go by myself, and then I'll never come back again "

The child was nearly crying

"Don't look so crossly at me," she said, "I'll really go with you to India "

In the exuberance of his joy Reinhardt caught her by both hands and drew her out into the meadow "To India! to India!" he sang, and swung round with her till the red handkerchief flew off her neck Then of a sudden he released her, and said solemnly, "But nothing will come of it, you have no courage "

— — "Elisabeth! Reinhardt!" just then came a call from the garden gate "Here, here!" answered the children, and scampered home hand in hand

IN THE FOREST

So the children lived together She was often too quiet for him, he was often too lively for her, but they did not drift apart for all that, they

spent nearly all their spare time together, in winter in their mothers' confined rooms, in summer in wood and field — Once, when Elisabeth was scolded by the schoolmaster in Reinhardt's presence, he wrathfully banged his slate on the table in order to draw the man's anger upon himself. It was not noticed. But Reinhardt lost all interest in the geography lesson, instead he composed a long poem, in which he represented himself by a young eagle, the schoolmaster by a hooded crow, and Elisabeth was a white dove. The eagle vowed to take vengeance on the hooded crow as soon as his wings were grown. The tears came to the young poet's eyes, he thought himself a very noble fellow. When he got home, he managed to procure a little parchment covered book with plenty of blank leaves, on the first pages he inscribed his poem in a careful hand — Soon afterwards he went to another school, here he struck up many new acquaintances with boys of his own age, but that did not disturb his friendship with Elisabeth. He now began to write down those she had liked best of the stories that he had formerly told her over and over again. While so engaged he often felt the desire to introduce some thoughts of his own, but, he knew not why, he could never manage it. So he wrote down the stories exactly as he had heard them. Then he gave the sheets to Elisabeth, who preserved them carefully in a drawer in her box, and it afforded him a pleasing satisfaction to hear her now and again of an evening read to her mother in his presence from the sheets that he had written.

Seven years had passed. Reinhardt was to leave the town to continue his education. Elisabeth could not reconcile herself to the thought that a time was now coming when she would be quite without Reinhardt. She was delighted when he told her one day that he would continue to write stories for her as before, he would send them for her with his letters to his mother, then she must write back to him and tell him how she had liked them. The time of his departure approached, but before that many more rhymes went into the parchment book. This alone was a secret from Elisabeth, although she was the occasion of the whole book and of most of its poems, which by degrees had filled nearly half its blank pages.

It was June, Reinhardt was to set out the next day. His friends wished to have a last festivity together before he went. So a large picnic party was arranged to one of the woods near at hand. The hour's journey to the edge of the wood was made in carriages, then they took down the provision baskets and walked on farther. First a fir plantation had to be traversed, it was cool and shady, and the ground was all strewn with the fine needles. After half an hour's ramble they came out of the darkness of the firs into a green beech-wood, here all was light and verdure, in places a sunbeam broke through the leafy branches, a squirrel sprang from bough to bough above their heads — At a place over which the crowns of ancient beeches grew together to form a transparent vault of foliage, the party made a halt. Elisabeth's mother opened one of the baskets, an

old gentleman constituted himself master of ceremonies "All come round about me, you youngsters!" he cried, "and pay strict attention to what I have to tell you Each of you will now get two dry rolls for breakfast the butter has been left behind, so you must seek a relish for yourselves There are plenty of strawberries in the wood, plenty, that is to say, for those who know where to find them Those who are not clever enough must eat their bread dry, that is always the way in life Do you understand what I say?"

"O yes!" the young people shouted

"Well, see here," said the old man, "I've not done yet We old people have knocked about enough in our day, so now we'll stay at home, that is to say, here under these spreading trees, and peel the potatoes and make the fire and lay the table, and when it is twelve o'clock the eggs will be boiled as well For that you'll owe us half your strawberries, so that we can serve a dessert too So now go East and West, and play fair "

The young people made all sorts of mischievous faces "Wait!" the old man shouted once more "I don't need to tell you that those who don't find any don't need to bring any, but get it into your clever heads that they won't get anything from us old people either And now you've got plenty of good advice for one day, if you get strawberries as well, you'll have done very well for to-day at least "

The young people were of the same opinion and began to pair off for the expedition

"Come, Elisabeth," said Reinhardt, "I know a strawberry bed, you won't have to eat dry bread "

Elisabeth tied the green ribbons of her straw hat together and hung it over her arm "Come away, then," she said, "the basket is ready "

Then they went into the wood, deeper and deeper, through moist, impenetrable shadows, where everything was still, only the cry of the unseen hawks in the air above them, then through thick brushwood, so thick that Reinhardt had to go first to make a way, here to break off a branch, there to bend aside a briar But soon he heard Elisabeth behind him calling his name He turned round "Reinhardt!" she cried, "do wait, Reinhardt!" He could not make out where she was At last he saw her some distance off, struggling with the bushes, her little head just showed above the tops of the ferns So he went back and led her through the tangle of weeds and shrubs, out to a clear space where blue butterflies flitted among the stray woodland flowers Reinhardt smoothed her moist hair from her heated face Next he wished to put her straw hat on her head, but she would not allow it, then he entreated her, and at that she let him have his way

"But where are your strawberries?" she at last asked, as she halted and drew a deep breath

"They used to be here," he said, "but the toads have been before us, or the stoats, or perhaps the fairies "

"Yes," said Elisabeth, "the leaves are there still, but don't speak of faires here. Come on, I'm not at all tired yet, we'll go on searching."

In front of them was a little brook, beyond it the forest again. Reinhardt lifted Elisabeth up in his arms and carried her across. After a while they came out again from the shade of the foliage into an extensive clearing. "There must be strawberries here," said the girl, "it smells so sweet."

They went searching through the sunny spot, but found none. "No," said Reinhardt, "it is only the scent of the heather."

Raspberry bushes and hollies grew in confusion everywhere, a strong scent of heather, which alternating with short grass clothed all the open ground, filled the air. "It is lonely here," said Elisabeth, "where can the others be?"

Reinhardt had not thought about the way back. "Wait a minute, which way is the wind coming?" he said, and held up his hand. But there was no wind.

"Hush!" said Elisabeth, "I thought I heard voices. Just shout down there."

Reinhardt shouted through his hollowed hand. "Come here!" — "Here," a shout came back.

"They're answering!" Elisabeth said, and clapped her hands.

"No, that was nothing, it was only the echo."

Elisabeth caught Reinhardt's hand. "I'm frightened," she said.

"No, you must not be frightened," said Reinhardt. "It's splendid here. Sit there in the shade among the plants. Let us rest awhile, we'll find the others all right."

Elisabeth seated herself under an overhanging beech, and listened attentively in every direction, Reinhardt sat a few paces off on a tree stump and gazed silently across at her. The sun was right overhead, it was a scorching noontide heat, little steel blue flies, glittering like gold, hung with quivering wings in the air, all around them was a faint buzzing and humming, and often they heard deep in the wood the tapping of the woodpeckers and the cries of other forest birds.

"Hark!" said Elisabeth, "the bells."

"Where?" asked Reinhardt.

"Behind us. Do you hear? It's twelve o'clock."

"Then the town lies behind us, and if we keep straight on in this direction, we are sure to come upon the others."

So they started on their way back, they had given up the search for strawberries, for Elisabeth was weary. At last the laughter of the company sounded through the trees, then they saw a white cloth showing on the ground, this was the table, and on it were strawberries enough and to spare. The old gentleman had a napkin tucked into his button-hole and was delivering the continuation of his moral discourse to the young people, while he carved away industriously at a roast.

"Here are the stragglers," the young people shouted, as they saw Reinhardt and Elisabeth coming through the trees

"Here!" called the old gentleman, "empty your handkerchiefs, turn out your hats! Come, show us what you have found"

"Hunger and thirst!" said Reinhardt

"If that's all," replied the old man, as he held up the full dish to them, "you may keep them You know the conditions, no idlers fed here"

But at last he let himself be prevailed on, and now they began to their meal, while the thrush sang from the juniper bushes

So the day passed — But Reinhardt had found something after all, though it was not strawberries, still it had grown in the wood When he got home, he wrote in his old parchment book

*The wind has sunk to stillness
Upon this lonely heath,
The branches hang down idly,
The fair child sits beneath
She sits among the wild thyme,
Amid its perfume rare
The azure insect chorus
Wheels flashing through the air
Around her in her beauty
The silent forest dreams,
Among her nut-brown tresses
The flickering sunshine gleams
Afar off laughs the cuckoo,
And hearing it I ween
This maid with golden glances
Is of the forest queen*

So she was not merely his charge, she was to him the embodiment of all that was lovely and wonderful in his opening life

THE CHILD STOOD AT THE ROADSIDE

Christmas eve arrived — It was still afternoon when Reinhardt and some other students were sitting at an old oak table in the Rathskeller The lamps on the walls were lighted, for down there it was already dusk, but there was only a scant gathering of guests, the waiters were leaning idly against the pillars In a corner of the vault sat a fiddler and a zither girl with her gipsy like features, she had laid her instrument on her lap, and appeared to be gazing listlessly before her

A champagne-cork popped at the students' table "Drink, my Bohemian darling!" a young man of aristocratic appearance cried, as he passed a full glass over to the girl

"I'd rather not," she said, without altering her posture

"Then sing!" cried the young squire, and flung a piece of silver into her lap. The girl ran her fingers slowly through her black hair, while the fiddler whispered in her ear, but she tossed her head and rested her chin on her zither. "I won't play for him," she said.

Reinhardt sprang up, glass in hand, and presented himself before her. "What do you want?" she asked defiantly.

"To see your eyes."

"What have my eyes to do with you?"

Reinhardt cast a fiery glance down on her. "I know quite well, they are false" — She leaned her cheek on her open hand and lowered at him. Reinhardt raised his glass to his lips. "To your beautiful, wicked eyes!" he said, and drank.

She laughed and turned her head round. "Give it me!" she said, and, fastening her black eyes on his, she slowly drank what was left. Then she struck a chord and sang in a deep, impassioned voice:

*Woe's me, my beauty
Lasts but a day
Morning must see it
Vanish away
Only this moment
Art thou my own,
For I must perish,
Perish alone*

As the fiddler was playing the concluding symphony in quick time, a new arrival joined the group.

"I meant to bring you along, Reinhardt," he said, "but you were gone. I say, Christmas has been at your place."

"Christmas," said Reinhardt. "I'm long past that."

"What! Your room was all smelling of Christmas tree and brown cakes?"

Reinhardt set his glass down and picked up his cap.

"What are you after?" the girl inquired.

"I'll be back soon."

She frowned. "Stay!" she said softly, and looked coaxingly at him.

Reinhardt hesitated. "I can't," he said.

She laughed and pushed him away with the point of her foot. "Go," she said, "you're no good, none of you are any good." And, as she turned aside, Reinhardt slowly climbed up the cellar steps.

Outside in the street it was deep twilight, he felt the fresh winter breeze on his heated brow. Here and there the bright gleam of a lighted Christmas tree shone from the windows, now and again the sound could be heard indoors of little whistles and tin trumpets and in the intervals

jubilant children's voices Troops of beggar children were going from house to house or standing upon the doorsteps and trying to catch a glimpse through the windows of splendours denied to them Sometimes a door would be suddenly flung open and scolding voices would drive a whole swarm of such little guests away from the lighted house into the dark street At another an old Christmas carol was being sung in the lobby, there were clear girls' voices taking part Reinhardt heard them not, he hurried past everything from one street to another By the time he reached his lodgings it had become almost quite dark, he stumbled up the stairs and entered his own room A sweet fragrance met him, it reminded him of home, it smelt like the Christmas room in his mother's house With trembling hand he lighted his lamp, there lay a great parcel on the table, and, as he opened it, out fell the well remembered brown Christmas cakes, on some the initials of his name were traced in sugar, that could only be Elisabeth's doing Then appeared a little packet with fine stitched linen handkerchiefs and wristbands, and finally letters from his mother and Elisabeth Reinhardt opened the latter first, Elisabeth wrote

"The pretty sugar letters will no doubt tell you who has been helping with the cakes, the same person has sewn the wristbands for you This Christmas eve will be very quiet with us, Mother always puts her spinning-wheel in the corner about half past nine, it is so very lonely this winter, now that you are not here Last Sunday the linnet that you gave me died, I cried a great deal, but indeed I always took good care of him He used always to sing in the afternoons, when the sun shone on his cage, you know Mother used often to put a cloth over to keep him quiet when he sang so very loud So now it is quieter than ever in the room, except that your old friend Erich now comes sometimes to see us You once said he looked like his brown overcoat I can't help remembering it now whenever he enters the door, it is too funny for anything, but don't say so to Mother, it would most likely make her cross — Guess what I am giving your mother for Christmas! Can't you guess? Myself! Erich is drawing my portrait in black chalk, I have had to sit to him three times already, a whole hour each time I did not like it at all, to let a strange man get to know my face by heart I did not want it either, but my mother advised me to do so, she said it would be a very great pleasure indeed to good Mrs Werner

"But you are not keeping your promise, Reinhardt You have not sent any tales I have complained about you often to your mother, but she always replies that you have something else than such childish things to do now But I don't believe it It's not that at all"

Next Reinhardt read his mother's letter, and, when he had read them both and folded them up slowly and laid them away, an invincible homesickness came over him For a while he paced up and down his room, he said to himself in an undertone half unconsciously

*He well nigh was bewildered,
And knew not where to roam
The child stood at the roadside
And pointed him to home*

Then he went to his desk, took out some money, and went downstairs to the street again — Here in the meanwhile it had become quieter, the Christmas trees had burned out, the processions of children had ceased. The wind was sweeping through the deserted streets, old and young were sitting in their family circles at home, the second part of Christmas eve had begun —

As Reinhardt came near the Rathskeller, he heard the scraping of the fiddle and the zither girl's song coming up from its depths, there was a ring from the cellar door below, and a dim form came swaying up the broad, dimly lighted steps. Reinhardt stepped into the shadow of the houses and then passed hastily on. After a while he reached the lit up shop of a jeweller, and, after purchasing a little red coral cross there, he went back again the same way that he had come.

Not far from his abode he noticed a little girl clad in pitiful rags standing at a tall house door making vain attempts to open it. "Shall I help you?" he asked. The child made no answer, but let the heavy door-handle go. Reinhardt opened the door with ease. "No," he said, "they might drive you away, come with me! I'll give you some Christmas cakes." Then he shut the door again and took the little girl by the hand, who accompanied him without a word to his lodgings.

He had left the light burning when he went out. "Here are your cakes," he said, and put half of his whole stock in her pinafore, only none of those with the sugar initials. "Now run home and give some of them to your mother." The child looked up at him shyly, she seemed to be unaccustomed to such kindness and unable to say anything in return. Reinhardt opened the door and lighted her out, whereupon the little one flew like a bird down the stairs with her cakes, and out of the house.

Reinhardt stirred up the fire in his stove and set his dusty inkstand on the table, then he sat himself down and wrote and wrote the whole night long, letters to his mother and to Elisabeth. The remainder of the Christmas cakes lay untouched beside him, but he had buttoned on Elisabeth's wristbands, which contrasted very strangely with his white shaggy coat. He was still sitting thus when the winter sun fell on the frosted window panes and showed him a pale, grave visage facing him in the mirror.

AT HOME

WHEN Easter came, Reinhardt made a trip home. The morning after his arrival he went to Elisabeth. "How tall you have grown," he said, as the beautiful, slender girl advanced smiling to meet him. She blushed, but

she made no reply, and she gently tried to withdraw the hand that he had taken in his in welcome. He looked at her in uncertainty, she had never done that before, it seemed as if something foreign had come between them now — This still remained even after he had been there for some time and had been coming back constantly every day. If they sat together by themselves, pauses arose which were painful to him and which he anxiously sought to avoid. In order to have some definite occupation during his holidays, he began to instruct Elisabeth in botany, in which he had taken a great interest during his first months at the University. Elisabeth, who was used to following his lead in everything and, besides, was quick to learn, entered willingly into the project. They made journeys to the fields or to the woods several times a week, and, if they had brought the green botanical case home at midday full of plants and flowers, Reinhardt came again a few hours later to share the common find with Elisabeth.

With this intention he entered the room one afternoon, as Elisabeth was standing at the window putting fresh chickweed on a gilt bird cage that he had not seen there before. In the cage sat a canary, which flattered its wings and shrieked as it pecked at Elisabeth's finger. Reinhardt's bird had formerly hung in the same place. "Has my poor linnet turned into a goldfinch since its death?" he inquired merrily.

"Linnets don't usually do that," said her mother, who sat spinning in her arm chair. "Your friend Erich sent it in to Elisabeth to day at noon from his farm."

"What farm?"

"Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"That Erich took up his father's other farm at Immensee a month ago."

"But you never told me a word about that."

"Well," said the mother, "you never asked a word about your friend either. He is a very nice, sensible young man."

Her mother went out to look after the coffee, Elisabeth had her back turned to Reinhardt, and was still busy with the arrangement of her little bower. "Just a little moment, please," she said, "I'll be ready immediately" — As Reinhardt, contrary to his custom, did not answer, she turned round. A troubled expression had suddenly come into his eyes, such as she had never seen in them before. "What ails you, Reinhardt?" she asked, as she went up to him.

"Me?" he said mechanically, and let his eyes rest musingly on hers.

"You look so sad."

"Elisabeth," he said, "I can't endure that yellow bird."

She looked at him in astonishment, she did not understand him. "You are so odd," she said.

He caught her two hands, which she quietly left in his. Presently her mother came in again.

After coffee she sat down to her spinning wheel, Reinhardt and Elisabeth went into the next room to arrange their plants. Stamens had to be counted, leaves and flowers carefully spread out, and two specimens of each kind laid to dry between the leaves of a great folio. The sunny afternoon silence was about them, the only sounds were the hum of her mother's spinning-wheel in the next room, and the murmur of Reinhardt's voice as he now and again mentioned the arrangement of the classes of the plants, or corrected Elisabeth's untutored pronunciation of the Latin names.

"I still want the lily of the valley from our last lot," she finally said, when the whole stock had been identified and arranged.

Reinhardt drew a little white parchment book from his pocket. "Here is a sprig of lily of the valley for you," he said, as he took out the half-dried plant.

Seeing the written leaves, Elisabeth asked, "Have you been writing some more stories?"

"These are not stories," he answered, handing her the book.

They were, in fact, poems, most of them not more than a page long. Elisabeth turned over one leaf after another, she seemed to read only the headings. "When she was scolded by the schoolmaster," "When they were lost in the forest," "With the Easter story," "When she wrote to me for the first time", they were nearly all in the same strain. Reinhardt looked searchingly at her, and, as she kept on turning over the leaves, he saw how at last a delicate blush appeared on her fair countenance and by degrees covered it entirely. He wanted to see her eyes, but Elisabeth did not look up, and at last put the book in front of him without a word.

"Don't give it back to me like that!" he said.

She took a brown sprig from the tin case. "I'll put in your favourite plant," she said, and gave the book into his hands — —

At last the final day of his holidays and the morning of his departure came round. At Elisabeth's request her mother allowed her to accompany her friend to the post cart, which had its station a few streets away from her abode. As they stepped out of the door, Reinhardt gave her his arm, and went on his way beside the slim girl in silence. The nearer they approached their destination, the more he felt that he had something he must say to her before he took farewell of her for so long, something on which all the worth and all the happiness of his future life depended, and yet he could not find the word to break the spell. This tormented him, he walked more and more slowly.

"You'll be too late," she said, "it has struck ten on St. Mary's already."

But he did not go any the quicker. At last he stammered "Elisabeth,

you will not see anything of me at all for two years — — I wonder will you be still as fond of me as you are now, when I come here again?"

She nodded and looked him friendly in the face — "Why, I've stood up for you," she said after a pause

"For me? Whom had you to do that with?"

"With my mother We were talking a long time about you last night after you had gone She declares that you are not so good as you used to be"

Reinhardt was silent a moment, then he took her hand in his and said, looking earnestly into her childish eyes, "I am still just as good as I used to be, I can assure you Do you believe it, Elisabeth?"

"Yes," she said He let go her hand and hurried with her along the last street The nearer their parting approached, the happier his face became, he went almost too quickly for her

"What's the matter with you, Reinhardt?"

"I have a secret, a beautiful secret!" he said, and looked at her with sparkling eyes "When I come again in two years, you'll learn what it is then"

Meanwhile they had reached the post cart, there was still time enough Reinhardt took her hand once again "Farewell," he said, "farewell, Elisabeth Don't forget"

She shook her head "Farewell," she said Reinhardt got in, and the horses started

As the post cart turned the corner of the street, he saw her beloved form once more, as she slowly retraced her way

A LETTER

Nearly two years later Reinhardt was sitting at his lamp amidst books and papers expecting a friend who joined him in his studies Some one came up the stairs "Come in!" — It was his landlady "A letter for you, Mr Werner!" And she went away again

Since his visit home, Reinhardt had never written to Elisabeth, and had received no more letters from her This one was not from her either, it was his mother's writing Reinhardt broke the seal and began to read, and soon came to the following

"At your age, my dear child, almost every year has a character of its own for youth is always changing for the better Here, too, there have been many changes, which will most likely disappoint you at first, if I used to read your mind aright Yesterday Erich was accepted by Elisabeth at last, after he had asked her twice in the last three months and been refused She could not make up her mind to do so before, but now she has done it after all, she is not so young now, either The wedding is to be soon, and then her mother will go away with them"

IMMENSEE

MORE years had passed — On a descending shady forest road, one warm spring afternoon, a young man with a strong, sun burnt face was journeying. With his earnest grey eyes he looked anxiously ahead, as if he expected at last to see some change in the monotonous road, a change which, however, refused to appear. At last a waggon came slowly up from the hollow. "Hullo, my good friend!" shouted the wanderer to the peasant who accompanied it, "Is this the right way to Immensee?"

"Keep straight on," the man answered, and pulled at his hat.

"Is it still far from here?"

"Your honour is close to it. Not half a pipe of tobacco, and you are at the lake, the mansion house is just beside it."

The peasant drove on, the other proceeded more quickly under the trees. After a quarter of an hour the shade on his left hand suddenly came to an end, the road led along a cliff above which the tops of centenarian oaks scarcely reached. Away beyond them a wide, sunny landscape opened. Far beneath lay the lake, calm, dark blue, surrounded almost completely by green, sun-bathed woods, only at one spot they separated, and afforded a distant prospect that stretched away until it too was closed by blue mountains. Almost opposite, amid the green foliage of the woods, lay something like snow, it was fruit trees in blossom, and from them on the high shore rose the mansion house, white with red tiles. A stork flew from the chimney and circled slowly over the water — "Immensee!" exclaimed the traveller. It seemed almost as if he had now reached his journey's goal, for he stood motionless, and gazed over the tree tops at his feet to the other shore where the reflection of the mansion house floated, gently swaying, on the water. Then he suddenly continued his way.

The road now went almost precipitously down the hill, so that the trees below him again afforded shade, but at the same time hid the outlook upon the lake, which glittered only now and then through the gaps in the branches. Soon the road sloped gently upwards again, and now the woods on right and left disappeared, and in their place thickly-embowered vineyards stretched along the road, on either side of it stood fruit trees in blossom, full of humming bees in clouds. A stalwart man in a brown overcoat came towards the traveller. When he was almost up to him, he waved his cap and cried in a clear voice, "Welcome, welcome, brother Reinhardt! Welcome to Immensee!"

"God greet you, Erich, and thanks for your welcome!" the other cried to him in return.

With that they had met and shaken hands. "Is it really you?" said Erich, as he scanned his old school fellow's grave face.

"To be sure, it is I, Erich, and you are your old self, only you look rather more cheerful than you used to do."

A glad smile made Erich's honest features look more cheerful than ever at these words "Yes, brother Reinhardt," he said, shaking his hand again, "but since then I have drawn the great prize in the lottery, you know" Then he rubbed his hands and cried contentedly, "This will be a surprise! She does not expect him, never in the world!"

"A surprise?" questioned Reinhardt, "for whom?"

"For Elisabeth"

"For Elisabeth! Have you not told her of my visit?"

"Not a word, brother Reinhardt she does not expect you, nor does her mother I wrote to you quite secretly, so that her pleasure might be all the greater You know, I used always to have such little plans of my own"

Reinhardt became thoughtful, his breath seemed to grow more difficult the nearer they came to the farm On the left side of the road the vine yards had in their turn ceased, and gave place to an extensive kitchen garden, which ran down almost to the shore of the lake The stork had meanwhile settled and was stalking solemnly among the vegetable beds "Hullo!" cried Erich, clapping his hands, "the long legged Egyptian is stealing my short pea stakes again!" The bird rose slowly, and flew on to the roof of a new building that lay at the end of the kitchen garden, and the walls of which were covered with trained peach and apricot trees "That is the distillery," said Erich, "I erected it only two years ago My departed father rebuilt the steading, the dwelling house was already built by my grandfather So we are always getting a trifle further on"

With these words they entered a spacious square, which was enclosed on the sides by the farm buildings, and at the end by the mansion house, from either wing of which stretched a high garden wall Behind this could be seen the lines of dark yew hedges, and here and there lilacs drooped their flowery branches into the yard Men with their faces heated by sun and toil were crossing the square, and saluted the friends, while Erich in reply shouted to this one and that an order or a question about their work — Now they arrived at the house A lofty, cool hall received them, at the end of which they turned to their left into a somewhat darker side passage Here Erich opened a door and they entered a spacious garden room, which was suffused on two sides with green twilight from the creepers that overhung the windows that faced them, between these, however, two high, wide open folding doors admitted the full brightness of the spring sun, and afforded a view on to a garden with trim flower beds and tall, steep hedges, divided by a straight broad path, through which one looked out upon the lake and beyond it to the woods on the opposite shore As the friends entered, the draught bore a flood of perfume towards them

On a terrace before the garden door sat a white, girlish woman's form She rose up and went to meet the arrivals, but halfway she stopped as if rooted to the ground, and stared motionless at the stranger He held

out his hand to her with a smile "Reinhardt!" she exclaimed, "Reinhardt! Good heavens, it is you! — We have not seen each other for a long time"

Not for a long time," he said, and could say no more, for, at the sound of her voice, he felt a touch of actual pain at his heart, and, as he looked at her, there she stood before him, the same graceful, delicate form to whom he had bidden farewell in his native town years before

Erich had remained at the door, his countenance beaming with joy "Well, Elisabeth," he said, "confess, you did not expect him, never in the world!"

Elisabeth looked at him with sisterly eyes "You are so kind, Erich!" she said

He took her slim hand caressingly in his own "And now that we have him," he said, "we'll not let him go so soon He has been so long away, we must make him feel at home again Just look how foreign and distinguished he has grown"

Elisabeth stole a shy glance at Reinhardt's countenance "It is only because of the time we have been separated," he said

At this moment her mother, with a key basket on her arm, entered the door "Mr Werner!" she said, when she caught sight of Reinhardt, "as welcome as unexpected a guest" — And now the conversation pursued an even course of questions and answers The women settled to their work, and, while Reinhardt partook of the refreshments provided for him, Erich, having lighted his big meerschaum pipe, sat smoking and gossiping at his side

Next day Reinhardt had to accompany him out of doors, to the fields, into the vineyards, into the hop garden, into the distillery Everything was in good order, the hands who worked in the fields and at the stills all looked healthy and contented At midday the family assembled in the garden room, and the day was then spent according as his host's leisure allowed, more or less in common Only the hours before supper and the first of the forenoon did Reinhardt remain working in his room For some years past he had been collecting the sayings and songs that survived among the people, wherever he could procure them, and was now proceeding to arrange his collection and, where possible, to enrich it with new local observations — Elisabeth was always gentle and friendly, she received Erich's unvarying attentiveness with a gratitude that was almost humble, and Reinhardt could not help thinking sometimes that the merry child of old had given promise of a less silent woman

Since the second day of his stay he had been in the habit of taking an evening walk on the shore of the lake The way led close under the garden At the end of it, on a projecting knoll, stood a seat under tall birches, the mother had christened it the Evening Seat, because the place fronted the evening sun and was mostly used at that time for the sake of the sun

set — Reinhardt was returning from a walk along this road one evening when he was surprised by rain. He sought shelter under a lime-tree standing by the water's edge, but the heavy drops soon struck through the leaves. Soaked through, he made the best of a bad job, and slowly continued his way home. It was almost dark, the rain was falling more and more heavily. As he approached the Evening Seat he thought he could distinguish a white female form among the glimmering birch stems. She was standing motionless, and, as he thought he could distinguish on his nearer approach, turned in his direction, as if she was waiting for some one. He thought it was Elisabeth. But, as he hastened to reach her and return with her through the garden into the house, she slowly turned away and vanished amid the dark alleys. He could not make it out, he was almost angry with Elisabeth, and yet he doubted whether it had really been she, but he was shy of questioning her, indeed, on his return he did not go into the garden room, just because he did not by any chance wish to see Elisabeth entering through the garden door.

IT WAS MY WILFUL MOTHER

A few days afterwards, it was getting on for evening and the family was sitting together, as it usually did at this time, in the garden room. The doors were standing open, the sun had already sunk behind the woods on the other side of the lake.

Reinhardt was asked to show them some folk songs which had been sent to him that afternoon by a friend living in the country. He went up to his room, and returned in a minute with a roll of papers, which appeared to consist of neatly written single sheets.

They sat down round the table, Elisabeth at Reinhardt's side. "We'll read them as they come," he said, "I've not looked through them myself yet."

Elisabeth unrolled the manuscript. "Here is music," she said, "you must sing it, Reinhardt."

So he began by reading some Tyrolese *Schnaderkuppferl*, occasionally singing the words to the merry airs in an undertone. A general merriment overcame the little company. "But who made those pretty songs?" asked Elisabeth.

"Tut," said Erich, "you can tell that by the sound of them, travelling tailors and hairdressers and such like frivolous rascals."

Reinhardt said "Nobody makes them at all, they grow, they fall from the sky, they fly over the land like thistle down, hither and thither, and are sung in a thousand places at once. We find our own most intimate doings and sufferings in these songs, it is as if we had all had a share in them."

He took another sheet. "I stood high on the mountains" "

“I know that one!” cried Elisabeth “Do strike up, Reinhardt! I’ll help you” And then they sang that air which is so mysterious that one can hardly believe it to be of human invention, Elisabeth with her somewhat veiled contralto accompanying the tenor

Meanwhile her mother was sitting busied with her sewing, Erich had folded his hands and was listening devoutly When the song came to an end, Reinhardt silently laid the sheet on one side — From the lake shore the tinkling of the cow bells came up through the evening calm, they listened unconsciously, then they heard a boy’s clear voice sing

*I stood high on the mountains
And looked into the vale*

Reinhardt smiled “Do you hear? You see, it goes from mouth to mouth ”

“It is often sung in these parts,” said Elisabeth

“Yes,” said Erich, “it’s Kaspar the herd boy he’s driving the heifers home ”

They listened a while longer until the tinkling was lost behind the farm buildings “They are primitive melodies,” said Reinhardt, “they sleep in the depths of the forests, God knows who discovered them ”

He drew out a fresh sheet

By this time it had become darker, a red evening-glow lay like foam upon the woods across the lake Reinhardt unrolled the sheet, Elisabeth laid her hand upon one edge of it and looked on it with him Then Reinhardt read

*It was my wilful mother
Who made me choose the other,
Where once my joy was set,
My heart must now forget
To this it has no mind*

*To her I made my moan,
And said she ill had done,
What once was my fair fame
Is now become my shame
Where can I turn?*

*For joy and pride my gain
Is only grief and pain
Rather I’d beg my bread
And o’er the brown heath tread,
Were I but free again*

During the reading Reinhardt had felt an almost imperceptible trembling of the paper, when he had finished, Elisabeth gently pushed back her chair and went silently into the garden A look from her mother followed

ner Erich made to go after her, but her mother said, "Elisabeth has some thing to do outside" So the matter dropped

But outside the evening was falling darker and darker over garden and lake, the moths flitted whispering past the open doors, through which the scent of flowers and shrubs came more strongly every moment, from the water rose the croaking of the frogs, under the windows a nightingale sang, and deeper in the garden another, the moon looked over the trees Reinhardt gazed for a while at the spot where Elisabeth's slender form had disappeared among the walks, then he rolled up his manuscript, said good night to those in the room, and went through the house down to the water

The forests stood silent and cast their shadow far out on the lake, while its centre lay in the murky twilight of the moon Now and again a faint air rustled through the trees, but it was no wind, only the breathing of the summer night Reinhardt made his way along the bank A stone cast from the land he could distinguish a white water lily All at once he was possessed by the desire to see it close at hand, he threw off his clothes and stepped into the water It was shallow, sharp plants and stones cut his feet, and it was long before he got deep enough to swim Then suddenly his footing failed him, the water swirled over his head, and it was some time before he came again to the surface Thereupon he plied hand and foot and swam round in circles until he made sure of the spot where he had entered the water Soon he saw the lily, too again, it lay solitary between its broad, shining leaves — He swam slowly out, sometimes raising his arms out of the water, so that the drops as they trickled down glistened in the moonlight, but it seemed as if the distance between him and the flower remained the same, only the shore, each time he looked round, lay more dimly in the haze He did not give up his undertaking, however, but continued to swim stoutly on in the same direction At last he arrived so near the flower that he could clearly distinguish its silvery petals in the moonlight, but at the same moment he felt himself caught as if in a net, the smooth stalks reached up from the bottom and twined about his naked limbs The unknown water lay black about him, behind he heard the leaping of a fish, it suddenly felt so uncanny in the strange element that he violently wrenched himself loose from the tangle of the plants, and in breathless haste swam to land As he looked back from there on to the lake, the lily lay distant and solitary as before upon the black depths — He dressed and went slowly back to the house When he stepped from the garden into the room, he found Erich and Elisabeth's mother busy preparing for a little business journey which they had to make next day

"Wherever have you been so late at night?" her mother inquired of him

"I?" he returned, "I wanted to visit the water lily, but nothing came of it"

"That's a likely story!" said Erich "What on earth had you to do with the water lily?"

"I used to know it once on a day," said Reinhardt, "but that was long ago "

ELISABETH

The next afternoon Reinhardt and Elisabeth were rambling together on the other side of the lake, now among the woods, now on the high cliffs of the shore Elisabeth had been instructed by Erich to show Reinhardt, during his own and her mother's absence, the finest views in the immediate neighbourhood, especially that of the farm itself from the other shore They were now going from one point to another At last Elisabeth was tired, and sat down in the shade of overhanging branches, Reinhardt stood facing her, leaning against a tree trunk, just then he heard the cuckoo calling deeper in the wood, and it suddenly came to his mind that it had all happened exactly like this once before He looked at her with a whimsical smile "Shall we look for strawberries?" he said

"It is not the time for strawberries," she said

"But it will be soon "

Elisabeth shook her head and said nothing, then she stood up, and the two continued their ramble, and, as she walked thus beside him, his glance was cast on her again and again, for she moved exactly as if she were carried along by her clothes He often involuntarily lagged a step behind, that he might have a full view of her So they came to an open heath clad space with a view far out over the country Reinhardt stooped down and plucked something from the plants growing on the ground When he looked up again, his countenance wore an expression of passionate grief "Do you know this flower?" he said

She looked at him inquiringly "It is an Erica I have often gathered it in the forest "

"I have an old book at home," he said, "I used to write all sorts of songs and sayings in it, but have not done so for a long time Between its leaves there is another Erica, but it is withered now Do you know who gave it to me?"

She nodded dumbly, but cast down her eyes and kept them fixed on the plant that he held in his hand So they stood a long time When she raised her eyes to him, he saw that they were full of tears

"Elisabeth," he said, "behind those blue mountains lies our youth What has become of it?"

They said no more, they went silently side by side down to the lake The air was close, in the west black clouds were rising "There's going to be thunder," said Elisabeth, as she quickened her pace Reinhardt nodded in silence, and the two hastened along the beach until they reached their boat

During the crossing Elisabeth let her hand rest on the gunwale of the boat. He looked at her as he rowed, but she looked past him into the distance. So his eyes travelled down and rested on her hand, and the pale hand betrayed what her face had concealed from him. He saw on it that faint trace of secret grief which so readily takes a woman's fair hands, hands that by night rest on an aching heart — When Elisabeth felt his eye upon her hand, she let it droop slowly overboard into the water.

When they arrived at the farm, they found a knife grinder's wheel in front of the mansion house, a man with black hanging locks was treading industriously at the wheel and humming a gipsy melody between his teeth, while a dog in harness lay panting beside it. In the hall a girl clad in rags with pretty but haggard features was standing, and stretched out her hand begging to Elisabeth. Reinhardt felt in his pocket, but Elisabeth was before him, and hastily emptied the whole contents of her purse into the beggar girl's open hand. Then she turned hastily away, and Reinhardt could hear her sobbing as she went up the steps.

He was going to detain her, but bethought himself, and remained behind on the steps. The girl was still standing in the hall, motionless, her alms in her hand. "What else do you want?" asked Reinhardt.

She drew herself up. "I want nothing more," she said, then, turning her head round to him, and staring at him with her wild eyes, she went slowly to the door. He cried a name, but she was not listening, with bowed head, her arms crossed on her breast, she walked away across the yard.

*For I must perish,
Perish alone!*

An old song rang in his ears, his breath stopped, a moment, then he turned away and went up to his room.

He sat down to work, but could not command his thoughts. After trying for an hour to do so in vain, he went down to the family room. There was no person there, only the cool, green twilight, on Elisabeth's work table lay a red ribbon that she had worn round her neck that afternoon. He took it in his hand, but it hurt him, and he laid it down again. He could not rest, he went down to the lake and unmoored the boat, he rowed across and retraced once again all the paths that he had gone with Elisabeth shortly before. When he returned to the house again, it was dark, in the yard he met the coachman, who was taking the carriage horses out to graze, the travellers had just returned. As he entered the hall, he heard Erich pacing up and down in the garden room. He did not go in to him, he stood still a moment, then went softly up the stairs to his room. Here he seated himself in the arm chair at the window, he pretended to himself that he wished to hear the nightingale that was singing below in the yew-hedge, but he heard only the throbbing of his own heart.

Downstairs in the house everything became quiet, the night passed on, he did not perceive it — He sat thus for hours At last he stood up and leaned at the open window The night dew dripped among the leaves, the nightingale had ceased to sing Gradually the deep blue of the night sky was suffused by a pale yellow glow in the east, a fresh wind sprang up and fanned Reinhardt's heated brow, the first lark soared rejoicing into the air — Reinhardt turned suddenly and stepped to the table, he felt for a pencil, and, when he had found one, he sat down and wrote a few lines with it on a blank sheet of paper When he had finished writing, he took his hat and stuck, and, leaving the paper behind, carefully opened the door and went downstairs to the hall — The morning twilight still lingered in every corner, the great house cat stretched itself on the door mat and rubbed its back against the hand that he unconsciously held out to it But out in the garden the sparrows were already twittering from the branches and telling all that the night was gone Just then he heard a door open upstairs in the house, some one came down the stairs, and when he looked up he saw Elisabeth before him She laid her hand upon his arm, she moved her lips, but he could hear no words "You are not coming back again," she said at last "I know it, do not deny it, you are never coming back again "

"Never," he said She let her hand fall and said no more He went across the hall to the door, then he turned round once more She was standing motionless on the same spot, and looking at him with lifeless eyes He took one step forward and stretched out his arms towards her Then with an effort he turned away and went out of the door — Outside, the world lay in the fresh morning light, the dew pearls that hung on the gossamer glistened in the first rays of the sun He did not look behind, he walked hastily away, and the silent farm sank farther and farther behind him and before him rose up the great, wide world

THE OLD MAN

The moon no longer shone through the window panes, it had become dark, but the old man still kept sitting with folded hands in his arm chair and looking before him into the vacancy of the room Gradually the black twilight around him changed to his eyes into a broad, dark lake, one black expanse lay behind another, each deeper and more distant, and on the last, so distant that his old man's eyes could hardly catch it, floated solitary among broad leaves a white water lily

The door opened and a bright beam of light fell into the room "It is a good thing you came, Brigitte," said the old man "Just set the lamp on the table "

Then he in turn drew his chair up to the table, took one of the open books and buried himself in studies to which he had once devoted the strength of his youth

France

INTRODUCTION

THERE is scarcely any time during the entire period of French literature, from the formation of the language to the present day, when stories were not written or recited or sung in France. The earliest literary epochs teemed with *Fabliaux*, *Chansons de geste*, *Lays*, miraculous, devotional, and profane stories. The earliest of the independent short tales were the *Fabliaux*, the first of which dates from the year 1159, and the last from 1340. Most of these, like the *Chansons de geste* and the *Lays*, were anonymous. During the late Renaissance writers like Marguerite de Navarre and Rabelais, Saintre, Noel du Fail and fifty others, applied themselves to collecting the old material, as well as to depicting contemporary manners and persons in their realistic and romantic stories.

In the Seventeenth Century Sorel and Camus, D'Alcriste and Tallement des Reaux, continued the short tale as a literary form, while Mlle de Scudery did much to popularise the long winded sentimental novel. In the following century Voltaire and Marmontel were supreme in the realm of the philosophical or moral tale, a form that was popular throughout Europe and in England.

With the coming of the Nineteenth Century the French Romantics found the short novel an agreeable medium for the creation of atmosphere and character. Gerard de Nerval, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Charles Nodier, excelled in the writing of the *Nouvelle*, Prosper Merimee created the masterpiece *Carmen*, which remains to this day one of the greatest of all short novels. Balzac and George Sand, Theophile Gautier and a host of others, pointed the way to the succeeding writers, who delighted in the opportunities and limitations of the short novel form.

The modern French writers have made of the *nouvelle* an art form quite as perfect as the short story.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

NOTHING is known of the author of this charming love romance. It has come down to us in a single Thirteenth Century MS. In form it is what is called a *Chante fable*, or *Cante fable* designed for recitation with illustrative gesture to the accompaniment of viol and pipes. The story is similar to the (originally) Byzantine tale of *Flore and Blanchefleur*.

The present version was made especially for this collection by the editor

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

WHO wisheth to hear a song that will bring solace to the ear of a captive — the song of two children, Aucassin and Nicolette, and of the trouble that was his lot, and the great deeds he did for his love? The song is sweet, and the words fair, meet for hearing, and graceful. There is none so sore troubled or lost in thought but will be cured by hearing it, and his heart beat faster. It is a charming song.

Now it is related of Count Bougars de Valence how he waged war against Count Garin de Beucaire, a war that was so great and marvelous and so full of deaths that day ne'er dawned but he was close by the portals and walls of the town, a hundred knights at his side, and ten thousand foot soldiers and mounted men. He burned the land of the Count and laid waste that which he had inherited, and sent his men to their death. Count Garin de Beucaire was old and weak, surviving beyond his time. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one boy, of whom I shall relate. Aucassin was his name, pleasant and fair he was to see, tall and with shapely limbs. His hair was yellow, and full of little ringlets that curled, his eyes were gray and full of merriment, his face was bright and gracious, his nose well set. He was comely in all ways, and there was no evil in him, nothing but what was good. But he was so overcome by all-conquering love that he had no wish to become a knight nor to bear arms, nor engage in tourneys, nor to do what it was right and fitting that he should do.

Thus spake to him his father: "Son, put on thy armor, mount thy horse, protect thy land and give aid to thy followers. If they see thee with them, they will be better able to defend themselves and what is theirs, thine own property and mine."

"Why," answered Aucassin, "dost thou address me thus? I would that God ne'er grant me aught I ask if I take horse as knight, or engage in

battle with other knights to strike or be struck by them, unless thou allowest me to have Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so deeply ”

“My son,” quoth his father, “that cannot be Put the girl out of thy mind, for she is a slave girl from a foreign land the Viscount purchased her of the Saracens, and brought her here to stay in this town, keeping her after having had her baptised Soon he intendeth to give her to some youth who will honorably support her What hath this to do with thee? If thou desirest a wife I will procure for thee the daughter of a king or a count Thou mayest have the daughter of the wealthiest man in France, if thou wouldst ”

“Alas, my father,” answered Aucassin, “there is no earthly honor too great for my sweet Nicolette Were she even Empress of Byzantium or Germany, or Queen of France or England, that would mean little enough for her, she is so lovely and charming and endowed with grace ”

Now it is sung Aucassin lived in the great castle of Beaucaire, though his heart was ever with his sweet friend Nicolette Little careth he for his father’s censure, or the harsh words of his mother “Weep not, fool, the livelong day, for Nicolette is bright and happy she is only a slave girl from Carthage, brought hither from the Saracens If thou wilt have a wife, choose one of noble blood ” “Oh, mother, Nicolette is so lovely I care for naught else but her She is slender and fair, and fills my heart Love hath made her my equal ”

Now it is related that when Count Garn de Beaucaire perceived he was unable to dissuade Aucassin from his love for Nicolette, he went to the Viscount, his vassal, and thus said to him “Send Nicolette, thy god daughter, away from here, Sir Count Cursed be the country whence she was brought to this place, since through her I lose Aucassin, who refuseth to become a knight and to do whatsoever befitteth a knight’s station Know ye that if I lay hands on her, I will quickly have her burned, and myself beware, for thou art now in grave and fearful peril ”

“My lord, it grieveth me much,” the other made answer, “that Aucassin cometh to speak with the girl, whom I have purchased, and brought up, and had baptised I would in faith give her to some young man who will honorably support her With all this thy son Aucassin hath nothing to do Seeing it is thy wish and command, I will send her so far away that Aucassin shall never more look upon her ”

Said Count Garn “Be wary, for great harm might easily befall thee in this thing ”

Thereupon they parted

The Viscount was a wealthy man, who owned a fine palace that stood within a park Nicolette, his god-daughter, he had put in a room on an upper floor, and given her an old woman as companion and guard He sent to them bread and meat and drink, and all things that they required Upon the door he set a seal, that none might enter it, or leave But there

was a window looking out upon the garden — though only a small one, — and through this could they breathe the fresh air

Now it is sung Nicolette is close confined in a vaulted chamber, covered with carvings and cunningly painted The girl rested her elbow at the marble casement, gold was her hair, and her eyebrows delicately bowed, bright and lovely shone her face Never was so sweet a maid before From her room she watcheth the roses growing in the garden, and heareth birds sweetly singing Yet was she lonely 'Alas,' she cried, 'how piteous to put a girl in such evil plight! Aucassin, my liege lord, dear friend, desire of my heart see what hath been done to me because thou lookest upon me not without love I have been immured in this room, and condemned thus But I will fly hence, by the Lord, Son of Our Lady!'

Now it is related that Nicolette was shut fast within her room It was rumored far and wide that she had been conveyed far away, by some it was said that she had gone out of the country, and by others that Count Garin de Beaucaire had put her to death Though some may have rejoiced in the news, it was not so with Aucassin So he went to the Viscount, and thus addressed him

"Viscount, what hast thou done with my sweet friend Nicolette, whom I love most dearly of all who are in the world? Hast thou taken her away, and hidden her from my eyes? If I should die of this, be sure that thou shalt pay for it with thy blood It were but just, seeing that I should then suffer death at thy hands, for thou hast taken from me what I love most in all the world"

"Put this, fair sir," the Viscount made answer, "from thy mind Nicolette is a slave girl I brought here from a distant land I paid the Saracens for her, I have nourished her myself and had her baptised I have given her sustenance, and one day it is my wish to give her to some youth who will honorably support her Thou hast naught to do with this matter marry, I pray thee, the daughter of some count or king What, indeed, would it avail thee if thou wert to become her lover, and brought her to thy bed? Little wouldst thou gain, since thy soul would be tormented in Hell eternally, and never wouldst thou gain Heaven?"

"What would I do in Heaven? I care not to go there I would have only my sweet friend Nicolette, whom I love so deeply In Heaven are only these I will tell thee of old priests, aged cripples and the halt, who everlastingly by day and by night crouch before altars and in the crypts of churches, they who wear threadbare cloaks and old garments, the naked, the shoeless, they who are diseased, who perish of hunger and thirst, cold, and misery Such are they who enter into Heaven, and with them have I naught to do I will go down into Hell, since to Hell go the poets and goodly knights slain in tournaments and in great battles — strong archers and good men With them rather will I go There go lovely ladies with their friends and their wedded husbands There too go all

the gold and silver and ermine and costly furs, the minstrels and likewise the musicians — all the happy folk of the world With all these will I go, if only I have my sweet friend Nicolette by my side ”

“In sooth,” quoth the Viscount, “thou speakest idle words never more shalt thou set eyes upon the girl If by chance thou and she were to speak together and thy father hear on it, he would burn both myself and the girl in a fire Thou hast good reason to fear ”

“This lieth heavy on my heart,” Aucassin made answer And with these words, he left the Viscount, sorrowing greatly

Now it is sung Thus, sad and sorrowing, Aucassin went his way His sweet friend was gone, and none might bring him solace He made his way home to the palace, mounted the stairs and went to his room, there, all alone, he fell to weeping for his lost love ‘Nicolette so sweet and fair, sweet are the ways thou treadest, sweet thy smiles and thy words, sweet was our being together, sweet thy kisses, yet this is the end! I am dead, alas, now that my love is taken from me, my sweet sister, my dearest!’

Now it is related that whilst Aucassin was in his room sorrowing over Nicolette, Count Bougars de Valence, desiring to end the war, sped on, and ordering his pikemen and cavalry in array, approached the castle with intent to capture it, and a great tumult and outcry arose Knights and other armed men seized weapons and hurried to the gates and upon the walls to defend the castle, and the merchants mounted the walls to defy and throw darts upon the enemy In the thick of the loud and perilous fray, Count Garin de Beaucaire made his way to the room where Aucassin lay sorrowing for his sweet friend Nicolette, whom he loved so deeply

“Coward!” cried he, “Thou seest thy fair castle besieged and stormed Thou art eternally shamed Know that if thou lovest this castle thou art stripped of all Put on thy light armor, my son, take thy horse, fight for thy land, give succor to thy men, and hasten into battle No need is there to smite a man or be smitten in turn Only if thy men see thee in their midst, they will the more valiantly defend their property and their bodies, thy land and my land This canst thou easily do, since thou art strong and hardy It is but fitting ”

“What sayest thou, my father?” answered Aucassin “May God grant me naught I ask of Him if I become a knight, or ride upon a horse, or enter the fray to smite a knight or be smitten — unless thou givest me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so deeply ”

“My son,” made answer the father, “this cannot be Liefer would I lose my heritage and go stripped of all, than that thou shouldst have her, either as thy mistress or as thy wife ” With such words he turned to depart without saying farewell But Aucassin stayed him, and said

“My father, I will make a bargain with thee ”

“What bargain wilt thou make, my dear son?”

“I will take up arms and go into battle, on this condition, that if God taketh me through it without harm, thou wilt allow me to look upon my sweet friend Nicolette — nay, only long enough that I may have two or three words with her and give her one kiss ”

“This will I promise,” made answer the father And because of this pact Aucassin was greatly joyed

Now it is sung Aucassin had liefer have the kiss than an hundred thousand gold pieces in his chests His esquire came to him at his bidding, and put on all his armor A coat of mail he put on, and a hauberk, fastened a helmet upon his head and a gold hilted sword to his side His charger was brought to him Then took Aucassin his lance and shield, and looked at the stirrups At last, a splendid sight with plume waving, he mounted and set spurs to the horse, and while thinking of his sweet friend, he went past the gate and on fearlessly to the battle

Now it is related that Aucassin was armed, and mounted on his horse Oh, God, how fair flashed the shield about his neck, the helmet upon his head, and the belt on his left thigh The lad was tall and hardy, slim and fair to see, the horse he rode was large and swift of foot, right fiercely did he prance out from the gate Imagine not that Aucassin sought oxen or cattle as spoils, nor to strike others or be struck by them On such things his mind was not fixed His thoughts were with Nicolette, his sweet friend, so that it seemed as though she were present with him, and the reins fell loose in his hands, and he struck no blow His horse, under the prick of the spur, carried him into the fray, in the very midst of the battle Blows were struck at him from all sides, and he was taken prisoner, and despoiled of his lance and shield And they led him off a captive, and consulted amongst themselves as to what manner of death should be meted out to him And Aucassin heard them and cried out,

“Oh, God, these my mortal enemies who hold me captive will soon strike off my head When that is done, never again may I hold converse with my sweet friend Nicolette, whom I love so deeply But I have a stout sword and my horse is fresh May God not preserve her if I fail to fight valiantly for her sake!” He was a powerful and sturdy lad, and his charger a spirited animal Drawing his sword, he struck right lustily about him, and smote helmets and gauntlets, facepieces and arms, dealing run about him like a wild boar brought to bay by dogs in the forest He laid low ten knights and wounded seven others, and cut his way out, escaping swiftly, sword in hand

When the Count Bougars de Valence heard that his men intended to hang his enemy Aucassin, he hastened to the spot where he was But Aucassin met him, and never did he escape Sword in hand, Aucassin smote the Count so hard upon his helmet that it fell in pieces The Count was so sore wounded that he slipped to the ground, wherefrom Aucassin lifted him up and led him a prisoner, and delivered him up to his father

"Behold, father," quoth Aucassin, "the enemy that hath brought war and woe upon thee! For twenty years hath this war lasted none was there to bring it to an end"

"Dear son," answered his father, "far better are deeds like this than idle dreaming"

"Preach not to me, father, but abide by thy agreement"

"What agreement, dear son?"

"Faith, father, hast thou forgotten? I, at least, do not forget it is here in my heart Was it not agreed by thee that if I took up arms and went into battle, and God saw me through it safe, thou wouldst permit me to see Nicolette, my sweet friend, time enough to speak two or three words with her, and give her one kiss? Deal thou honestly with me, such was our agreement"

"Before God," quoth his father, "never shall I abide by such an agreement If the girl stood here I would have her burned, and thou thyself wouldst stand in danger"

"Is this all thou hast to say?" asked Aucassin

"In God's name, ay"

"Gray hairs," answered Aucassin, "go not well with lying words — Count de Valence," quoth the lad, "art thou my prisoner?"

"Sir," answered the Count, "it is so in sooth"

"Let me have thy hand"

"As thou desirest" And each took the other's hand

"Give me," quoth Aucassin, "thy oath that to thy dying breath thou wilt not let one day pass but that thou dealest evil to my father — to his goods or his body — so far as thou art able"

"Oh, God, jest not so with me," replied the Count "I pray thee, fix a ransom for me Whatever thou demandest, silver or gold, fine horses or costly furs, dogs or hawks, shall be paid thee"

"Art thou not in sooth my prisoner?"

"I am, my lord"

"Then may God forsake me always, but I shall cut off thy head unless thou swearest the oath I told thee"

"In God's name," quoth the Count, "I swear the oath thou wishest" So he sware, and Aucassin set him upon a steed, and took him to a safe place, himself riding beside him

Now it is sung When the Count Garin saw that his son loved only Nicolette, he forthwith set Aucassin in a prison with a marble vault, deep under the ground There was Aucassin little inclined to happiness he moaned and filled his dungeon with mournful sounds, as I tell thee here 'Oh, Nicolette,' cried he, 'my white lily, sweetest girl that ever sat in a bower, sweet as the wine that foameth in a goblet! One day a pilgrim came from Limousin, who was sore afflicted, and lay on a bed in deep pain, nigh unto death And thou camest in to him, so pure and bright,

and raising thy dress trimmed with ermine, showed thy limbs to him
And a miracle befell, and the pilgrim rose from his bed, and taking his
cross in his hand, made his way off to his own land again Thou lily,
sweet are the ways thou treadest, sweet thy smiles and thy words, sweet
was our being together, and sweet thy kisses All the world must for-
sooth love thee For thy sake am I cast into this dungeon alone For thy
sake I await death, that will make an end of me — for thy sake, my
sweet friend'

Now it is related that Aucassin was put into prison, while Nicolette
was shut in her room It was in May, and the time was warm, the days
long and the nights calm and serene One night as Nicolette lay awake
in her bed watching the bright moonlight through her window, she gave
ear to the song of the nightingale in the park She was thinking of her
dear Aucassin, whom she loved so deeply, and likewise of Count Garin
de Bougars, her dreaded enemy, and feared lest her hiding place should
be discovered to him, and she be killed shamefully Making sure that the
old serving woman who stayed with her was fast asleep, she got up, and
wrapped herself in a fair silk mantle, the finest she had, then she took
the sheets from off her bed, and the towels she used after bathing, tied
them together to make a long rope, and securing it to the window frame,
she descended by the rope into the park Taking hold of her dress with
both hands, she trussed it up to avoid wetting it with the dew on the
grass, and made her way through the park Her hair was like bright gold,
curled in little locks, her eyes smiling and blue, her face lovely to look
upon, her lips redder than roses or berries in summer, her teeth small and
white, and her breasts showed like nuts, so firm under her clothing So
slender was her waist that two hands could span it As she walked over
the daisies underfoot, they seemed well nigh black against the whiteness
of her flesh As she reached the gate she unlocked it and went forth into
the streets of Beaucaire, being careful to keep within the shadows, since
the moon was bright So she went to the castle, where her beloved Aucas-
sin lay imprisoned The tower was supported here and there with great
timbers, and amongst these Nicolette concealed herself, wrapping her
mantle close round her body Putting her head close to a cranny in the
wall, which was old and decrepit, she heard Aucassin wailing within, sor-
rowing pitifully for his sweet friend After she had listened for a time,
she began to speak

Now it is sung Bright-faced Nicolette, intent within this walled place,
heard her dearest weep and knew his woe, and she spoke her sorrow, say-
ing, 'Aucassin, dear brave Aucassin, why should thy heart bleed for the
sake of a Saracen maid? She may never be thy wife, for thy father hates
her, and mine own people hate me! Alack, what can I do? Naught save to
cross the sea and go to some distant land' Thereat she cut a golden lock
from her head, but Aucassin caught sight of it shining through the dark

ness of his cell, and at her request he took it, kissed it and thrust it in the bosom of his dress, and wept again for his love

Now it is related that when Aucassin heard Nicolette say in her song that she would fare to some distant land, he was overcome with grief

"My sweet friend," quoth he, "far be this thought from my mind, else wouldst thou kill me The first man who saw thee might seize thee and make thee his own If thou wert to belong to any other man save myself alone, no dagger would be needed to enter my heart and be the death of me Nav, I would wait for no dagger I would throw myself against the nearest wall or rock, and dash out my brains Far better were it thus to meet an ignominious death than have thee belong to any other man "

"I doubt, Oh Aucassin," quoth the girl, "that thy love for me is less great than thy words show, and I believe that my love is greater than thine "

"Ah, sweet friend," answered Aucassin, "how can thy love for me be so great? Women love not men as men love women A woman's love lies in a flash of her eye, in the fairness of her breast, in the toe of her foot, but man's love lieth deep in his heart, whence it cannot be uprooted "

As Aucassin and Nicolette were thus disputing together, the town guard came into the street, bearing swords under their mantles, for Count Garin had given orders to kill Nicolette should she be taken captive The watchman on the wall saw them approaching, and heard them talking of Nicolette, and threatening to put her to death

"It is, in faith," said he, "a piteous thing that so beautiful a maid should meet death I would give much if I could secretly warn her that she might escape My master Aucassin would surely die if she died This were a pitiable thing "

Now it is sung The watchman was brave and ingenious, and bethought him of some device whereby he might sound a warning So he sang a song and made a fair rhyme, 'Faithful lady, gracious, bright, with golden hair, lips that smile and eyes that beam, 'tis easy to know that ye two love each other But ye be in peril, for the net is spread and the trap set The hunters approach, clad in mantles and bearing knives hidden upon them May the quarry haste away ere the hunters spy her '

Now it is related that Nicolette said to the watchman "May the souls of thy father and thy mother find rest, for that thou hast so kindly sent me warning God willing I will hide me, and seek His protection " Now, drawing her mantle closely round her, she stooped low between the columns whilst the guards passed on Then she bade farewell to Aucassin and pressed on to the walls of the castle, which was mended here and there with wood She climbed over a small wall, and found herself between it and the moat She peered down and saw that the ditch was deep and perilous Her serving woman was sore afraid

"Dear God," cried she, "My neck would in truth be broken were I to

fall, yet if I remain here shall I be taken prisoner on the morrow, and burned Yet mayhap were it fitter that I perish here than be shown to all in the public square " But, making the sign of the cross, she let herself down into the ditch, though bruising her lovely feet and hands, which had never yet felt pain nor wound, they were so hurt that blood sprang from the wounds in many places But because she was mightily afraid she felt no manner of pain She came forth from the ditch even more grievously hurt than she went down, yet she called to mind that if she delayed she would be killed Finding at hand a sharpened stick of wood, which some one who defended the castle had cast down in that place, she used it and made a step for herself, and then other steps, and at last with much labor she came to the top of the ditch

The wood was distant only two flights of an arrow, and was about thirty leagues long and thirty leagues wide In it were a multitude of wild animals and serpents, which she greatly feared But remembering that if she were to fall into the hands of men she would be brought back to the city and burned, she pressed on

Now it is sung The fair and loving Nicolette climbed out of the ditch and went on her way First she knelt and prayed for help from the Lord Christ 'Our Father, Oh King, I know not where to go but into the wood where terrible things are, hungry beasts with savage tusks and claws Yet were I to remain here, I would be taken by men at daybreak, and they would mistreat me and burn me in a fire Such a death I will not have, by God's help If I must meet death, better were it that I trust myself to the wild boar than to men I choose the lesser of these evils'

Now it is related that Nicolette was very sorrowful, and gave herself thus into the keeping of God, and entered forthwith into the wood, yet keeping well near the edge of it, that she might escape the animals and serpents When sleep descended upon her she hid herself under thick shrubbery and slept soundly until the sixth hour of the morning Then came shepherds and tenders of cattle from the town, watching their beasts between the wood and the stream The shepherds stopped near to a crystal spring that rippled by the fringe of the wood, spread cloaks on the ground, and there ate their bread Nicolette was awakened as they were eating by the sound of their laughter and the singing of birds, and went quickly to the spring

"Good people," she spake to them, "God save you"

"God save thee as well," quoth one who was readier of speech than the others

"Fair young man," quoth she, "dost thou know Aucassin, son of Count Garn of this place?"

"Ay, we know him well"

"God preserve thee, fair youth," quoth she, "tell Aucassin that there is fair game for him in this wood Should he find her he would not, I think,

part with any fragment of her for a hundred gold pieces or even five hundred — or for anything that men can give ”

The maid was so fair to behold that their hearts were troubled Then he who had spoken before, cried, “I to tell him? Alas, harm will come to him who sayeth to Aucassin what thou tellest me Thou speakest strange things and not the truth, for there is not in this wood a deer or lion or boar, of which a fragment is worth more than two or three pennies, if that much, and thou spokest of five hundred pieces of gold Woe to him who giveth credence to this tale, or repeateth it Thou art a fairy — dangerous company for us Go thy way ”

“Dear youth,” answered the maid, “do as I ask thee The game I speak of is the only remedy for the sickness that afflicteth Aucassin I have here five pennies in my wallet, take them and deliver my message In three days’ time must he seek out this game, and if he find her not, never will his wound be healed ”

“Faith, I will take thy money,” answered the youth, ‘and if he come this way by chance, I will deliver thy message But never will I go to seek him out ”

“Be that as God willeth it,” quoth Nicolette Then she bade farewell to the shepherds, and went on

Now it is sung As ye have heard, Nicolette bade farewell to the shepherds, and cautiously went deep into the wood under the leafy boughs, over the grass fared she and found at last a forest path that led to a forking of the ways seven of them branching out like fingers on the hand She recalled there her heart’s desire, and sought to find out whether her love were true to her She gathered supple boughs and reeds and leaves of oak, and lilies, and builded her a bower, and made an oath by God that should her lover come to this place and not stop to think of her in its shade, he would not be her true love ’

Now it is related that Nicolette built her a hut, as ye have heard, charming and pretty it was and well fitted out, with tapestries of flower and leaf She hid herself a little way off in the bushes to see what Aucassin would do

Meantime it was known by all that Nicolette was lost It was averred by some that she had been carried away, and by others that Count Garin had had her killed Aucassin suffered bitter torture, though others had joy of the news His father took him from prison, and sent forth letters bidding the knights and ladies thereabout to attend a magnificent banquet, thinking in this wise to cure Aucassin of his melancholy But when the banquet was liveliest, Aucassin sat downcast near the musicians He laughed not at the gaiety, for that she whom he loved was not among the women

One knight marked his woe, and going to him, said, “Aucassin, I too have suffered from thy disease I can give thee sound counsel if thou wilt give ear ”

“My thanks, sir knight,” said Aucassin, “good counsel would I have before all things ”

“Mount thy horse then, and go into the wood, amongst the flowers and bushes and the singing birds Mayhap thou wilt hear some thing to gladden thy heart ”

“I thank thee, sir knight,” answered Aucassin, “I will do this thing ” And he left the hall straightway, when no one was looking, and went to the stable He put saddle and bridle on the beast, mounted and went from the castle He rode on until he came to the wood, and by chance arrived at the third hour after noon by the spring where the shepherds were They sat there on cloaks spread over the sward, eating bread and making much mirth

Now it is sung Martin, Robin and Esmeret sat about the spring, happy shepherds were they, and Frulin, Jacques, and Aubriet ‘God save Aucassin,’ cried one, ‘our gallant young lord, and keep, too, the fair maid with blue eyes and golden hair who gave us pennies to buy sweets and knives, staves and horns, and fruit, flutes and pipes God save them ’

Now it is related that as Aucassin heard the song of the shepherds he thought on his sweet friend Nicolette, whom he loved so deeply It came to him that she must have passed that way, and he set spurs to his charger, and soon came up to the shepherds

“Fair youths, the blessing of God upon ye!”

“And upon thee,” answered the shepherd with the ready tongue

“Fair youths, sing me again the song ye were singing as I came up ”

“Nay, we will not sing it Evil will come to him who singeth it to thee, fair sir ”

“Fair youths,” answered Aucassin, “do ye know me?”

“Ay, we know well that thou art Aucassin, our young lord We be not thy men, but the Count’s ”

“Fair youths, sing the song once again, I beseech ye!”

“By the Wounded Heart, fine words indeed! Shall I sing if I will not? Save Count Garn himself, not the wealthiest man in all the country would dare drive my sheep and cattle and cows from his field or pasture, for fear of losing his eyes Why then should I sing for thee, if I wish it not?”

‘ God preserve ye, my children, now will ye do this for me Take these ten pennies I have in my wallet ’

“Sir, we will accept the money, but sing for thee will I not, for I have sworn not to, but I will relate it to thee in prose, if thou wilt have it so ”

“As God pleaseth,” quoth Aucassin “Better in prose than to have no tale at all ”

“We were in this glade, sir, between six of the clock and nine in the morning, eating by the spring, as we are doing now A maid came by, passing fair, so fair indeed we thought her a sprite, for she brought light

into the wood She gaveth us monev and we agreed that if thou shouldst come this way we should tell thee that thou must hunt in this wood, since here is such game that thou wouldst not let go a fragment of it for five hundred silver pieces, nor aught that any man can give There is in this game a cure so potent that it will make well again thy wound In three days must thou capture the game, for should she not be found in that time, never more shalt thou see her Go then and give chase, or not, as thou wilt "

"Fair youths, ye have said enough," quoth Aucassin, "may God point out to me the path "

Now it is sung The heart of Aucassin was full when these words were spoken, for they had been sent him by his beloved Forthwith he mounted his charger again, bade farewell and pushed on into the dark wood saying to himself, Sweet and good Nicolette I search for thee in this wood, not the stag nor the boar, but thee I am on the trace of thy graceful body, thy blue eyes, thy soft laughter This is my heart's desire Ah, could I but find thee! God grant it my sweet friend "

Now it is related that Aucassin rode off into the wood seeking for Nicolette Swiftly his horse carried him, nor was he spared by the thorns and sharp boughs, for his clothing was so tattered that the parts of it that were least harmed could scarce cling to his body The blood ran from his arms and thighs and legs in forty places — at the very least in thirty places — and one might have followed him by the blood he shed on the grass But his thoughts dwelt lovingly on Nicolette, his sweet friend, and he felt no pain All day long he sought for her in the wood, but found no trace Toward the end of the day he began to weep for that he had heard nothing He was riding at random along an ancient road covered with grasses, and looking up on a sudden he perceived a young man standing there, marvelous tall and ugly Large was his head and blacker than smoked meat, and his eyes set so wide apart that one might have put his hand between them, his cheeks were huge and his nose flat, with large nostrils His lips were redder than raw meat, his teeth foul and discolored The shoes he wore were made of ox hide, and his leggings were supported by ropes tied above the knees His mantle was of rough material He stood there leaning upon an enormous club Aucassin spurred on his horse, but shook with fear

"God save thee, brother," quoth Aucassin

"And thee, sir "

"What doest thou here?" inquired Aucassin

"Is that thy concern?"

"Nay," Aucassin made answer, "I asked thee with no idea of doing thee ill "

"Why dost thou weep?" inquired the stranger, "and make such lamentation? Were I as rich as thee, naught in the wide world could make me weep "

“Dost thou know me?” asked Aucassin

“Well do I know thou art Aucassin, the Count’s son If thou wilt tell me why thou weapest, I will tell thee my business here ”

“I will tell thee, and willingly,” quoth Aucassin “This morning I came hither to hunt in the wood, and brought with me the fleetest white hound in the world I have lost him, and therefore I weep ”

“Hearken!” quoth the other, “By the Holy Heart, thou mournest thus for a filthy dog! A pitiful fellow is he who thinketh well of thee! There is no wealthy man hereabout who would refuse thee fifteen or twenty dogs — with thy father’s leave — and do it willingly Now I have good cause to weep and wail ”

‘ And why so, comrade?’

“My lord, I will tell thee I was hired by a wealthy farmer to drive the plough, with four oxen I lost Roget three days ago, and have been seeking him without food or drink, for I dare not return to the village, where I would be cast into prison, for money have I none, to make good the loss All I have in the world are the rags I wear My old mother had naught save a worn out mattress, and that they have taken from her She lieth now on the bare straw This grieveth me more than my own loss Money cometh and money goeth, and I may win to morrow what I lose to day My ox will I pay for when I am able It is not for this that I weep Yet thou wast over a filthy dog May sorrow be his lot who pitieth thee!”

‘ Yea, thou consolest well, brother Blessings on thee! How much was thy ox worth?’

‘Twenty sous the villein asks for it, not one sou less will he take ”

‘ Give me thy hand,’ quoth Aucassin, ‘ and take these twenty sous that I have in my wallet These will pay for the ox ”

‘ My lord,” quoth the fellow, “I thank thee May God help thee find what thou seekest ”

And they parted the one from the other, Aucassin riding onward

Fair and quiet was the evening, and he made his way along the path, and came at last to the crossing of the seven paths, where Nicolette had builded her bower Fair it was and dainty, and well furnished It had a floor and a top to it, and carpets of fresh flowers No fairer abode could there be Aucassin brought his horse suddenly to a stop Moonlight came down upon the bower

“Sweet God,” quoth Aucassin, “this is where Nicolette was, my sweet friend She hath builded this place with her own hands I love her for that the spot is fair, and I will dismount and refresh myself here this night ” So taking his feet from the stirrups, he dismounted from his tall charger His mind was so full of Nicolette, his sweet friend, that in dismounting he fell against a mighty rock, and dislocated his shoulder Though sore wounded, he did all that was needful, and secured the horse to a bush with the hand that was not hurt Then he pulled himself along

the ground and entered the bower Through a crevice inside he could see the stars shining in the heavens overhead One of them was far brighter than the others, and he sang

'Oh, small star I look upon going toward the moon, love lies up yonder in a golden bower, and fair haired Nicolette hath been set up there by God to be the evening star Whate'er be my lot, I would I were with thee now Ah, who should deserve this, king or emperor though he be! Thou shinest from afar, oh lovely star'

Now it is related that when Nicolette heard Aucassin sing these words, she ran to him from the spot where she lay hidden not far off She came into the bower and threw her arms round Aucassin's neck, and kissed him and held him tight in her embrace

"My sweet friend, I am joyed to find thee!"

"And joyed am I, sweet friend, to find thee!" And they kissed, and held fast to each other Their happiness was fair to see

"My sweet friend," quoth Aucassin, "just now my shoulder hurt me sore, but in holding thee I have no pain at all"

Nicolette forthwith looked at the wound, and saw that the shoulder was out of joint Yet so skilful was she in treating it with her white hands, that with the help of God, who aideth all lovers, the shoulder was healed Then Nicolette plucked fresh flowers and leaves and tearing a piece from her dress made a splint and tied it round Aucassin's shoulder

"Sweet friend Aucassin," quoth she, "we must counsel together what is to be done Should thy father search the wood on the morrow and I be taken, I shall sure be killed — whatever happen to thee"

"Ah, sweet friend, that would grieve me more than my own death Yet with my help thou shalt never fall into his power" Aucassin mounted upon his horse again, and took Nicolette with him, holding her fast in his arms, and as he rode he kissed her often Riding thus, they came out of the wood into the open

Now it is sung Aucassin, the lover, Nicolette's heart's desire, rode forth from the wood, holding his sweetheart in his arms Tightly he held her, and kissed her on the chin and on the forehead, on the eyes and on the mouth Said she to him in her wisdom, "My love, do not so, but haste thee on we have no home here in France Shall we not seek one in Rome or Byzantium?" 'My love, it matters not to me — in valley or wood, on earth or on the sea I care not where we ride, so thou art with me' Thus riding, the lovers sped on past castle and town, and rocks and lawns At length, in the morning, they came to cliffs going down to the waterside, and heard the waves breaking, and they stopped by the side of the sea

Now it is related that Aucassin dismounted and stood on the beach with Nicolette, as ye have heard it told In one hand he held the bridle and in the other Nicolette, and they walked along the beach Not long after, they saw a vessel that was manned by traders of that country It

fighters Mushrooms had been brought to the field, and baked apples, and fresh cheeses were used as arrows. He who made the stream murkiest was given the prize. Brave Aucassin looked on at these mighty deeds and laughed aloud.

Now it is related that when Aucassin saw these things he inquired of the king, 'My lord, are these thine enemies?' And the King made an answer, "Ay, my lord."

"Wouldst thou that I take revenge on them?"

"Yea, willingly," answered the king.

Then Aucassin, sword in hand, dashed into the thick of battle, and striking this way and that, he smote down many, and when the king saw what ruin Aucassin made, he caught hold of his bridle.

"Cease, fair lord," quoth he, "be not so cruel to them."

"Was it not thy wish," asked Aucassin, "that I should take revenge on thine enemies?"

"My lord," answered the king, "thou art too hasty. It is not our way to deal death, nor is it the way of our enemies."

The fighters thereupon left the field of battle, and Aucassin and the king made their way back in triumph to Torelore Castle. The inhabitants of this land counselled the king to send Aucassin away from the country, and advised him to give Nicolette in marriage to his own son, since she appeared to be of noble birth. But when Nicolette heard of this, she was troubled and sang

"Simple people of a simple King, thou thinkest a girl a thing of little moment. But my sweetheart considereth me comely, and I know that naught on earth — the music of harps, dancing merriment, all the lovely things in life — are comparable to the pleasure I have with him."

Now it is related that Aucassin stayed at Torelore Castle in comfort and ease, and with him Nicolette, his sweet friend. While the time slipped by thus pleasantly, a great number of Saracens came in vessels from over the sea, and laid siege to the castle, and stormed it, and captured it in the end. They won great store of booty, and carried off many of the inhabitants, men and women, into bondage. Nicolette and Aucassin were amongst these. Aucassin was bound hand and foot and carried into one ship, and Nicolette into another.

And a great storm arose at sea, and drove the ships apart, and the ship wherein Aucassin lay was carried by winds and waves to a great distance, and at last was driven ashore near the Castle of Beaucaire. When the people came to the wreck they found Aucassin, and knew who he was. They were happy to find their lord again after so long a time, for Aucassin had tarried at Torelore Castle for the space of three years. In the mean time both his father and his mother had died. So they took him to Beaucaire Castle, and did homage to him, and he ruled the land peacefully.

Now it is sung Aucassin is returned again to Beaucaire, where his vassals do homage to him, and he rules in peace But he is bowed down with sorrow for lack of the sweet face of one person, sorrowing more for her than for the death of his parents 'My dear love, my sweet lady, there is naught more precious I would seek on sea or land than thee'

Now it is related that the ship wherein Nicolette was carried off belonged to the King of Carthage, her father She had twelve brothers, all of them kings or princes in the land When these men saw her loveliness, they paid great attention to her, and respected her They asked her many questions about her family, since she seemed to be of noble birth Yet could she tell them very little, only that she was a child when she had been sold as a slave The sailors rowed the ship until they reached the port of Carthage, and there cast anchor Nicolette looked out upon the castle and the land thereabout, and it came to her memory that she had been in that place in other days, that she had been carried off thence when a child, though not so young but that she recalled she was daughter of the King of Carthage Yea, she had once been cared for and nourished in this selfsame city

Now it is sung The fair maid Nicolette set foot in this land, and looked upon the city walls, its palaces and buildings 'Ah, how vain,' she sighed, 'all earthly pomp, since a king's daughter can be stripped bare and offered as a slave in the market Oh, Aucassin, dear brave heart, how sweet is thy love to me, how dear! Ah, would all danger were past, and thou in my arms Would we were here together, locked in each other's embrace, thy kisses falling upon my face!'

Now it is related that when the King heard Nicolette speak thus, he threw his arms round her neck "My dear," quoth he, "Say in sooth who thou art, and fear me not"

"My lord," quoth the maid, "I am in sooth daughter of the King of Carthage I was taken hence when I was but a child, fifteen years ago"

When those about heard these words, they were sure that Nicolette spake the truth Great was their joy, as they brought her, with ceremony fitting a princess, to the palace It was their desire that she be given for husband some king from the country thereabout, but she had no wish to marry She stayed in the palace three or four days, wondering how she might escape and go in search of her Aucassin

Thereupon she procured a viol and learned to play it One night just before it had been decided to give her in marriage to a wealthy Saracen potentate, she left her bed and stole away She wandered and came to the sea port There she abode with a woman who lived in a house near the water She colored her hair and her face with some herb, and changed her fair whiteness until it became dark of hue Making for herself garments and hose, she disguised herself as a minstrel Finding a sailor, she easily persuaded him to take her, together with her viol, aboard his vessel

Sails were spread and the ship set out and over the sea, and came at last to Provence Nicolette came ashore, with her viol, and went through the land and came at last to Beaucaire Castle, where Aucassin was

Now it is sung Aucassin was sitting one summer's day with his lords and friends in the Castle of Beaucaire, and he dreamed of Nicolette, the scent of flowers and song of birds aiding him Right sorrowful was he, and left the company, wishing to be alone with his tears There came to him Nicolette in the garb of a minstrel She drew her bow over her viol, and sang these words 'Hearken to me, lords and ladies of high and low degree For thy pleasure I sing of that good knight Aucassin, and his sweet friend Nicolette So great was their love that when his family would have killed her, he followed after her Saracens took them from the castle where they lay, and carried them over the sea To Aucassin I know not what happened But Nicolette the dear and desirable, her father loves he is the famous King of Carthage He seeketh to give her a husband at this moment a lord, a Caliph, a Sultan, or Emir But the girl will have none of these, since she loveth a youth, Aucassin, with whom she hath plighted her troth She hath sworn an oath to marry none but Aucassin, never to lie by the side of any baron or other'

Now it is related that when Aucassin heard the song that Nicolette sang, his heart was glad, and he took her aside and inquired of her

"Dear friend, knowest thou of this Nicolette whose song thou hast sung?"

"In sooth, my lord, I do I know her to be the most faithful and modest and lovely of maids She is daughter of the King of Carthage, who captured her at the same time Aucassin was captured, and took her to his city, there he learned beyond a doubt that she was in sooth his child, and he had great joy thereat It was his wish to give her a husband, one of the mightiest rulers in Spain, but she had liefer be strangled or burned alive than marry him, no matter how wealthy he might be"

"My sweet friend," quoth Count Aucassin, "if thou wilt go back to that land and tell Nicolette to come hither and speak with me, I would give thee greater wealth than thou wouldst dare ask, or take from me For love of this maid I have not chosen me a wife, however well born she might be I wait rather, for never shall I wed, save only Nicolette Could I know where she is, then would I seek her out"

"My lord," answered the maid, "if thou wilt do such things, I will find her for thy sake — and hers as well, for she is dear to me"

Aucassin promised, and made her a present of twenty pieces of gold She bade him farewell, while he wept at the thought of Nicolette

"My lord," quoth she, "be not so disconsolate I will bring the girl to this place shortly, and thou shalt look upon her with thine own eyes" And Aucassin was greatly joyed at these words

Then Nicolette left him, and went to another part of the town, to the abode of the Viscountess — since the Viscount, her god father, was dead She stayed there, and told all to the Viscountess, who remembered her, and knew that the girl was indeed Nicolette, whom she had earlier brought up and nourished And the lady had a bath prepared, and Nicolette stayed with her for the space of a week The maid found the herb called celandine, and used it as a wash, and was as white and fair as she had ever been She dressed herself in a beautiful silk garment that belonged to the Viscountess, and sat herself on a magnificent cushion of embroidered goods Then she gave word that her sweet friend Aucassin should be summoned, and he was summoned, and when the Viscountess came to him in the palace she found him lamenting that Nicolette was so long away from him, and the Viscountess said

“Be not so disconsolate, Aucassin Come with me, and I will show thee what is dearest to thee in the whole world Nicolette is arrived from a distant land, seeking her lover ”

And Aucassin was overjoyed

Now it is sung When he heard that his sweet lady was in Beaucaire, Aucassin rose and went to the house of the Viscountess, and straight to the room where sat his Nicolette, who when she laid eyes on him, felt such joy as no mortal ever felt before Quickly she stood up and swiftly flew to him When he saw her, Aucassin opened wide his arms and took her to him, and held her fast in a loving embrace He kissed her on the eyes and on the face Thus did these two spend the night, and in the morning, with great pomp, Aucassin had her crowned Countess of Beaucaire Such was the joy these lovers had, and Aucassin and Nicolette lived long and happily

Thus endeth this song, with the pealing of marriage bells

VOLTAIRE

(François Marie Arouet)

(1694-1779)

VOLTAIRE was born at Paris in 1694. Though his father intended that he should take up the law, he was a poor student; he was interested in writing, and at an early age had shown an aptitude for verse. Indeed he was sent into exile because certain libelous lines of his had given offence to influential persons. He spent the greater part of his life outside his native land.

For more than half a century he was the dominating figure in French literature. He was immensely prolific as dramatist, essayist, poet, novelist, and political writer. Of his brilliant tales and novels *Zadig* is probably the most entertaining. While it is essentially a philosophical satire, it is quite apart from its implications a well told tale.

The translation here used is by an anonymous hand, reprinted from *Voltaire's Romances*, New York, 1885.

ZADIG

I THE BLIND OF ONE EYE

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural disposition, strengthened and improved by education. Though rich and young, he had learned to moderate his passions. He had nothing stiff or affected in his behavior. He did not pretend to examine every action by the strict rules of reason, but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakness of mankind. It was a matter of surprise, that, notwithstanding his sprightly wit, he never exposed by his raillery those vague, incoherent, and noisy discourses, those rash censures, ignorant decisions, coarse jests, and all that empty jargon of words which at Babylon went by the name of conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a foot ball swelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the most terrible tempests issue forth. Above all, Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful, remembering the grand precept of Zoroaster, "When thou eatest, give to the dogs, should they even bite thee." He was as wise as it is possible for man to be, for he

sought to live with the wise Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then supposed to be, and knew as much of metaphysics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all He was firmly persuaded, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty five days and six hours, and that the sun was the centre of the solar system When the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the state to believe that the sun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modesty and meekness

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the first match in Babylon He had a real and virtuous affection for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate fondness The happy moment was almost arrived that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together toward one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they saw some men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows These were the attendants of young Orcan, the minister's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do everything with impunity He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig, but thinking himself a much more accomplished man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him This jealousy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was desperately in love with Semira, and accordingly he resolved to carry her off The ravishers seized her, in the violence of the outrage, they wounded her, and made the blood flow from a person, the sight of which would have softened the tigers of mount Imaus She pierced the heavens with her complaints She cried out "My dear husband! they tear me from the man I adore!"

Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the meantime, defended himself with all the strength that courage and love could inspire Assisted only by two faithful slaves, he put the cowardly ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was

"O Zadig," said she, on opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, "I loved thee formerly as my intended husband, I now love thee as the preserver of my honor and my life!"

Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira Never did a more charming mouth express more moving sentiments, in those glowing words inspired by a sense of the greatest of all favors, and by the most

tender transports of a lawful passion Her wound was slight, and was soon cured Zadig was more dangerously wounded An arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a considerable depth Semira weaned heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover Her eyes were constantly bathed in tears, she anxiously waited the happy moment when those of Zadig should be able to meet hers, but an abscess growing on the wounded eye, gave everything to fear A messenger was immediately dispatched to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue He visited the patient, and declared that he would lose his eye He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen

“Had it been the right eye,” said he, “I could easily have cured it, but the wounds of the left eye are incurable ”

All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes In two days the abscess broke of its own accord, and Zadig was perfectly cured Hermes wrote a book, to prove that it ought not to have been cured Zadig did not read it but, as soon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a visit to her in whom all his hopes of happiness were centered, and for whose sake alone he wished to have eyes Semira had been in the country for three days past He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that she had an unconquerable aversion to one eyed men, had the night before given her hand to Orcan At this news he fell speechless to the ground His sorrows brought him almost to the brink of the grave He was long indisposed, but reason at last got the better of his affliction, and the severity of his fate served even to console him

“Since,” said he, “I have suffered so much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated at court, I must now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen ”

He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greatest prudence, and of the best family in town He married her, and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the most tender union He only observed that she had a little levity, and was too apt to find that those young men who had the most handsome persons were likewise possessed of the most wit and virtue

II THE NOSE

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion and uttering the most violent exclamations

“What aileth thee,” said he, “my dear spouse? What is it that can thus have disturbed thee?”

“Alas!” said she, “thou wouldst have been as much enraged as I am, hadst thou seen what I have just beheld I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who, within these two days, hath raised a tomb to

her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow She vowed to heaven, in the bitterness of her grief, to remain at this tomb whilst the water of the rivulet should continue to run near it ”

“Well,” said Zadig, “she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection ”

“Ah!” replied Azora, “didst thou but know in what she was employed when I went to wait upon her!”

“In what, pray tell me, beautiful Azora? Was she turning the course of the rivulet?”

Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue

Zadig had a friend named Cador, one of those young men in whom his wife discovered more probity and merit than in others He made him his confidant, and secured his fidelity as much as possible by a considerable present Azora, having passed two days with a friend in the country returned home on the third The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before, that they were afraid to send her an account of this mournful event, and that they had just been depositing his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors, at the end of the garden She wept, she tore her hair, and swore she would follow him to the grave In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with hers Next day they wept less, and dined together Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greater part of his estate, and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle They sat longer at supper than at dinner They now talked with greater confidence Azora praised the deceased, but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free

During supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his side The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to serve him, caused all kinds of essences to be brought, with which she anointed him, to try if some of them might not possibly ease him of his pain She lamented that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain

“Art thou subject to this cruel disorder?” said she to him with a compassionate air

“It sometimes brings me,” replied Cador, “to the brink of the grave, and there is but one remedy that can give me relief — and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man who is lately dead ”

“A strange remedy, indeed!” said Azora

“Not more strange,” replied he, “than the satchels of Arnou, against the apoplexy ”

This reason, added to the great merit of the young man, at last determined the lady

"After all," says she, "when my husband shall cross the bridge Tchm avar in his journey to the other world, the angel Asrael will not refuse him a passage because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first."

She then took a razor, went to her husband's tomb, bedewed it with her tears, and drew near to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended at full length in the tomb. Zadig arose, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other.

"Madam," said he, "don't exclaim so violently against the widow Cosrou. The project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet."

III THE DOG AND THE HORSE

ZADIG found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleased, and he then sought for happiness in the study of nature.

"No man," said he, "can be happier than a philosopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he discovers are his own, he nourishes and exalts his soul; he lives in peace, he fears nothing from men, and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose."

Possessed of these ideas, he retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube line of rain in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals, and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running toward him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value.

"Young man," said the first eunuch, "hast thou seen the queen's dog?"

"It is a bitch," replied Zadig, with great modesty, "and not a dog."

"Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch.

"It is a very small she spaniel," added Zadig, "she has lately whelped, she limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears."

"Thou hast seen her," said the first eunuch, quite out of breath.

"No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the other officers, ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by.

"He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable," replied Zadig, "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length, the studs on his bit are gold, of twenty three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny weights."

"What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman.

"I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed, when the horse and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing their sentence, but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay, after which, he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

"Ye stars of justice, abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendor of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold, since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oromazes, that I have never seen the queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter is as follows. I was walking toward the little wood, where I afterward met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the fore feet, showed me that she had very long ears, and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression. With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse,

said I to myself, that gallops excellently The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide, was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which, being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust I observed under the trees that formed an arbor five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen, from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried In a word from a mark made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven deniers fine ”

All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers the chambers, and the cabinet, and though many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay The register, the attorneys, and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality to carry him back his four hundred ounces They only retained three hundred and ninety eight of them to defray the expenses of justice and then their servants demanded their fees

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved, that on the next occasion of the like nature he would not tell what he had seen

Such an opportunity soon offered A prisoner of state made his escape and passed under the windows of Zadig's house Zadig was examined and made no answer But it was proved that he had looked at the prisoner from this window For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold, and, according to the polite custom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence

“Great God!” said he to himself, “what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horse have passed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!”

IV THE ENVIOUS MAN

ZADIG resolved to comfort himself by philosophy and friendship for the evils he had suffered from fortune He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house elegantly furnished, in which he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the pursuit of a gentleman In the morning his library was open to the learned In the evening his table was surrounded by good company But he soon found what very dangerous guests these men of let-

ters are A warm dispute arose on one of Zoroaster's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin

"Why," said some of them, "prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no such animal in nature?"

"There must necessarily be such an animal," said the others, "since Zoroaster forbids us to eat it"

Zadig would fain have reconciled them by saying

"If there are no griffins, we cannot possibly eat them, and thus either way we shall obey Zoroaster"

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was besides the chief theurgite, hasted away to accuse Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor the greatest block head, and therefore the greatest fanatic among the Chaldeans This man would have empaled Zadig to do honor to the sun and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satisfaction The friend Cador (a friend is better than a hundred priests) went to Yebor, and said to him

"Long live the sun and the griffins, beware of punishing Zadig, he is a saint, he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them and his accuser is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean"

"Well," said Yebor, shaking his bald pate, "we must empale Zadig for having thought contemptuously of griffins, and the other party for having spoken disrespectfully of rabbits"

Cador hushed up the affair by appealing to a person who had great interest in the college of the magi Nobody was empaled This lenity occasioned a great murmuring among some of the doctors, who from thence predicted the fall of Babylon

"Upon what does happiness depend?" said Zadig, "I am persecuted by everything in the world, even on account of beings that have no existence"

He cursed those men of learning, and resolved for the future to live with none but good company

He assembled at his house the most worthy men, and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon He gave them delicious suppers, often preceded by concerts of music, and always animated by polite conversation, from which he knew how to banish that affectation of wit, which is the surest method of preventing it entirely, and of spoiling the pleasure of the most agreeable society Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of the dishes, was made by vanity, for in everything he preferred the substance to the shadow, and by these means he procured that real respect to which he did not aspire

Opposite to his house lived one Arimazes, a man whose deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his still more deformed mind His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy Having never been able to suc-

ceed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himself on all around him, by loading them with the blackest calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a set of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered Zadig's court in the evening, filled him with uneasiness, the sound of his praises enraged him still more. He sometimes went to Zadig's house, and sat down at table without being desired, where he spoiled all the pleasure of the company, as the harpies are said to infect the viands they touch.

It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainment to a lady, who, instead of accepting it, went to sup with Zadig. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig at court, a minister of state came up to them, and invited Zadig to supper, without inviting Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *envious*, resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was called the *happy*. "The opportunity of doing mischief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year," as sayeth the wise Zoroaster.

The envious man went to see Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he said many gallant things, without any other intention than that of saying them. The conversation turned upon a war which the king had just brought to a happy conclusion against the prince of Hircania, his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short war, bestowed great praises on the king, but greater still on the lady. He took out his pocket book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable person to read. His friends begged they might see them, but modesty, or rather a well regulated self love, would not allow him to grant their request. He knew that extemporary verses are never approved by any but by the person in whose honor they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had written them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of rose bushes where the rest of the company sought for them in vain. A slight shower falling soon after, obliged them to return to the house.

The envious man, who remained in the garden, continued to search, till at last he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in such a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete sense, and even a verse of a shorter measure, but what was still surprising, these short verses were found to contain the most injurious reflections on the king. They ran thus

*To flagrant crimes
His crown he owes,
To peaceful times
The worst of foes*

The envious man was now happy for the first time in his life. He had it in his power to ruin a person of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-

like joy, he found means to convey to the king the satire written by the hand of Zadig, who was immediately thrown into prison, together with the lady and Zadig's two friends

His trial was soon finished without his being permitted to speak for himself. As he was going to receive his sentence, the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himself on being a good poet, but it filled him with inexpressible concern to find that he was condemned for high treason, and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in prison for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to speak, because his writing spoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution through an immense crowd of spectators, who durst not venture to express their pity for him, but who carefully examined his countenance to see if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconsolable, for they could not succeed to his estate. Three fourths of his wealth were confiscated into the king's treasury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a rose bush in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighboring tree, and had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket book, to which it stuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerness, and read the words, which formed no sense, and seemed to be the endings of verses. He loved poetry, and there is always some mercy to be expected from a prince of that disposition. The adventure of the parrot caused him to reflect.

The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket book, ordered it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly. They then read the verses as Zadig had written them.

*Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes,
To clemency his crown he owes,
To concord and to peaceful times
Love only is the worst of foes*

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady should be set at liberty. Zadig fell prostrate on the ground before the king and queen, humbly begged their pardon for having made such bad verses, and spoke with so much propriety, wit, and good sense, that their majesties desired they might see him again. He did himself that honor, and insinuated himself still farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man, but Zadig restored him back the whole of it, and this instance of generosity gave no other pleasure to the envious man than that

of having preserved his estate The king's esteem for Zadig increased every day He admitted him into all his parties of pleasure and consulted him in all affairs of state From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderness, that might one day prove dangerous to herself, to the king her august consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general Zadig now began to think that happiness was not so unattainable as he had formerly imagined

V THE GENEROUS

THE time had now arrived for celebrating a grand festival, which returned every five years It was a custom in Babylon solemnly to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the most generous action The grandees and the magi were the judges The first satrap, who was charged with the government of the city, published the most noble actions that had passed under his administration The competition was decided by votes and the king pronounced the sentence People came to this solemnity from the extremities of the earth The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious stones his majesty at the same time making him this compliment ' Receive this reward of thy generosity, and may the gods grant me many subjects like to thee "

This memorable day having come, the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came to these games, where glory was acquired not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength of body, but by virtue The first satrap recited, with an audible voice, such actions as might entitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize He did not mention the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored the envious man his fortune, because it was not judged to be an action worthy of disputing the prize

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause by a mistake, for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own estate, which was just equal to what the other had lost

He next produced a young man, who being desperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whose passion for her had almost brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the same time had given him the lady's fortune

He afterwards produced a soldier, who, in the wars of Hircania, had given a still more noble instance of generosity A party of the enemy having seized his mistress, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity At that very instant he was informed that another party, at the distance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother, he therefore left his mistress with tears in his eyes, and flew to the assistance of his mother At last he

returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was just going to plunge his sword in his own bosom, but his mother remonstrating against such a desperate deed, and telling him that he was the only support of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to the soldier. But the king took up the discourse, and said

“The action of the soldier, and those of the other two are doubtless very great, but they have nothing in them surprising. Yesterday, Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before disgraced Coreb, my minister and favorite. I complained of him in the most violent and bitter terms, all my courtiers assured me that I was too gentle, and seemed to vie with each other in speaking ill of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our histories of many people who have atoned for an error by the surrender of their fortune, who have resigned a mistress, or preferred a mother to the object of their affection, but never before did I hear of a courtier who spoke favorably of a disgraced minister, that labored under the displeasure of his sovereign. I give to each of those whose generous actions have been now recited, twenty thousand pieces of gold, but the cup I give to Zadig.”

“May it please your majesty,” said Zadig, “thysself alone deservest the cup. Thou hast performed an action of all others the most uncommon and meritorious, since, notwithstanding thy being a powerful king, thou wast not offended at thy slave, when he presumed to oppose thy passion.”

The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his estate to his client, the lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend, and the soldier, who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his mistress, received the king’s presents, and saw their names enrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day was celebrated by feasts that lasted longer than the law enjoined, and the memory of it is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said, “Now I am happy at last.” But he found himself fatally deceived.

VI THE MINISTER

THE king had lost his first minister, and chose Zadig to supply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice, for, since the foundation of the empire, there had never been such a young minister. But all the courtiers were filled with jealousy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a spitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his nose. Zadig, having thanked the king and queen for their goodness, went likewise to thank the parrot.

“Beautiful bird,” said he, “’tis thou that hast saved my life, and made

me first minister The queen's bitch and the king's horse did me a great deal of mischief, but thou hast done me much good Upon such slender threads as these do the fates of mortals hang' but," added he, ' this happiness perhaps will vanish very soon "

"Soon," replied the parrot

Zadig was somewhat startled at this word But as he was a good natural philosopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his spirits, and resolved to execute his duty to the best of his power

He made every one feel the sacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity He never checked the deliberations of the divan, and every vizier might give his opinion without fear of incurring the minister's displeasure When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it, it was the law, the rigor of which, however, whenever it was too severe, he always took care to soften, and when laws were wanting, the equity of his decisions was such as might easily have made them pass for those of Zoroaster

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the risk of sparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent He imagined that laws were made as well to secure the people from the suffering of injuries as to restrain them from the commission of crimes His chief talent consisted in discovering the truth, which all men seek to obscure This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his administration

A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his estate equally between his two sons, after having disposed of their sister in marriage, and left a present of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be found to have loved him best The eldest raised a tomb to his memory, the youngest increased his sister's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance Every one said that the eldest son loved his father best, and the youngest his sister, and that the thirty thousand pieces belonged to the eldest

Zadig sent for both of them, the one after the other To the eldest he said

"Thy father is not dead, but has survived his last illness, and is returning to Babylon "

"God be praised," replied the young man, "but his tomb cost me a considerable sum "

Zadig afterwards repeated the same story to the youngest son

"God be praised," said he, "I will go and restore to my father all that I have, but I could wish that he would leave my sister what I have given her "

"Thou shalt restore nothing," replied Zadig, "and thou shalt have the thirty thousand pieces, for thou art the son who loves his father best "

A widow, having a young son, and being possessed of a handsome fortune, had given a promise of marriage to two magi, who were both desirous of marrying her

“I will take for my husband,” said she, “the man who can give the best education to my beloved son ”

The two magi contended who should bring him up, and the cause was carried before Zadig Zadig summoned the two magi to attend him

“What will you teach your pupil?” said he to the first

“I will teach him,” said the doctor, “the eight parts of speech, logic, astrology, pneumatics, what is meant by substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre established harmony ”

“For my part,” said the second, “I will endeavor to give him a sense of justice, and to make him worthy the friendship of good men ”

Zadig then cried

“Whether thou art the child’s favorite or not, thou shalt have his mother ”

VII THE DISPUTES AND THE AUDIENCES

IN this manner he daily discovered the subtlety of his genius and the goodness of his heart The people at once admired and loved him He passed for the happiest man in the world The whole empire resounded with his name All the ladies ogled him All the men praised him for his justice The learned regarded him as an oracle, and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor They were now so far from prosecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible

There had continued at Babylon, for the space of fifteen hundred years, a violent contest that had divided the empire into two sects The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mithra with the left foot foremost, the other held this custom in detestation, and always entered with the right foot first The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the solemn feast of the sacred fire was to be celebrated, to see which sect Zadig would favor All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmost suspense and perturbation Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together, and afterward proved, in an eloquent discourse, that the Sovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the persons of men, maketh no distinction between the right and the left foot The envious man and his wife alleged that his discourse was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains dance with sufficient agility

“He is dry,” said they, “and void of genius He does not make the sea to fly, and stars to fall, nor the sun to melt like wax He has not the true oriental style ”

Zadig contented himself with having the style of reason. All the world favored him, not because he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reason, or was a man of real merit, but because he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the same happy address the grand dispute between the black and the white magi. The former maintained that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned toward the east in winter, the latter asserted that God abhorred the prayers of those who turned toward the west in summer. Zadig decreed that every man should be allowed to turn as he pleased.

Thus he found out the happy secret of finishing all affairs, whether of a private or a public nature, in the morning. The rest of the day he employed in superintending and promoting the embellishments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the spectators, and comedies that shook their sides with laughter, — a custom which had long been disused, and which his good taste now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artists themselves. He encouraged them by rewards and honors, and was never jealous of their talents. In the evening the king was highly entertained with his conversation, and the queen still more.

“Great minister!” said the king.

“Amiable minister!” said the queen, and both of them added, “It would have been a great loss to the state had such a man been hanged.”

Meanwhile Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always distracted, as well when he gave audience as when he sat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this absence of mind, and that was his only sorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himself down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones that gave him great uneasiness, and that he afterward reposed himself on a soft bed of roses, from which there sprung a serpent that wounded him to the heart with its sharp venomous fangs. “Alas,” said he, “I have long lain on these dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roses, but what shall be the serpent?”

VIII JEALOUSY

ZADIG'S calamities sprung even from his happiness, and especially from his merit. He every day conversed with the king and his august consort. The charms of Zadig's conversation were greatly heightened by that desire of pleasing which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance insensibly made an impression on Astarte, which she did not at first perceive. Her passion grew and flourished in the bosom of innocence. Without fear or scruple, she indulged the pleasing satisfaction of seeing and hearing a man who was so dear to her husband, and to

the empire in general She was continually praising him to the king She talked of him to her women, who were always sure to improve on her praises And thus everything contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, of which she did not seem to be sensible She made several presents to Zadig, which discovered a greater spirit of gallantry than she imagined She intended to speak to him only as a queen satisfied with his services, and her expressions were sometimes those of a woman in love

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a strong aversion to one eyed men, or that other woman who had resolved to cut off her husband's nose Her unreserved familiarity, her tender expressions, at which she began to blush, and her eyes, which, though she endeavored to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inspired Zadig with a passion that filled him with astonishment He struggled hard to get the better of it He called to his aid the precepts of philosophy, which had always stood him in stead, but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the disorders of his love sick heart Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind, as so many avenging gods He struggled, he conquered But this victory, which he was obliged to purchase afresh every moment, cost him many sighs and tears He no longer dared to speak to the queen with that sweet and charming familiarity which had been so agreeable to them both His countenance was covered with a cloud His conversation was constrained and incoherent His eyes were fixed on the ground, and when, in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary, they encountered those of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame They seemed to say, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love we are consumed with a passion which we both condemn

Zadig left the royal presence full of perplexity and despair, and having his heart oppressed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the secret to his friend Cador, in the same manner as a man, who, having long endured a cruel disease, discovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more severe attack, and by the cold sweat that covers his brow

"I have already discovered," said Cador, "the sentiments which thou wouldst fain conceal from thyself The symptoms by which the passions show themselves are certain and infallible Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read thy heart, whether the king will not discover something in it that may give him offence He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous man in the world Thou canst resist the violence of thy passion with greater fortitude than the queen, because thou art a philosopher, and because thou art Zadig Astarte is a woman She suffers her eyes to speak with so much the more imprudence, as she does not as yet think herself guilty Conscious of her own innocence, she unhappily neglects

those external appearances which are so necessary I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewithal to reproach herself A growing passion which we endeavor to suppress, discovers itself in spite of all our efforts to the contrary ”

Meanwhile, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig so frequently, and with such a blushing and downcast look She was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king's presence, and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see He particularly remarked, that his wife's shoes were blue, and that Zadig's shoes were blue, that his wife's ribbons were yellow, and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow, and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy In his jealous mind suspicion was turned into certainty

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous The envious man persuaded his wife to send anonymously to the king her garter, which resembled those of the queen, and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance

There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, though dumb, was not deaf He was allowed on account of his insignificance, to go wherever he pleased, and, as a domestic animal, was a witness of what passed in the most profound secrecy

This little mute was strongly attached to the queen and Zadig With equal horror and surprise, he heard the cruel orders given, but how could he prevent the fatal sentence that in a few hours was to be carried into execution? He could not write, but he could paint, and excelled particularly in drawing a striking resemblance He employed a part of the night in sketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen The piece represented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch, a blue bowstring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbons, the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig strangled at her feet The horizon represented a rising sun, to express that this shocking execution was to be performed in the morning As soon as he had finished the picture, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awoke her, and made her understand that she must immediately carry it to the queen

At midnight a messenger knocks at Zadig's door, awakes him, and gives him a note from the queen He doubts whether it is not a dream, and opens the letter with a trembling hand But how great was his surprise,

and who can express the consternation and despair into which he was thrown upon reading these words? "Fly, this instant, or thou art a dead man! Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbons I have not been guilty, but I find that I must die like a criminal"

Zadig was hardly able to speak. He sent for Cador, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cador forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis.

"Shouldst thou dare," said he, "to go in search of the queen, thou wilt hasten her death. Shouldst thou speak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her destiny, follow thy own. I will spread a report that thou hast taken the road to India. I will soon follow thee, and inform thee of all that shall have passed in Babylon."

At that instant, Cador caused two of the swiftest dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of these he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a single domestic, and Cador, plunged in sorrow and astonishment, soon lost sight of his friend.

This illustrious fugitive arriving on the side of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes toward the queen's palace, and fainted away at the sight, nor did he recover his senses but to shed a torrent of tears, and to wish for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engrossed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliest woman and the greatest queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and cried

"What then is human life? O virtue, how hast thou served me? Two women have basely deceived me, and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual source of calamity and affliction, and I have only been raised to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the most horrid precipice of misfortune."

Filled with these gloomy reflections, his eyes overspread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleness of death, and his soul plunged in an abyss of the blackest despair, he continued his journey toward Egypt.

IX THE WOMAN BEATER

ZADIG directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion, and the splendid Dogstars, guided his steps toward the pole of Canopæa. He admired those vast globes of light which appear to our eyes as so many little sparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as something so grand and noble. He then represented to himself the human species, as it really is, as a parcel of insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay.

This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him sensible of the nothingness of his own being, and that of Babylon. His soul launched out into infinity, and detached from the senses, contemplated the immutable order of the universe. But when afterward, returning to himself, and entering into his own heart, he considered that Astarte had perhaps died for him, the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compass of nature but Astarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy.

While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy and intolerable grief, he advanced toward the frontiers of Egypt, and his faithful domestic was already in the first village, in search of a lodging.

Meanwhile, as Zadig was walking toward the gardens that skirted the village, he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears and calling heaven and earth to her assistance, and a man in a furious passion pursuing her.

This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithstanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behavior of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady asked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he surveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquisite beauty, and even to have a strong resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself inspired with compassion for her, and horror toward the Egyptian.

"Assist me," cried she to Zadig, with the deepest sighs, "deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man in the world. Save my life."

Moved by these pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian. As he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addressed him in that tongue.

"If," said he, "thou hast any humanity, I conjure thee to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness. How canst thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the masterpieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and hath no defence but her tears?"

"Ah, ah!" replied the madman, "thou art likewise in love with her. I must be revenged on thee, too."

So saying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twisted in her hair, and taking his lance attempted to stab the stranger. Zadig, who was in cold blood, easily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He seized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian strove to draw it back, Zadig to wrest it from the Egyptian, and in the struggle it was broken in two. The Egyptian draws his sword, Zadig does the same. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random, the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, seated on a turf, readjusts her head dress, and looks at the com-

batants The Egyptian excelled in strength Zadig in address The one fought like a man whose arm was directed by his judgment, the other like a madman, whose blind rage made him deal his blows at random Zadig closes with him, and disarms him, and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavors to throw himself upon him, he seizes him, presses him close, and throws him down, and then holding his sword to his breast, offers him his life The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poniard, and wounds Zadig at the very instant that the conqueror was granting a pardon Zadig, provoked at such brutal behavior, plunged his sword in the bosom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible shriek and a violent struggle, instantly expired Zadig then approached the lady, and said to her with a gentle tone

“He hath forced me to kill him I have avenged thy cause Thou art now delivered from the most violent man I ever saw What further, madam, wouldest thou have me do for thee?”

“Die, villain,” replied she, “thou hast killed my lover O that I were able to tear out thy heart!”

“Why truly, madam,” said Zadig, “thou hadst a strange kind of man for a lover, he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed thee, because thou hadst entreated me to give thee assistance”

“I wish he were beating me still,” replied the lady with tears and lamentation “I well deserved it, for I had given him cause to be jealous Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou wast in his place”

Zadig, struck with surprise, and inflamed with a higher degree of resentment than he had ever felt before, said

“Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deservest that I should beat thee in my turn for thy perverse and impertinent behavior But I shall not give myself the trouble”

So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced toward the town He had proceeded but a few steps, when he turned back at the noise of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop One of them, upon seeing the woman, cried

“It is the very same She resembles the description that was given us”

They gave themselves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but instantly seized the lady She called out to Zadig

“Help me once more, generous stranger I ask pardon for having complained of thy conduct Deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever”

Zadig was no longer in the humor of fighting for her

“Apply to another,” said he, “thou shalt not again ensnare me in thy wiles”

Besides, he was wounded, his blood was still flowing, and he himself had need of assistance and the sight of four Babylonians, probably sent by King Moabdar, filled him with apprehension He therefore hastened

toward the village, unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers should come and seize this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the lady's behavior

X SLAVERY

As he entered the Egyptian village, he saw himself surrounded by the people. Every one said

' This is the man who carried off the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Clitofis "

"Gentleman," said he, "God preserve me from carrying off your beautiful Missouf. She is too capricious for me. And with regard to Clitofis, I did not assassinate him. I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavored to kill me, because I humbly interceded for the beautiful Missouf, whom he beat most unmercifully. I am a stranger, come to seek refuge in Egypt, and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman, and assassinating a man "

The Egyptians were then just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town house. They first of all ordered his wound to be dressed, and then examined him and his servant apart, in order to discover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an assassin, but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the town, all the gold he had brought with him was distributed among the inhabitants, and his person, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was exposed for sale in the market place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchase, but as the servant was fitter for labor than the master, he was sold at a higher price. There was no comparison between the two men. Thus Zadig became a slave subordinate to his own servant. They were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant to his house.

By the way Zadig comforted his servant, and exhorted him to patience, but he could not help making, according to his usual custom, some reflections on human life. "I see," said he, "that the unhappiness of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto everything has turned out to me in a most unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I should once have been empaled alive on account of a griffin. I have been sent to execution for having made some verses in praise of the king. I have been on the point of being strangled, because the queen had yellow ribbons, and now I am a slave with thee, because a brutal wretch beat his mistress. Come, let us keep a good heart, all this will perhaps have an end. The Arabian merchants must necessarily have slaves, and why not me as well as

another, since, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel. He must treat his slaves well if he expects any advantage from them."

But while he spoke thus, his heart was entirely engrossed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc set a much greater value on the servant than the master, because the former was more expert in loading the camels, and all the little marks of distinction were shown to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the servants, and Zadig had his share among the rest. Setoc laughed to see all his slaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the liberty to explain to him the cause, and inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was astonished, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raised his curiosity, increased it still further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce, the specific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk, the properties of several useful animals, and the means of rendering those useful that are not naturally so.

At last Setoc began to consider Zadig as a sage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly so much esteemed. He treated him well, and had no cause to repent of his kindness.

As soon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of silver, which he had lent to a Jew in presence of two witnesses, but as the witnesses were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himself, and piously thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian. Setoc imparted this troublesome affair to Zadig, who had now become his counsel.

"In what place," said Zadig, "didst thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?"

"Upon a large stone," replied the merchant, "that lies near the mountain of Oreb."

"What is the character of thy debtor?" said Zadig.

"That of a knave," returned Setoc.

"But I ask thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic, cautious or imprudent?"

"He is, of all bad payers," said Setoc, "the most lively fellow I ever knew."

"Well," resumed Zadig, "allow me to plead thy cause."

In effect, Zadig having summoned the Jew to the tribunal, addressed the judge in the following terms:

"Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the

name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver, which he refused to repay'

"Hast thou any witnesses?" said the judge

"No, they are dead but there remains a large stone upon which the money was counted, and if it please thy grandeur to order the stone to be sought for, I hope that it will bear witness The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the stone arrives I will send for it at my master's expense"

"With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himself to the discussion of other affairs

When the court was going to break up, the judge said to Zadig

"Well, friend, hath not thy stone yet arrived?"

The Hebrew replied with a smile

"Thy grandeur may stay here till to-morrow, and after all not see the stone It is more than six miles from hence, and it would require fifteen men to move it'

"Well," cried Zadig, "did I not say that the stone would bear witness? Since this man knows where it is, he thereby confesses that it was upon it that the money was counted"

The Hebrew was disconcerted, and was soon after obliged to confess the truth The judge ordered him to be fastened to the stone, without meat or drink till he should restore the five hundred ounces, which were soon after paid

The slave Zadig and the stone were held in great repute in Arabia

XI THE FUNERAL PILE

SETOC, charmed with the happy issue of this affair, made his slave his intimate friend He had now conceived as great an esteem for him as ever the king of Babylon had done, and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife He discovered in his master a good natural disposition, much probity of heart, and a great share of good sense, but he was sorry to see that, according to the ancient custom of Arabia, he adored the host of heaven, that is, the sun, moon, and stars He sometimes spoke to him on this subject with great prudence and discretion At last he told him that these bodies were like all other bodies in the universe, and no more deserving of our homage than a tree or a rock

"But," said Setoc, "they are eternal beings, and it is from them we derive all we enjoy They animate nature, they regulate the seasons, and besides, are removed at such an immense distance from us, that we cannot help revering them"

"Thou receivest more advantage," replied Zadig, "from the waters of the Red Sea, which carry thy merchandise to the Indies Why may not it be as ancient as the stars? and if thou adorest what is placed at a distance from thee, thou shouldst adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity of the earth"

“No,” said Setoc, “the brightness of the stars commands my adoration”

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc, and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before these lighted tapers, and said

“Eternal and shining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me”

Having thus said, he sat down at the table, without taking the least notice of Setoc

“What art thou doing?” said Setoc in amaze

“I act like thee,” replied Zadig, “I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine”

Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apologue The wisdom of his slave sunk deep into his soul He no longer offered incense to the creatures, but he adored the eternal Being who made them

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a shocking custom, sprung originally from Scythia, and which, being established in the Indies by the Brahmins, threatened to over run all the East When a married man died, and his beloved wife aspired to the character of a saint, she burned herself publicly on the body of her husband This was a solemn feast, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood, and that tribe in which most women had been burned was the most respected An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whose name was Almona, and who was very devout, published the day and hour when she intended to throw herself into the fire, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets

Zadig remonstrated against this horrible custom He showed Setoc how inconsistent it was with the happiness of mankind to suffer young widows to burn themselves — widows who were capable of giving children to the state, or at least of educating those they already had, and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to abolish such a barbarous practice

“The women,” said Setoc, “have possessed the right of burning themselves for more than a thousand years, and who shall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered sacred? Is there anything more respectable than ancient abuses?”

“Reason is more ancient,” replied Zadig “meanwhile, speak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow”

Accordingly, he was introduced to her, and after having insinuated himself into her good graces by some compliments on her beauty, and told her what a pity it was to commit so many charms to the flames, he at last praised her for her constancy and courage

“Thou must surely have loved thy husband,” said he to her, “with the most passionate fondness”

“Who, I?” replied the lady, “I loved him not at all He was a brutal, jealous, and insupportable wretch, but I am firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile”

"It would appear then," said Zadig, "that there must be a very delicious pleasure in being burnt alive"

"Oh! it makes me shudder," replied the lady, "but that must be overlooked I am a devotee, I should lose my reputation, and all the world would despise me, if I did not burn myself"

Zadig having made her acknowledge that she burned herself to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long discourse calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went so far as to inspire her with some degree of good will for the person who spoke to her

"And what wilt thou do at last," said he, "if the vanity of burning thyself should not continue?"

"Alas!" said the lady, "I believe I should desire thee to marry me"

Zadig's mind was too much engrossed with the idea of Astarte not to elude this declaration, but he instantly went to the chiefs of the tribes, told them what had passed, and advised them to make a law by which a widow should not be permitted to burn herself, till she had conversed privately with a young man for the space of an hour Since that time not a single widow hath burned herself in Arabia They were indebted to Zadig alone for destroying in one day a cruel custom that had lasted for so many ages, and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia

XII THE SUPPER

SETOC, who could not separate himself from this man in whom dwelt wisdom, carried Zadig to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants of the earth resorted Zadig was highly pleased to see so many men of different countries united in the same place He considered the whole universe as one large family assembled at Balzora The second day he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and several other strangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian Gulf, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themselves understood

The Egyptian seemed to be in a violent passion "What an abominable country," said he, "is Balzora! They refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world"

"How!" said Setoc "On what security have they refused thee this sum?"

"On the body of my aunt," replied the Egyptian "She was the most notable woman in Egypt, she always accompanied me in my journeys, she died on the road I have converted her into one of the finest mummies in the world, and in my own country I could obtain any amount by giving her as a pledge It is very strange that they will not here lend me a thousand ounces of gold on such a solid security"

Angry as he was, he was going to help himself to a bit of excellent fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! what art thou going to do?"

"To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy

"Take care that thou dost not," replied the Indian "It is possible that the soul of the deceased may have passed into this fowl, and thou wouldst not, surely, expose thyself to the danger of eating thy aunt? To boil fowls is a manifest outrage on nature "

"What dost thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls?" replied the choleric Egyptian "We adore a bull, and yet we eat heartily of beef "

"You adore a bull! is it possible?" said the Indian

"Nothing is more possible," returned the other, "we have done so for these hundred and thirty five thousand years, and nobody amongst us has ever found fault with it "

"A hundred and thirty-five thousand years!" said the Indian "This account is a little exaggerated It is but eighty thousand years since India was first peopled, and we are surely more ancient than you are Brahma prohibited our eating of ox flesh before you thought of putting it on your spits or altars "

"This Brahma of yours," said the Egyptian, "is a pleasant sort of an animal, truly, to compare with our Apis What great things hath your Brahma done?"

"It was he," replied the Brahmin, "that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of chess "

"Thou art mistaken," said a Chaldean who sat near him "It is to the fish Oannes that we owe these great advantages, and it is just that we should render homage to none but him All the world will tell thee that he is a divine being, with a golden tail, and a beautiful human head, and that for three hours every day he left the water to preach on dry land He had several children, who were kings, as every one knows I have a picture of him at home, which I worship with becoming reverence We may eat as much beef as we please, but it is surely a great sin to dress fish for the table Besides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to dispute with me The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty five thousand years, and the Indians but eighty thousand, while we have almanacs of four thousand ages Believe me, renounce your follies, and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes "

The man of Cathay took up the discourse, and said

"I have a great respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brahma, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fish Oannes, but I could think that Li, or Tien, as he is commonly called, is superior to all the bulls on the earth, or all the fish in the sea I shall say nothing of my native country, it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies put together Neither shall I dispute about the antiquity of our nation, because

it is of little consequence whether we are ancient or not, it is enough if we are happy. But were it necessary to speak of almanacs, I could say that all Asia takes ours, and that we had very good ones before arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are," said the Greek, "do you not know that Chaos is the father of all and that form and matter have put the world into its present condition?"

The Greek spoke for a long time, but was at last interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drunk pretty deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and said, with an oath, that there were none but Teutat and the mistletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a dispute; that, for his own part, he had always some mistletoe in his pocket, and that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world, that it was true they had sometimes eaten human flesh, but that, notwithstanding this circumstance, his nation deserved to be held in great esteem, and that, in fine, if any one spoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners.

The quarrel had now become warm, and Setoc feared the table would be stained with blood.

Zadig, who had been silent during the whole dispute, arose at last. He first addressed himself to the Celtic, as the most furious of the disputants. He told him that he had reason on his side, and begged a few mistletoes. He then praised the Greek for his eloquence, and softened all their exasperated spirits. He said but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. At last he said:

"You were going, my friends, to quarrel about nothing, for you are all of one mind."

At this assertion they all cried out in dissent.

"Is it not true," said he to the Celtic, "that you adore not this mistletoe, but him that made both the mistletoe and the oak?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied the Celtic.

"And thou, Mr. Egyptian, dost not thou revere, in a certain bull, him who created the bulls?"

"Yes," said the Egyptian.

"The fish Oannes," continued he, "must yield to him who made the sea and the fishes. The Indian and the Cathayan," added he, "acknowledge a first principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were said by the Greek, but I am sure he will admit a superior being on whom form and matter depend."

The Greek, whom they all admired, said that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning.

"You are all then," replied Zadig, "of one opinion and have no cause to quarrel."

All the company embraced him.

Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig, who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his absence and was now going to be burned by a slow fire

XIII THE RENDEZVOUS

DURING his journey to Balzora the priests of the stars had resolved to punish Zadig. The precious stones and ornaments of the young widows whom they sent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right, and the least they could now do was to burn Zadig for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accused him of entertaining erroneous sentiments of the heavenly host. They deposed against him, and swore that they had heard him say that the stars did not set in the sea. This horrid blasphemy made the judges tremble, they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing these impious words, and they would certainly have torn them had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the excess of their zeal and indignation, they contented themselves with condemning him to be burnt by a slow fire. Setoc, filled with despair at this unhappy event, employed all his interest to save his friend, but in vain. He was soon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow, Almona, who had now conceived a great fondness for life, for which she was obliged to Zadig, resolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuse of which he had fully convinced her. She resolved the scheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any person whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day. If she could save him at all, she must do it that very night, and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows.

She perfumed herself, she heightened her beauty by the richest and gayest apparel, and went to demand an audience of the chief priest of the stars. As soon as she was introduced to the venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms: "Eldest son of the great bear, brother of the bull, and cousin of the great dog, (such were the titles of this pontiff,) I come to acquaint thee with my scruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband, for, indeed, what had I worth preserving? Perishable flesh, thou seest, that is already entirely withered." So saying, she drew up her long sleeves of silk, and showed her naked arms, which were of an elegant shape and a dazzling whiteness. "Thou seest," said she, "that these are little worth." The priest found in his heart that they were worth a great deal. He swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms. "Alas!" said the widow, "my arms, perhaps, are not so bad as the rest but thou wilt confess that my neck is not worthy of the least regard." She then discovered the most charming neck that nature had ever formed. Compared to it a rose bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like

madder on the box tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed of a dusky yellow Her large black eyes, languishing with the gentle lustre of a tender fire, her cheeks animated with the finest pink, mixed with the whiteness of milk, her nose, which had no resemblance to the tower of Mount Lebanon, her lips, like two borders of coral, inclosing the finest pearls in the Arabian Sea, all conspired to make the old man fancy and believe that he was young again Almona, seeing his admiration, now entreated him to pardon Zadig "Alas!" said he, "my charming lady, should I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no service, as it must necessarily be signed by three others, my brethren" "Sign it however," said Almona "With all my heart," said the priest "Be pleased to visit me," said Almona, "when the bright star of Sheat shall appear in the horizon"

Almona then went to the second pontiff He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven, were but glimmering meteors in comparison to her charms She asked the same favor of him, and he also granted it readily She then appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib From thence she went to the third and fourth priest, always taking their signatures, and making an appointment from star to star She then sent a message to the judges, entreating them to come to her house on an affair of great importance They obeyed her summons She showed them the four names, and told them that the priests had granted the pardon of Zadig Each of the pontiffs arrived at the hour appointed Each was surprised at finding his brethren there, but still more at seeing the judges also present Zadig was saved and Setoc was so charmed with the ingenuity and address of Almona, that he made her his wife Zadig departed after having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, swearing an eternal friendship, and promising that the first of them that should acquire a large fortune should share it with the other

Zadig directed his course along the frontiers of Assyria, still musing on the unhappy Astarte, and reflecting on the severity of fortune, which seemed determined to make him the sport of her cruelty and the object of her persecution

"What!" said he to himself, "four hundred ounces of gold for having seen a bitch! condemned to lose my head for four bad verses in praise of the king! ready to be strangled because the queen had shoes of the color of my bonnet! reduced to slavery for having succored a woman who was beaten! and on the point of being burnt for having saved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"

XIV THE ROBBER

Arriving on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, he passed by a pretty strong castle, from which a party of armed Arabians sallied forth They instantly surrounded him and cried

“All thou hast belongs to us, and thy person is the property of our master ”

Zadig replied by drawing his sword, his servant, who was a man of courage, did the same They killed the first Arabians that presumed to lay hands on them, and, though the number was redoubled, they were not dismayed, but resolved to perish in the conflict Two men defended themselves against a multitude, but such a combat could not last long The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having observed from a window the prodigies of valor performed by Zadig, conceived a high esteem for this heroic stranger He descended in haste, and went in person to call off his men and deliver the two travelers

“All that passes over my lands,” said he, “belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others, but thou seemest to be a man of such undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law ”

He then conducted him to his castle, ordering his men to treat him well, and in the evening Arbogad supped with Zadig The lord of the castle was one of those Arabians who are commonly called robbers, but he now and then performed some good actions amidst a multitude of bad ones He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favors with great generosity He was intrepid in action, affable in company, a debauchee at table, but gay in his debauchery, and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behavior He was highly pleased with Zadig, whose lively conversation lengthened the repast At last Arbogad said to him

‘ I advise thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue Thou canst not do better This is not a bad trade, and thou mayest one day become what I am at present ’

“May I take the liberty of asking thee,” said Zadig, “how long thou hast followed this noble profession?”

“From my most tender youth,” replied the lord, “I was servant to a petty, good natured Arabian, but could not endure the hardships of my situation I was vexed to find that fate had given me no share of the earth which equally belongs to all men I imparted the cause of my uneasiness to an old Arabian, who said to me

“My son, do not despair, there was once a grain of sand that lamented that it was no more than a neglected atom in the deserts, at the end of a few years it became a diamond, and it is now the brightest ornament in the crown of the king of the Indies ’

“This discourse made a deep impression on my mind I was the grain of sand, and I resolved to become the diamond I began by stealing two horses I soon got a party of companions I put myself in a condition to rob small caravans, and thus, by degrees, I destroyed the difference which had formerly subsisted between me and other men I had my share of the good things of this world, and was even recompensed with usury for the hardships I had suffered I was greatly respected, and became the captain

of a band of robbers I seized this castle by force The satrap of Syria had a mind to dispossess me of it, but I was too rich to have any thing to fear I gave the satrap a handsome present, by which means I preserved my castle, and increased my possessions He even appointed me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petraea pays to the king of kings I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality, but take the freedom to dispense with that of paymaster

"The grand Desterham of Babylon sent hither a petty satrap in the name of king Moabdar, to have me strangled This man arrived with his orders I was apprised of all I caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to draw the noose, after which I asked him how much his commission of strangling me might be worth He replied, that his fees would amount to above three hundred pieces of gold I then convinced him that he might gain more by staying with me I made him an inferior robber, and he is now one of my best and richest officers If thou wilt take my advice, thy success may be equal to his Never was there a better season for plunder, since king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confusion"

"Moabdar killed!" said Zadig, "and what has become of queen Astarte?"

"I know not," replied Arbogad "All I know is, that Moabdar lost his senses and was killed, that Babylon is a scene of disorder and bloodshed, that all the empire is desolated, that there are some fine strokes to be made yet, and that, for my own part, I have struck some that are admirable"

"But the queen," said Zadig, "for heaven's sake, knowest thou nothing of the queen's fate?"

"Yes," replied he, "I have heard something of a prince of Hircania If she was not killed in the tumult, she is probably one of his concubines But I am much fonder of booty than news I have taken several women in my excursions, but I keep none of them I sell them at a high price when they are beautiful, without enquiring who they are In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant Perhaps I may have sold queen Astarte, perhaps she is dead, but, be it as it will, it is of little consequence to me, and I should imagine of as little to thee"

So saying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into such confusion that Zadig could obtain no farther information

Zadig remained for some time without speech, sense, or motion Arbogad continued drinking constantly repeated that he was the happiest man in the world, and exhorted Zadig to put himself in the same condition At last the soporiferous fume of the wine lulled him into a gentle repose Zadig passed the night in the most violent perturbation

"What," said he, "did the king lose his senses? and is he killed? I can-

not help lamenting his fate The empire is rent in pieces and this robber is happy O fortune! O destiny! A robber is happy, and the most beautiful of nature's works hath perhaps perished in a barbarous manner, or lives in a state worse than death O Astarte! what has become of thee?"

At day break, he questioned all those he met in the castle, but they were all busy and he received no answer During the night they had made a new capture, and they were now employed in dividing the spoil All he could obtain in this hurry and confusion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the most gloomy and mournful reflections

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of disquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Astarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had seized on the frontiers of Egypt In a word, on all the misfortunes and disappointments he had hitherto suffered

XV THE FISHERMAN

At a few leagues distance from Arbogad's castle he came to the banks of a small river, still deploring his fate, and considering himself as the most wretched of mankind He saw a fisherman lying on the bank of the river, scarcely holding in his weak and feeble hand a net which he seemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven

"I am certainly," said the fisherman, "the most unhappy man in the world I was universally allowed to be the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in Babylon, and yet I am ruined I had the most handsome wife that any man in my situation could have, and by her I have been betrayed I had still left a paltry house, and that I have seen pillaged and destroyed At last I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other resource than fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish Oh, my net! no more will I throw thee into the water, I will throw myself in thy place"

So saying, he arose and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himself into the river, and thus to finish his life

"What," said Zadig, "are there men as wretched as I?"

His eagerness to save the fisherman's life was as sudden as this reflection He runs to him, stops him, and speaks to him with a tender and compassionate air It is commonly supposed that we are less miserable when we have companions in our misery This, according to Zoroaster, does not proceed from malice, but necessity We feel ourselves insensibly drawn to an unhappy person as to one like ourselves The joy of the happy would be an insult, but two men in distress are like two slender trees, mutually supporting each other, fortify themselves against the tempest

"Why," said Zadig to the fisherman, "dost thou sink under thy misfortunes?"

"Because," replied he, "I see no means of relief I was the most considerable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the assistance of my wife I made the best cream-cheese in the empire Queen Astarte, and the famous minister, Zadig, were extremely fond of them I had sent them six hundred cheeses, and one day went to the city to receive my money, but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had disappeared I ran to the house of Lord Zadig, whom I had never seen, and found there the inferior officers of the grand Desterham, who being furnished with a royal license, were plundering it with great loyalty and order From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, some of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead, some said she was in prison, and others pretended that she had made her escape, but they all agreed in assuring me that I would not be paid for my cheese I went with my wife to the house of Lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and begged his protection in my present distress He granted it to my wife, but refused it to me She was whiter than the cream cheeses that began my misfortune, and the lustre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteness For this reason Orcan detained her, and drove me from his house In my despair I wrote a letter to my dear wife She said to the bearer, 'Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little I have heard his name mentioned They say he makes excellent cream cheeses Desire him to send me some and he shall be paid'

"In my distress I resolved to apply to justice I had still six ounces of gold remaining I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I consulted, two to the procurator who undertook my cause, and two to the secretary of the first judge When all this was done, my business was not begun, and I had already expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth I returned to my own village, with an intention to sell my house, in order to enable me to recover my wife

"My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold, but as my neighbors saw I was poor and obliged to sell it, the first to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces, the second twenty, and the third ten Bad as these offers were, I was so blind that I was going to strike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way My house was first sacked and then burned

"Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired into this country, where thou now seest me I have endeavored to gain a subsistence by fishing, but the fish make a mock of me as well as the men I catch none, I die with hunger, and had it not been for thee, august comforter, I should have perished in the river"

The fisherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption, at every moment, Zadig, moved and transported, said

"What! knowest thou nothing of the queen's fate?"

“No my lord,” replied the fisherman, “but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream cheeses, that I have lost my wife, and am now reduced to despair”

“I flatter myself,” said Zadig, “that thou wilt not lose all thy money I have heard of this Zadig, he is an honest man, and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee But with regard to thy wife, who is not so honest, I advise thee not to seek to recover her Believe me, go to Babylon, I shall be there before thee, because I am on horseback, and thou art on foot Apply to the illustrious Cador Tell him thou hast met his friend Wait for me at his house Go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy

“O powerful Oromazes!” continued he, “thou employest me to comfort this man Whom wilt thou employ to give me consolation?”

So saying, he gave the fisherman half the money he had brought from Arabia The fisherman, struck with surprise and ravished with joy, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and said

“Thou art surely an angel sent from heaven to save me!” Meanwhile Zadig continued to make fresh inquiries and to shed tears “What! my lord,” cried the fisherman, “and art thou then so unhappy, thou who bestowest favors?”

“A hundred times more unhappy than thee,” replied Zadig

“But how is it possible,” said the good man, “that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?”

“Because,” replied Zadig, “thy greatest misery arose from poverty, and mine is seated in the heart”

“Did Orcan take thy wife from thee?” said the fisherman

This word recalled to Zadig’s mind the whole of his adventures He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen’s bitch and ending with his arrival at the castle of the robber Arbogad

“Ah!” said he to the fisherman, “Orcan deserves to be punished but it is commonly such men as those that are the favorites of fortune However, go thou to the house of Lord Cador, and there await my arrival”

They then parted the fisherman walked, thanking heaven for the happiness of his condition, and Zadig rode, accusing fortune for the hardness of his lot

XVI THE BASILISK

ARRIVING in a beautiful meadow, he there saw several women, who were searching for something with great application He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to ask if he might have the honor to assist them in their search

“Take care that thou dost not,” replied the Syrian “What we are searching for can be touched only by women”

"Strange," said Zadig "May I presume to ask thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch?"

"It is a basilisk," said she

"A basilisk, madam! and for what purpose, pray, dost thou seek for a basilisk?"

"It is for our lord and master, Ogul, whose castle thou seest on the bank of that river, at the end of that meadow We are his most humble slaves The Lord Ogul is sick His physician hath ordered him to eat a basilisk, stewed in rose water, and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promised to choose for his well beloved wife the woman that shall bring him a basilisk Let me go on in my search, for thou seest what I shall lose if I am forestalled by my companions"

Zadig left her and the other Assyrians to search for their basilisk, and continued his journey through the meadow, when coming to the brink of a small rivulet, he found a lady lying on the grass, and who was not searching for any thing Her person seemed majestic, but her face was covered with a veil She was inclined toward the rivulet, and profound sighs proceeded from her bosom In her hand she held a small rod with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook

Zadig had the curiosity to examine what this woman was writing He drew near He saw the letter Z, then an A, he was astonished then appeared a D, he started But never was surprise equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name He stood for some time immovable At last breaking silence with a faltering voice

"Oh! generous lady! pardon a stranger, an unfortunate man, for presuming to ask thee by what surprising adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand?"

At this voice and these words, the lady lifted up the veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and sinking under the various emotions which at once assaulted her soul fell speechless into his arms It was Astarte herself, it was the queen of Babylon, it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring, it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses, when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness

"O ye immortal powers!" cried he, "who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me? At what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?"

He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust at her feet The queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side

on the brink of the rivulet She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow afresh She twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted She asked by what strange accident they were brought together, and suddenly prevented his answer by other questions She waived the account of her own misfortunes, and desired to be informed of those of Zadig At last, both of them having a little composed the tumult of their souls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow

“But, O unhappy and respectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, clothed in the habit of a slave, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are searching for a basilisk, which, by order of the physician, is to be stewed in rose water?”

“While they are searching for their basilisk,” said the fair Astarte, “I will inform thee of all I have suffered, for which heaven has sufficiently recompensed me, by restoring thee to my sight Thou knowest that the king, my husband, was vexed to see thee, the most amiable of mankind, and that for this reason he one night resolved to strangle thee and poison me Thou knowest how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the orders of his sublime majesty Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a secret passage He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi, his brother, shut me up in that huge statue, whose base reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whose top rises to the summit of the dome I was there buried in a manner, but was served by the magi, and supplied with all the necessaries of life At break of day his majesty’s apothecary entered my chamber with a potion composed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black hellebore, and aconite, and another officer went to thine with a bow string of blue silk Neither of us were to be found Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuse us both He said that thou hadst taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis, on which the king’s guards were immediately dispatched in pursuit of us both

“The couriers who pursued me did not know me I had hardly ever shown my face to any but thee, and to thee only in the presence and by the order of my husband They conducted themselves in the pursuit by the description that had been given of my person On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the same stature with me, and possessed perhaps of greater charms She was weeping and wandering They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent passion, but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handsome, and was comforted She was called Missouf I have since been informed that this name in the

Egyptian language signifies the capricious fair one. She was so in reality, but she had as much cunning as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and gained such an ascendancy over him as to make him choose her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colors. She gave her self up, without scruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her, and on his refusal, she persecuted him with the most unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a pie of sweetmeats. In vain did he represent that he was not a pastry-cook. He was obliged to make it, and lost his place because it was baked a little too hard. The post of master of the horse she gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did she govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loss of me. The king, who till the moment of his resolving to poison me and strangle thee had been a tolerably good kind of man, seemed now to have drowned all his virtues in his immoderate fondness for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feast held in honor of the sacred fire. I saw him implore the gods in behalf of Missouf, at the feet of the statue in which I was inclosed. I raised my voice, I cried out:

“The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reasonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance.”

“At these words Moabdar was confounded and his head became disordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Missouf, conspired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reason entirely forsook him.

“His madness, which seemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the signal for a revolt. The people rose, and ran to arms, and Babylon, which had been so long immersed in idleness and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody civil war. I was taken from the heart of my statue and placed at the head of a party. Cadore flew to Memphis to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of these fatal events, returned with his army and made a third party in Chaldea. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Missouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince’s tent, at the very moment that Missouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtless be pleased to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian, but thou wilt be sorry to be informed that he designed me for his seraglio. He told me, with a blunt and resolute air, that as soon as he had finished a military expedition, which he was just going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great must have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already dissolved, I might have been the wife of Zadig, and I was fallen into the hands of a

barbarian I answered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble sentiment could inspire I had always heard it affirmed that heaven stamped on persons of my condition a mark of grandeur, which, with a single word or glance, could reduce to the lowliness of the most profound respect those rash and forward persons who presume to deviate from the rules of politeness I spoke like a queen, but was treated like a maid servant The Hircanian, without even deigning to speak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handsome He ordered him to take care of me and to put me under the regimen of favorites, that, so my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favors when he should be at leisure to honor me with them I told him, that, rather than submit to his desires, I would put an end to my life He replied with a smile, that women, he believed, were not so blood thirsty, and that he was accustomed to such violent expressions, and then left me with the air of a man who had just put another parrot into his aviary What a state for the first queen in the universe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At these words Zadig threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with his tears Astarte raised him with great tenderness, and thus continued her story

"I now saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the foolish woman with whom I was confined She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt From the description she gave of your person, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumstance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had fought for her I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore resolved to repair thither 'Beautiful Missouf,' said I, 'thou art more handsome than I, and will please the prince of Hircania much better Assist me in contriving the means of my escape Thou wilt then reign alone Thou wilt at once make me happy and rid thyself of a rival'

"Missouf concerted with me the means of my flight, and I departed secretly with a female slave As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized me and sold me to some merchants who brought me to this castle where Lord Ogul resides He bought me without knowing who I was He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God sent him into the world for no other purpose than to sit at table He is so extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of suffocation His physician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digestion, governs him with a despotic sway when he has eaten too much He has persuaded him that a basilisk stewed in rose water will effect a complete cure The Lord Ogul hath promised his hand to the female slave that brings him a basilisk Thou seest that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honor, and never was I less desirous of finding the basilisk than since heaven hath restored thee to my sight"

This account was succeeded by a long conversation between Astarte and Zadig, consisting of every thing that their long suppressed sentiments, their great sufferings, and their mutual love, could inspire into hearts the most noble and tender, and the genu who preside over love carried their words to the sphere of Venus

The women returned to Ogul without having found the basilisk Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and spoke to him in the following terms

“May immortal health descend from heaven to bless all thy days! I am a physician At the first report of thy indisposition I flew to thy castle, and have now brought thee a basilisk stewed in rose water Not that I pretend to marry thee All I ask is the liberty of a Babylonian slave, who hath been in thy possession for a few days, and, if I should not be so happy as to cure thee, magnificent Lord Ogul, I consent to remain a slave in her place ”

The proposal was accepted Astarte set out for Babylon with Zadig’s servant, promising, immediately upon her arrival, to send a courier to inform him of all that had happened Their parting was as tender as their meeting The moment of meeting, and that of parting are the two greatest epochs of life, as sayeth the great book of Zend Zadig loved the queen with as much ardor as he professed, and the queen loved Zadig more than she thought proper to acknowledge

Meanwhile Zadig spoke thus to Ogul

“My lord, my basilisk is not to be eaten, all its virtues must enter through thy pores I have inclosed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine skin Thou must strike this ball with all thy might, and I must strike it back for a considerable time, and by observing this regimen for a few days, thou wilt see the effects of my art ”

The first day Ogul was out of breath, and thought he should have died with fatigue The second, he was less fatigued, and slept better In eight days he recovered all the strength, all the health, all the agility and cheerfulness of his most agreeable years

“Thou hast played at ball, and hast been temperate,” said Zadig “Know that there is no such thing in nature as a basilisk, that temperance and exercise are the two great preservatives of health, and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philosopher’s stone, judicial astrology, or the theology of the magi ”

Ogul’s first physician observing how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a design, in conjunction with the apothecary, to send Zadig to search for a basilisk in the other world Thus, after having suffered such a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of losing his life for curing a gluttonous lord He was invited to an excellent dinner, and was to have been poisoned in the second course, but, during the first, he happily received a courier from the fair Astarte

“When one is beloved by a beautiful woman,” says the great Zoroaster, “he hath always the good fortune to extricate himself out of every kind of difficulty and danger”

XVII THE COMBATS

THE queen was received at Babylon with all those transports of joy which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princess who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared that the queen should marry the man whom they should choose for their sovereign. They were resolved that the first place in the world, that of being husband to Astarte and king of Babylon, should not depend on cabals and intrigues. They swore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, should be found to be possessed of the greatest valor and the greatest wisdom. Accordingly, at the distance of a few leagues from the city, a spacious place was marked out for the list, surrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armor. Each of them had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be seen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights, and those that were so happy as to conquer four, were then to engage with one another, so that he who remained the last master of the field, would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after he was to return to the same place, and to explain the enigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the enigmas, he was not king, and the running at the lances was to begin afresh, till a man should be found who was conqueror in both these combats, for they were absolutely determined to have a king possessed of the greatest wisdom and the most invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be strictly guarded. She was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil, but was not allowed to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favor, nor suffer injustice.

These particulars Astarte communicated to her lover, hoping that, in order to obtain her, he would show himself possessed of greater courage and wisdom than any other person.

Zadig set out on his journey, beseeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his understanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained, and then went to repose himself in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend, Cador, who after the fruitless search he had made for him in Egypt, had now returned to Babylon, sent to his tent a complete suit of armor, which was a present from the queen, as also from himself, one of the finest horses in Persia. Zadig presently perceived that these pres-

ents were sent by Astarte, and from thence his courage derived fresh strength, and his love the most animating hopes

Next day, the queen being seated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot, and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but possessed of little courage, of less address, and scarcely of any judgment at all. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king. He had said in reply, "Such a man as I ought to reign", and thus they had armed him cap à pie. He wore an armor of gold enameled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbons. It was instantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven reserved the sceptre of Babylon. The first knight that ran against him threw him out of his saddle; the second laid him flat on his horse's buttocks, and his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himself, but with so bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burst out a laughing. The third knight disdained to make use of his lance, but, making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half round, laid him prostrate on the sand. The squires of the games ran to him laughing, and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other side. He was conducted back with scornful shouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to pass the night, and as he limped along with great difficulty, he said "What an adventure for such a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themselves with greater ability and success. Some of them conquered two combatants, a few of them vanquished three, but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At last Zadig fought in his turn. He successively threw four knights off their saddles with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be seen who should be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the first were gold and blue, with a plume of the same color, those of the last were white. The wishes of all the spectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whose heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the success of the white color.

The two champions made their passes and vaults with so much agility, they mutually gave and received such dexterous blows with their lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every body but the queen wished there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horses being tired and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem. He passed behind the blue prince, springs upon the buttocks of his horse, seizes him by the middle, throws him on the earth, places himself in the saddle, and

wheels around Otamus as he lay extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus rises in a violent passion, and draws his sword, Zadig leaps from his horse with his sabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their bracelets, and the rings of their armor are driven to a great distance by the violence of a thousand furious blows. They strike with the point and the edge, to the right, to the left, on the head, on the breast, they retreat, they advance, they measure swords, they close, they seize each other, they bend like serpents, they attack like lions, and the fire every moment flashes from their blows. At last Zadig, having recovered his spirits, stops, makes a feint, leaps upon Otamus, throws him on the ground and disarms him, and Otamus cries out

"It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughtest to reign over Babylon!"

The queen was now at the height of her joy. The knight in blue armor, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to serve them at table. It may be easily supposed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themselves to enjoy the sweets of repose till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himself known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was so much fatigued that he could not help sleeping. Itobad, who lay near him, never closed his eyes. He arose in the night, entered his apartment, took the white arms and the device of Zadig, and put his green armor in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that so great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected, however, he was proclaimed while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surprised and filled with despair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almost empty when Zadig awoke, he sought for his arms but could find none but the green armor. With this he was obliged to cover himself, having nothing else near him. Astonished and enraged, he put it on in a furious passion and advanced in this equipage.

The people that still remained in the amphitheatre and the circus received him with hoots and hisses. They surrounded him, and insulted him to his face. Never did man suffer such cruel mortifications. He lost his patience, with his sabre he dispersed such of the populace as dared to affront him, but he knew not what course to take. He could not see the queen, he could not claim the white armor she had sent him without exposing her, and thus, while she was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and distraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armor.

"This," said he, "is the consequence of my having slept too long Had I slept less, I should now have been king of Babylon, and in possession of Astarte Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto served only to make me miserable "

He then let fall some secret murmurings against providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and prospered knights in green armor

XVIII THE HERMIT

ONE of Zadig's greatest mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armor which had exposed him to such contumelious treatment A merchant happening to pass by, he sold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet In this garb he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing providence, which thus continued to persecute him with unremitting severity

While he was thus sauntering along, he met a hermit whose white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention Zadig stopped, and made him a profound obeisance The hermit returned the compliment with such a noble and engaging air, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him He asked him what book it was that he had been reading

"It is the book of destinies," said the hermit "Wouldst thou choose to look into it?"

He put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly versed as he was in several languages, could not decipher a single character of it This only redoubled his curiosity

"Thou seemest," said the good father, "to be in great distress "

"Alas!" replied Zadig, "I have but too much reason "

"If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee," resumed the old man, "perhaps I may be of some service to thee I have often poured the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy "

Zadig felt himself inspired with respect for the dignity, the beard, and the book of the hermit He found, in the course of the conversation, that he was possessed of superior degrees of knowledge The hermit talked of fate, of justice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakness, and of virtue and vice, with such a spirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible charm He earnestly entreated the favor of his company till their return to Babylon

"I ask the same favor of thee," said the old man "Swear to me by Oromazes that, whatever I do, thou wilt not leave me for some days "

Zadig swore, and they set out together In the evening the two travelers arrived at a superb castle The hermit entreated a hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him The porter, whom one

might have mistaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful civility. He presented them to a principal domestic, who showed them his master's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower end of the table, without being honored with the least mark of regard by the lord of the castle, but they were served, like the rest, with delicacy and profusion. They were then presented, in a golden basin adorned with emeralds and rubies, with water to wash their hands. At last they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment, and in the morning a domestic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

"The master of the house," said Zadig, as they were proceeding on the journey, "appears to be a generous man, though somewhat too proud. He nobly performs the duties of hospitality."

At that instant he observed that a kind of large pocket, which the hermit had, was filled and distended, and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden basin adorned with precious stones, which the hermit had stolen. He durst not then take any notice of it, but he was filled with a strange surprise.

About noon the hermit came to the door of a paltry house, inhabited by a rich miser, and begged the favor of an hospitable reception for a few hours. An old servant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, sour wine, and mouldy bread. The hermit ate and drank with as much seeming satisfaction as he had done the evening before, and then addressing himself to the old servant who watched them both to prevent them stealing anything, and had rudely pressed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility.

"Pray," added he, "allow me to speak to thy master."

The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travelers.

"Magnificent lord!" said the hermit, "I cannot but return thee my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou hast entertained us. Be pleased to accept of this golden basin as a small mark of my gratitude."

The miser started, and was ready to fall backwards, but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, instantly departed with his young fellow traveler.

"Father," said Zadig, "what is the meaning of all this? Thou seemest to me to be entirely different from other men. Thou stealest a golden basin adorned with precious stones, from a lord who received thee magnificently, and givest it to a miser who treats thee with indignity."

"Son," replied the old man, "this magnificent lord, who receives strangers only from vanity and ostentation, will hereby be rendered more wise, and the miser will learn to practice the duties of hospitality. Be surprised at nothing, but follow me."

Zadig knew not as yet whether he was in company with the most foolish or the most prudent of mankind, but the hermit spoke with such an ascendancy that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuse to follow him

In the evening they arrived at a house built with equal elegance and simplicity, where nothing savored either of prodigality or avarice. The master of it was a philosopher who had retired from the world, and who cultivated in peace the study of virtue and wisdom, without any of that rigid and morose severity so commonly found in men of his character. He had chosen to build this fine house in which he received strangers with a generosity free from ostentation. He went himself to meet the two travelers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, and desired them to repose themselves. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repast, during which he spoke with great judgment of the last revolutions in Babylon. He seemed to be strongly attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to contend for the crown.

"But the people," added he, "do not deserve to have such a king as Zadig."

Zadig blushed and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the course of the conversation, that the things of this world did not always answer the wishes of the wise. The hermit maintained that the ways of providence were inscrutable, and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they understood but the smallest part. They talked of the passions.

"Ah," said Zadig, "how fatal are their effects!"

"They are the winds," replied the hermit, "that swell the sails of the ship, it is true, they sometimes sink her, but without them she could not sail at all. The bile makes us sick and choleric, but without the bile we could not live. Everything in this world is dangerous, and yet everything in it is necessary."

The conversation turned on pleasure, and the hermit proved that it was a present bestowed by the deity.

"For," said he, "man cannot either give himself sensations or ideas he receives all, and pain and pleasure proceed from a foreign cause as well as his being."

Zadig was surprised to see a man who had been guilty of such extravagant actions, capable of reasoning with so much judgment and propriety. At last, after a conversation equally entertaining and instructive, the host led back his two guests to their apartment, blessing heaven for having sent him two men possessed of so much wisdom and virtue. He offered them money with such an easy and noble air that it could not possibly give any offence. The hermit refused it, and said that he must now take his leave of him, as he proposed to set out for Babylon in the

morning before it was light Their parting was tender Zadig especially felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of such an amiable character

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they spent a long time in praising their host At break of day the old man awakened his companion

“We must now depart,” said he, “but while all the family are still asleep, I will leave this man a mark of my esteem and affection ”

So saying he took a candle and set fire to the house Zadig, struck with horror, cried aloud, and endeavored to hinder him from committing such a barbarous action, but the hermit drew him away by a superior force, and the house was soon in flames The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a considerable distance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquillity

“Thanks be to God,” said he, “the house of my dear host is entirely destroyed! Happy man!”

At these words Zadig was at once tempted to burst out in laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away But he did none of all these, for still subdued by the powerful ascendancy of the hermit, he followed him, in spite of himself, to the next stage

This was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handsome and promising youth, and her only hope She performed the honors of the house as well as she could Next day, she ordered her nephew to accompany the strangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in passing The young man walked before them with great alacrity As they were crossing the bridge, the hermit said to the youth

“Come, I must show my gratitude to thy aunt ”

He then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river The boy sank, appeared again on the surface of the water, and was swallowed up by the current

“O monster! O thou most wicked of mankind!” cried Zadig

“Thou promised to behave with greater patience,” said the hermit, interrupting him “Know, that under the ruins of that house which providence hath set on fire, the master hath found an immense treasure know, that this young man, whose life providence hath shortened, would have assassinated his aunt in the space of a year, and thee in that of two ”

“Who told thee so, barbarian?” cried Zadig, “and though thou hadst read this event in thy book of destinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never did thee any harm?”

While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he observed that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his countenance assumed the features and complexion of youth The hermit’s habit disappeared, and four beautiful wings covered a majestic body resplendent with light

"O sent of heaven! O diviné angel!" cried Zadig, humbly prostrating himself on the ground, "Hast thou then descended from the empyrean to teach a weak mortal to submit to the eternal decrees of providence?"

"Men," said the angel Jesrad, ' judge of all without knowing any thing, and, of all men, thou best deservest to be enlightened "

Zadig begged to be permitted to speak

"I distrust myself," said he, ' but may I presume to ask the favor of thee to clear up one doubt that still remains in my mind Would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him? "

' Had he been virtuous,' replied Jesrad, "and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to have been assassinated himself together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her "

"But why," said Zadig, "is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that these misfortunes should fall on the good?"

"The wicked," replied Jesrad, "are always unhappy They serve to prove and try the small number of the just that are scattered through the earth, and there is no evil that is not productive of some good "

"But," said Zadig, "suppose there was nothing but good and no evil at all "

"Then," replied Jesrad, "this earth would be another earth the chain of events would be ranged in another order and directed by wisdom But this other order, which would be perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that resembles another This immense variety is the effect of his immense power There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanse of heaven, that are exactly similar and all that thou seest on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be, in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all Men think that this child, who hath just perished, is fallen into the water by chance, and that it is by the same chance that this house is burned But there is no such thing as chance All is either a trial, or a punishment, or a reward, or a foresight Remember the fisherman, who thought himself the most wretched of mankind Oromazes sent thee to change his fate Cease then, frail mortal, to dispute against what thou oughtest to adore "

"But," said Zadig —

As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight toward the tenth sphere Zadig on his knees adored providence, and submitted The angel cried to him from on high

"Direct thy course toward Babylon "

XIX THE ENIGMAS

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whose head the thunder had burst, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace to explain the enigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi. All the knights were already present, except the knight in green armor. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded around him, every eye was fixed on him, every mouth blessed him, and every heart wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass, he frowned and turned aside. The people conducted him to the place where the assembly was held. The queen, when informed of his arrival, became a prey to the most violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehension. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armor.

When the knights who had fought were directed to appear in the assembly, Zadig said, "I have fought as well as the other knights, but another here wears my arms, and while I wait for the honor of proving the truth of my assertion, I demand the liberty of presenting myself to explain the enigmas."

The question was put to vote, and his reputation for probity was so well established, that they admitted him without scruple.

The first question proposed by the grand magi, was "What, of all things in the world is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to speak. He replied, that so great a man as he did not understand enigmas, and that it was sufficient for him to have conquered by his strength and valor. Some said that the meaning of the enigma was fortune, some, the earth, and others, the light. Zadig said that it was time

"Nothing," added he, "is longer, since it is the measure of eternity. Nothing is shorter, since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of our projects. Nothing more slow to him that expects, nothing more rapid to him that enjoys. In greatness it extends to infinity, in smallness it is infinitely divisible. All men neglect it, all regret the loss of it, nothing can be done without it. It consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity, and it immortalizes such actions as are truly great."

The assembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

The next question was "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, and which we lose without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed that it was

life, and he explained all the other enigmas with the same facility Itobad always said that nothing was more easy, and that he could have answered them with the same readiness, had he chosen to have given himself the trouble Questions were then proposed on justice, on the sovereign good, and on the art of government Zadig's answers were judged to be the most solid, and the people exclaimed

"What a pity it is, that so great a genius should be so bad a knight!"

"Illustrious lords," said Zadig, "I have had the honor of conquering in the tournaments It is to me that the white armor belongs Lord Itobad took possession of it during my sleep He probably thought it would fit him better than the green I am now ready to prove in your presence, with my gown and sword, against all that beautiful white armor which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honor of conquering the brave Otamus "

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence He never doubted but that, armed as he was with a helmet, a cuirass, and brassarts, he would obtain an easy victory over a champion in a cap and a night gown Zadig drew his sword, saluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy Itobad drew his, without saluting any one He rushed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear he was ready to cleave him in two Zadig knew how to ward off his blows, by opposing the the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of that of his adversary, in such a manner that Itobad's sword was broken Upon which Zadig, seizing his enemy by the waist, threw him on the ground and fixing the point of his sword at the extremity of his breast plate, exclaimed "Suffer thyself to be disarmed, or thou art a dead man "

Itobad, greatly surprised at the disgrace that happened to such a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great composure, his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his fine brassarts, his shining cusses, clothed himself with them, and in this dress ran to throw himself at the feet of Astarte Cador easily proved that the armor belonged to Zadig He was acknowledged king by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, and especially by that of Astarte, who, after so many calamities, now tasted the exquisite pleasure of seeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of the world, to be her husband Itobad went home to be called lord in his own house Zadig was king, and was happy He recollected what the angel Jesrad had said to him He even remembered the grain of sand that gave a diamond He sent in search of the robber Arbogad, to whom he gave an honorable post in his army, promising to advance him to the first dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior, and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profession of a robber

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon Cador was preferred and distinguished according to his great services He was the friend of the

king, and the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend
The little mute was not forgotten A fine house was given to the fisher
man, and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum of money, and
to restore him his wife, but the fisherman, who had now become wise, took
only the money

The beautiful Semira could not be comforted for having believed that
Zadig would be blind of an eye, nor did Azora cease to lament her attempt
to cut off his nose their griefs, however, he softened by his presents The
capricious beauty, Missouf, was left unnoticed The envious man died of
rage and shame The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and plenty This was
the happiest age of the earth It was governed by love and justice The
people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven

PROSPER MERIMÉE

(1803-1870)

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE was born at Paris in 1803. Though he was during most of his life a government official he did a great deal of travelling and much writing. The best and most characteristic of his works are his short stories and short novels. Of these the most readable is *Carmen* one of the most perfect specimens of the short novel form.

The present translation, which is anonymous is reprinted from an undated edition Philadelphia

CARMEN

I HAVE always suspected geographers of not knowing what they were talking about when they place the battlefield of Munda in the country of the Bastuli Pœni, near the modern Monda, some leagues to the north of Marbella. According to my own interpretation of the text of the anonymous author of "Bellum Hispaniense," and after some information collected in the excellent library of the Duke of Osuna, I considered it necessary to seek in the environs of Montilla for the memorable spot where for the last time Cæsar played double or quits against the champions of the Republic. Finding myself in Andalusia about the beginning of the autumn of 1830, I made a rather lengthened excursion with a view to clear up the doubts which still remained in my mind on this question. A pamphlet which I shall shortly publish will, I trust, leave no uncertainty in the minds of all honest archæologists. Pending the time when my dissertation shall resolve once for all this geographical problem which keeps all scientific Europe in suspense, I wish to relate a little story, which will in no degree prejudice the interesting question of the site of Munda.

I had engaged a guide and two horses at Cordova, and set out with Cæsar's Commentaries and a few shirts as my only baggage. One day, while wandering in the elevated part of the plain of Cachena, tired out, dying of thirst, broiled by the vertical sun, I was just consigning Cæsar and the sons of Pompey to the devil, when I perceived at some distance from the path which I was following a little green space dotted with rushes and reeds. These announced the vicinity of a spring. In fact, as I approached I perceived that the seeming greensward was a marsh in which a streamlet, emerging, as it seemed, from a narrow gorge between two lofty

buttresses of the Sierra di Calva, lost itself. I concluded that if I ascended a little farther I should find clearer and fresher water, and fewer leeches and frogs, with perhaps a little shade between the boulders. At the entrance of the gorge my horse neighed, and another horse, which I could not see, immediately replied.

I had scarcely advanced a hundred paces when the gorge suddenly opened out and displayed to my view a kind of natural amphitheatre, entirely shaded by the lofty cliffs which enclosed it. It was impossible to meet with any spot which promised a traveller a more agreeable resting-place. At the base of the perpendicular cliffs the stream rushed out and fell bubbling into a little basin lined with sand white as snow. Five or six beautiful and verdant oaks, always sheltered from the wind here, and watered by the stream, rose beside its source and covered it with their leafy shade, lastly, around the basin grew a rich fine grass which offered a better bed than one could find in any inn for ten leagues round.

But the honor of discovering this charming retreat did not rest with me. A man was already reposing there, and was no doubt asleep when I penetrated thither. Awakened by the neighing of the horses, he arose and approached his steed, which had taken advantage of master's sleeping to make a good meal of the luxuriant grass around him. His owner was a young fellow of medium height, but of robust build, and with a gloomy and proud look on his face. His complexion, which may have been good, had by exposure become even darker than his hair. In one hand he grasped the halter of his steed, in the other he held a brass blunderbuss. I must confess that at first the sight of the blunderbuss and the fierce aspect of the man surprised me, but I no longer believed in brigands, having only heard of them, but never having met any of them. Besides, I had seen so many honest farmers armed to the teeth to proceed to market that the mere sight of fire arms was not sufficient evidence upon which to base the dishonesty of the unknown. And then I thought, what would he want with my shirts and my volume of *Elzevir Commentaries*?

So I saluted the man of the blunderbuss with an easy bow, and inquired with a smile whether I had disturbed him from his siesta. Without answering he measured me with his eyes from head to foot, then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he paid the same attention to my guide, who was approaching. I perceived the latter turn pale, and pull up with every symptom of terror. An unlucky meeting, I thought, but prudence immediately counselled me not to display any uneasiness. I dismounted, told the guide to unbridle the horses, and kneeling down beside the spring, I plunged my head and hands into it, then lying flat on the ground like the wicked soldiers of Gideon, I took a deep draught.

Nevertheless, I managed to keep an eye on the guide and the unknown. The former approached with manifest hesitation, the latter did not appear to harbor any evil intentions against us, for he had released his horse

again, and his blunderbuss, which he had at first grasped horizontally and held "ready," was now held muzzle downwards

Not thinking it worth while to be offended at the slight value put upon me, I lay down upon the grass, and in an easy manner asked the man with the blunderbuss whether he had a tinder box about him. At the same time I took out my cigar case. The unknown, still in silence, fumbled in his pocket for the box, and taking it out, hastened to strike a light for me. He was evidently getting sociable, for he came and sat down opposite me, but without putting aside his weapon. My cigar alight, I selected the best of those remaining in my case, and inquired whether he would smoke.

"Yes, sir," he replied. These were the first words he had uttered, and I remarked that he did not pronounce the S's in the Andalusian manner, from which circumstance I concluded that he was a traveller like myself, less the archaeological inspiration.

"You will find this pretty good," I said, as I handed him a genuine *regala Habana*.

He bowed slightly, lighted his cigar from mine, thanked me with another bow, and began to smoke with every appearance of intense satisfaction.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he permitted the smoke to escape slowly from his mouth and nostrils, "what a time it is since I have smoked!"

In Spain a cigar offered and accepted establishes friendly relations, as in the East the partaking of bread and salt ensures hospitality. My companion proved himself more communicative than I had hoped. However, although he declared himself a native of the province of Montilla, he appeared to be very slightly acquainted with the district. He did not know the name of the charming valley in which we were resting. He could not name any village in the neighborhood, and at length, in reply to my question as to whether he had not noticed in the environs some ruined walls and carved stones, he confessed that he never paid any attention to such things. On the other hand, he showed himself a connoisseur in horse flesh. He criticised my horse — which was not difficult, then he told me the pedigree of his own, which came from the famous Cordova stud, a noble animal indeed, and so insensible to fatigue that, as his master said, he had on one occasion made ninety miles in the day at speed. In the midst of this tirade the unknown suddenly checked himself, as if surprised and sorry that he had said so much.

"It was when I was in a great hurry to reach Cordova," he continued with some embarrassment, "I had to prosecute a lawsuit."

As he was speaking he looked at my guide, Antonio, who lowered his eyes.

The shade and the spring charmed me so that I recollected some slices of an excellent ham which my friends in Montilla had put in my guide's haversack. I made him fetch them, and invited the stranger to join me in my impromptu picnic. If he had not smoked for a long while, it seemed to

me that he must have fasted for forty eight hours, at least He ate like a famished wolf I thought my appearance had been quite providential for the poor devil My guide, however, ate little, drank less, and spoke not at all, although at the beginning of our journey he had been a tremendous chatterer The presence of our guest seemed to be a restraint upon him, and a kind of mutual distrust kept them apart, the cause of this I could not determine

The last morsels of bread and ham had been eaten, we had each smoked a second cigar, I ordered the guide to bridle the horses, and I was about to take leave of my new acquaintance, when he asked me where I intended to pass the night

Before I could attend to a sign from my guide, I had replied that I was making for the Venta del Cuervo

“A bad lodging for such a person as you, sir I am going thither, and if you will permit me to accompany you we will go together ”

“Very willingly,” I replied as I mounted my horse My guide, who was holding the stirrup, made me another sign I replied to it by shrugging my shoulders, as if to assure him that I was quite easy in my mind, and then we started

The mysterious signs of Antonio, his uneasiness, the few words that escaped the unknown, particularly the account of the thirty league ride, and the by no means plausible explanation which he had offered, had already formed my opinion concerning my travelling companion I had no doubt whatever that I had to do with a *contrabandista*, perhaps with a brigand What matter? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be certain that I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me His very presence was a protection against all untoward adventures Moreover, I was rather glad to know what a brigand was like One does not meet them every day, and there is a certain charm in finding oneself in company with a dangerous person, particularly when one finds him gentle and subdued

I hoped to lead the unknown to confide in me by degrees, and notwithstanding the winks of my guide, I led the conversation to the bandits Of course I spoke of them with all respect There was at that time a famous bandit in Andalusia named José Maria, whose exploits were in every one’s mouth “Suppose I am in the company of Jose Maria!” I said to myself I told all the anecdotes of this hero that I knew — all those in his praise, of course, and loudly expressed my admiration of his bravery and generosity

“José Maria is only a scamp,” replied the stranger coldly

“Is he doing himself justice, or is it only modesty on his part?” I asked myself, for, after considering my companion carefully, I began to apply to him the description of Jose Maria which I had read posted up on the gates of many towns of Andalusia Yes, it is he certainly Fair hair, blue

eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet vest with silver buttons, gaiters of white skin, a bay horse No doubt about it But let us respect his incognito!

We arrived at the Venta It was just what he had described it — that is to say, one of the most miserable inns that I had ever seen One large room served for kitchen, parlor and bedroom A fire was burning on a flat stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out through a hole in the roof, or rather it stopped there, and hung in a cloud some feet above the ground Beside the wall, on the floor, were extended five or six horsecloths, which were the beds for travellers About twenty paces from the house — or rather from the single room which I have described — was a kind of shed, which did duty for a stable In this delightful retreat there was for the time being no other individual besides an old woman and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both as black as soot, and in rags

“Here,” thought I, “are all that remain of the population of the ancient Munda Bætica O Cæsar, O Sextus Pompey, how astonished you would be if you were to return to this mundane sphere!”

When she perceived my companion the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise

“Ah, Señor Don Jose!” she cried

Don Jose frowned and raised his hand with a gesture of command which made the old woman pause I turned to my guide and with a sign imperceptible to Jose made Antonio understand that I needed no information respecting the man with whom I had to pass the night The supper was better than I had anticipated They served up upon a small table about a foot high an old cock fricassied with rice and pimientos, then pimientos in oil, and lastly, *gaspacho*, a kind of pimento salad Three such highly seasoned dishes obliged us often to have recourse to the flask of Montilla, which we found delicious

Having supped, and perceiving a mandolin hanging against the wall — there are mandolins everywhere in Spain — I asked the little girl who waited on us if she knew how to play it

“No,” she replied, “but Don Jose plays it very well”

“Will you be so good as to sing something?” I said to him “I passionately love your national music”

“I can refuse nothing to so polite a gentleman, who gives me such excellent cigars,” replied José good humoredly, and being handed the mandolin he sang to his own accompaniment His voice was harsh, but rather agreeable, the air was sad and wild, as for the words, I did not understand one of them

“If I am not mistaken,” I said, “that is not a Spanish air which you have just sung It strikes me as resembling the *zorricos* which I have heard in the ‘Provinces,’ and the words seem to be in the Basque tongue”

“Yes,” replied José with a sombre air He placed the mandolin on the

ground, and sat contemplating the dying embers with a singularly sad expression Illuminated by the lamp placed on the little table, his face, at once noble and ferocious, recalled Milton's Satan Like him, perhaps, my companion was thinking of a heaven he had quitted — of the exile to which his sin had condemned him I endeavored to engage him in conversation, but he did not reply, so absorbed was he in his sad reflections

By this time the old woman had retired to rest in a corner of the room behind a primitive screen formed of a rag suspended from a cord The little girl had followed her into this retreat reserved for the fair sex Then my guide, rising, invited me to follow him to the stable, but at this Jose, as if waking up with a start, demanded in a rough tone whither he was going

“To the stable,” replied the guide

“What for? The horses have plenty to eat Lie down here, the gentleman will permit it ”

“I am afraid the Señor's horse may be ill I want the Señor to see it, perhaps he will know what to do ”

It was evident that Antonio wished to speak to me in private, but I did not care to arouse Don Jose's suspicions, and under the circumstances it appeared to me that the best line to take would be to display the greatest confidence So I informed Antonio that I knew nothing about horses, and that I was very sleepy Don Jose followed the man to the stable, and soon returned alone He told me that the horse had nothing the matter with him, but the guide valued the steed so highly that he was rubbing him with his vest to make him perspire, and intended to continue the occupation during the night However, I was soon extended beneath the rugs carefully wrapped in my cloak so as to avoid contact with them After begging pardon for the liberty which he was taking in lying close to me, Don Jose lay down before the door, first having renewed the priming of his blunderbuss which he took care to place beneath the haversack which served him for a pillow Five minutes after we had wished each other good night we were both buried in profound slumber

I had believed that I was sufficiently tired to sleep in such a place as that, but after an hour a very disagreeable itching aroused me from my first nap As soon as I understood the nature of the disturbing cause, I rose, firmly convinced that it would be better to pass the night in the open air than under such an inhospitable roof I gained the door on tiptoe, and stepping over Don Jose, who was sleeping the sleep of the just, I managed to quit the house without arousing him Near the door was a large wooden bench, on this I lay down and settled myself for the night as well as I could I was about to shut my eyes for the second time, when I fancied I perceived the shadow of a man and a horse passing in front of me and not making the slightest noise I jumped up, and thought I recognized Antonio Surprised to see him out of the stable at such an hour I advanced to meet him He stopped when he perceived me approaching

"Where is he?" asked Antonio in a low voice

"In the venta he is asleep, he has no fear of fleas Why have you brought the horse out?"

Then I remarked that Antonio — so as not to make any noise in quitting the shed, had carefully enveloped the horse's feet in the fragments of an old cloth

"Speak lower, in the name of God," he said "You do not know who that man is He is Jose Navarro, the most famous bandit in Andalusia I have been making signs to you all day which you would not understand "

"Bandit or not, what does it matter to me?" I replied "He has not robbed us, and I will wager that he has no intention of doing so "

"All very well, but there is a price of two hundred ducats on his head I know where there is a detachment of lancers about a league and a half distant, and before daybreak I will bring some stout fellows here I would have taken his horse, but he is so vicious that no one save Navarro can go near him "

"What the devil are you about?" I said "What harm has the poor man done to you that should betray him? Besides, are you certain that he is the brigand you say he is?"

"Perfectly certain Just now he followed me into the stable and said, 'You seem to know me If you tell this good gentleman who I am I will wring your neck!' Remain with him, sir, you have nothing to fear So long as you are there he will have no suspicions "

While we were speaking we had got some distance from the venta, and no one in it would hear the sound of the horse's hoofs In the twinkling of an eye Antonio took off the wrappings and prepared to mount I endeavored to detain him by prayers, and even by threats

"I am a poor devil, sir," he replied, "and I cannot afford to lose two hundred ducats, particularly when I can also rid the country of such vermin as is yonder But take care! If Navarro wakes he will rush for his blunderbuss, so mind yourself I have gone too far to retreat You can suit yourself "

The scoundrel was already in the saddle He spurred his horse, and was soon hidden from my view in the darkness

I was very much annoyed with my guide, and not a little uneasy After a moment's reflection I made up my mind what course to pursue, and re-entered the venta Don Jose was still asleep, repairing, no doubt, the fatigues and watches of many days preceding I was obliged to shake him roughly before I could arouse him Never shall I forget his fierce look and the action with which he sought to grasp his blunderbuss, which I had removed as a matter of precaution

"Sir," said I, "I ask your pardon for disturbing you, but I have a simple question to ask Would you be pleased to see half a dozen lancers come here?"

He leaped to his feet, and in a terrible tone said, "Who has told you that?"

“No matter whence comes the advice so that it is good ”

“Your guide has betrayed me, but he shall answer for it Where is he?”

“I do not know In the stable, I think, but some one has told me” —

“Who told you? The old woman perhaps?”

“Some one whom I do not know Without more words, have you — yes or no — any reason which renders it advisable for you to avoid the soldiers? If you have, do not lose time — if not, then good night, and I beg your pardon for wakening you ”

“Ah, your guide — your guide! I suspected him at first, but his account will be settled! Adieu, sir, God reward you for the service I owe you I am not so bad as you believe me to be, yes, there is still in me something which deserves the sympathy of a brave man Adieu, sir, I have only one regret, and that is my inability to pay my debt to you ”

“For the service which I render you, Don Jose, promise me to suspect no one — do not think of vengeance Hold — here are some cigars for you *Bon voyage!*” — and I extended my hand to him

He shook mine without replying, seized his blunderbuss and his sack, and after saying a few words to the old woman in a slang I did not understand, he hurried to the shed A few minutes afterwards I heard him gallop away into the open country

As for me, I retired to my bench but I could not sleep I interrogated myself as to whether I had any right to save a robber — perhaps a murderer — from the gallows, and that only because I had eaten with him some ham and rice Had I not betrayed my guide, who was upholding the laws? had I not exposed myself to the revenge of a villain? But the duties of hospitality? “A prejudice of savagery,” I said to myself, “I shall have to be responsible for all the crimes that the bandit hereafter may commit ” However, is it a prejudice — this instinct of conscience which defies all reasoning? Perhaps in the delicate situation in which I was placed, I might be able to escape without remorse? I was balanced in the greatest uncertainty respecting the morality of my action when I saw half a dozen horse-soldiers returning with Antonio, who kept prudently in the rear I met them half way, and informed them that the bandit had escaped two hours previously The old woman, when questioned by the corporal, replied that she knew Navarro, but that, living alone, she did not dare risk her life by denouncing him She added that he was always in the habit of departing in the middle of the night when he came to her house As for me, I was compelled to proceed a distance of some leagues to show my passport, and sign a declaration before the alcalde, after which I was permitted to resume my archæological researches Antonio nursed a grudge against me — for he suspected that it was I who had prevented him from gaining the reward of two hundred ducats Nevertheless we parted good friends at Cordova, where I presented him with a gratuity as large as the condition of my finances permitted me to give

II

I SPENT some days in Cordova. Some MS in the Dominican library had been indicated to me, and in this I expected to find some interesting information concerning the ancient Munda. Being very well received by the good monks I passed the days in their monastery, and in the evenings I walked about the town. At Cordova at sunset there are always a number of idlers about the quay which borders the right bank of the Guadalquivir. There one breathes the odors of a tannery which still preserves the old reputation of the country for the preparation of leather, but on the other hand one enjoys a sight which is well worth seeing. Some minutes before the Angelus is rung a number of women assemble on the bank of the river at the end of the quay, which is raised considerably. Not a man dares to mingle with this troop. Immediately the Angelus sounds night is supposed to have set in. At the last stroke of the bell all the women undress and plunge into the water. Then arise cries, laughter, and an infernal din. From the top of the quay the men contemplate the bathers staring at them with open eyes, but seeing little. Nevertheless these white and undefined forms, which are perceptible in the deep azure waters of the river, cause poetic minds to conceive, and with a little imagination it is not difficult to represent to oneself Diana and her nymphs in the bath, without fear of sharing the fate of Actæon. I was informed that on one occasion some scapegraces, by bribing the bell ringer of the cathedral, induced him to ring the Angelus twenty minutes in advance of the usual hour. Although it was broad daylight, the nymphs of the Guadalquivir did not hesitate, and trusting more to the Angelus than the sun, they made innocence their bathing dress — which is always of the simplest fashion. I was not there. In my time the bell ringer was incorruptible, the twilight not very clear, and only a cat would have been able to distinguish the oldest orange seller from the prettiest *grisette* in Cordova.

One evening at the hour when there is nothing to be seen, I was smoking, leaning upon the parapet of the quay, when a woman ascended the steps which led down to the river, and seated herself close to me. She had in her hair a large bunch of jessamine, which emitted a strong perfume. She was simply, perhaps poorly, clad, in black, as most of the girls are in the evening. The fashionable ladies only wear black in the morning, in the evening they dress *a la Francesca*. As she approached me the bather let fall on her shoulders the mantilla with which she had covered her head, and in the starlight I could perceive that she was pretty, young, well made, and that she had very large eyes. I quickly threw away my cigar. She at once appreciated this attention — a politeness entirely French — and hastened to inform me that she liked the smell of tobacco smoke very much, and that even she herself smoked when she could get very mild cigarettes. Fortunately I had some such in my case, and hastened to offer them to

her She condescended to take one, and lighted it at the burning end of a cork which a child brought us for a halfpenny Smoking together we conversed so long — the pretty bather and I — that we found ourselves alone upon the quay I did not consider that there was anything indiscreet in suggesting that we should go and have some ices at a *neveria* After some modest hesitation she consented, but before deciding she wished to know what time it was I made my repeater strike the hour, and this astonished her very much “What inventions they have in your country! What countryman are you? English, no doubt ”

“A Frenchman, and your humble servant, mademoiselle, or madame You are probably of Cordova?”

“No ”

“You are at least Andalusian? I fancy I can detect as much in your soft accent ”

“If you remark people’s accents so closely you ought to be able to divine who I am ”

“I believe you are of the Holy Land — a few steps from Paradise ”

I had learnt this metaphor, which refers to Andalusia, from my friend Francisco Sevilla, the well-known *picador*

“Bah! — Paradise! People here say it is not for such as we ”

“Then you must be Moorish, or —” I stopped, not liking to say “a Jewess ”

“Go along! go along! You see quite well that I am a gypsy Do you wish me to tell you *la baji* (good fortune)? Have you ever heard of La Carmencita? I am she!”

I was such an infidel at that time — it is fifteen years ago, remember — that I did not recoil with horror at finding myself in company with a sorceress “All right,” I said to myself “Last week I supped with a bandit — a highway robber, to day I am eating ices with a handmaiden of the devil! When travelling it is well to see everything!” I had besides another reason for cultivating her acquaintance When I quitted the University I confess to my shame that I had lost some time in studying the occult sciences, and many times I had attempted to summon up the spirits of darkness Although long before cured of my passion for such researches, I nevertheless still retained a certain curiosity regarding all superstitions, and it was a treat to me to ascertain to what pitch the arts of magic had attained amongst the gypsies

As we chatted we had entered the *neveria*, and seated ourselves at a small table lighted by a wax candle placed within a glass shade I had then plenty of opportunity to observe the *gitana*, while respectable people eating their ices were astounded to see me in such society

I very much doubt whether Mademoiselle Carmen was of the true blood — at any rate, she was the prettiest of all the women of her race whom I ever met To be beautiful, a woman, say the Spaniards, must unite in her-

self thirty points, or, if you please, you may define her by ten adjectives, each applicable to three parts of her person. For instance, she should have three black points — the eyes, the eyelids, and the eyebrows, three delicate, fine — the fingers, the lips, and the hair, &c. See Brantome for the others. My Bohemian could not pretend to the necessary perfection. Her skin, though quite smooth, approached somewhat to the coppery tinge. Her eyes were obliquely set, but large and full, her lips rather thick, but well cut, and permitted the teeth — white as blanched almonds — to be seen. Her hair was perhaps a trifle coarse, but had a blue sheen running through it, like that one sees in a raven's wings, and was long and luxuriant. Not to weary you with a detailed description, I will merely say that with each fault she united a good point, which came out perhaps more by virtue of the contrast. She was of a strange and savage beauty — a face which at first surprised you, but it was one you could never forget. Her eyes especially had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, which I have never since noticed in any human eyes. "Eye of gypsy, eye of wolf" is a Spanish saying which denotes quick observation. If you have not time to go to the Zoological Gardens to study the expression of the wolf's eyes, look at your cat when he is watching a sparrow!

One felt that it would be ridiculous to have one's fortune told in a cafe, so I begged the pretty sorceress to permit me to accompany her home. She agreed without difficulty, but again she was anxious to know how time sped, and begged me to strike my repeater once more.

"Is it really gold?" she asked, as she gazed at the watch attentively.

When we resumed our way it was dark night, the majority of the shops were shut, and the streets were almost deserted. We passed the bridge over the Guadalquivir and at the end of the suburb we reached a house with nothing of the palatial about it. A child opened the door to us. The gypsy said something to her in a language unknown to me, which I have since discovered was the Romany, or *chepe calli*, the idiom of the *gitanos*. The child immediately disappeared, leaving us in a room of considerable dimensions, furnished with a small table, two stools, and a chest. I must not forget a jar of water, a pile of oranges, and a hank of onions.

As soon as we were alone the gypsy took from the chest a pack of cards, which appeared to have seen much service, a loadstone, a dried chameleon, and some other objects necessary for the practice of her art. Then she bade me cross my left hand with a piece of silver, and the magic ceremonies began. It is useless to repeat her predictions, but by her manner of operating it was evident that she was a practised sorceress.

Unfortunately it was not long ere we were disturbed. The door was suddenly and violently thrown open, a man wrapped up to the eyes in a brown cloak entered the room, and apostrophised the gypsy in a by no means gentle fashion. I did not understand what he was saying, but the tone of his voice indicated that he was in a very bad temper. The *gitano*

exhibited neither surprise nor anger at his appearance, but she hastened to meet him, and with extraordinary volubility addressed some words to him in the mysterious language which she had already made use of in my presence. The word *payllo*, frequently repeated, was the only one I understood. I was aware that by this term the gypsies designate any stranger. Supposing that it referred to me, I anticipated a rather delicate explanation, already I had grasped one of the legs of the stool, and was communing with myself as to the precise moment when I should hurl it at the head of the intruder, when the latter, pushing the girl rudely aside, advanced towards me, and then recoiling, exclaimed —

“Ah, sir, it is *you* then!”

I looked at him in my turn, and recognized my acquaintance Don Jose. At that moment a feeling of regret that I had not let him be hanged came over me.

“Ah, it is you, my brave fellow!” I exclaimed, laughing with as little bitterness as I could manage. “You have interrupted mademoiselle and me at the very moment when she was revealing to me some very interesting things.”

“Always the same — this shall finish it!” he muttered between his teeth, and darting a furious look at her.

The gypsy nevertheless continued to address him in her language. She got more excited by degrees. Her eyes flashed, became suffused with blood, and terrible in their aspect, her features contracted, she stamped her foot, it seemed to me that she was inciting him to do something which he had some hesitation in doing. What it was I understood only too well when I saw her pass and repass her little hand across her neck. I was constrained to believe that it was a question of cutting somebody’s throat, and I had some suspicion that this throat was my own!

To all this torrent of eloquence Don Jose only replied sharply in a few words. Then the gypsy darted at him a glance of profound contempt, and seating herself *a la turque* in a corner of the room, she selected an orange from the heap, peeled it, and began to eat it.

Don Jose took me by the arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We proceeded about two hundred paces in silence. Then extending his hand he said, “Keep straight on and you will come to the bridge!”

He immediately turned his back upon me, and hurried away. I reached my inn feeling somewhat sheepish and in bad temper. The worst of it was that when I undressed, I perceived my watch was missing!

Several considerations prevented me from seeking to recover it in the morning, or to solicit the aid of the law in seeking it. I finished my work on the manuscript in the convent, and started for Seville. After several months’ wandering in Andalusia I returned to Madrid and I was obliged to pass Cordova. I had no intention of making a long stay there, for I had taken a dislike to this fine city and its bathers. However, there were some

friends to be visited, some commissions to be executed, which would detain me in the ancient capital of the Mussulman princes for three or four days

As soon as I made my appearance at the convent of the Dominicans one of the fathers, who had always displayed the keenest interest in my researches concerning the site of Munda, welcomed me with open arms

"God be praised," he said "Welcome indeed, my dear friend We believed you dead, and I myself have said *paters* and *aves* — which I do not regret — for the repose of your soul! So you have not been assassinated, we knew you had been robbed!"

"How so?" I inquired in surprise

"Well, you remember you used to strike that beautiful watch of yours when we wanted to know the time in the library It has been found, and will be returned to you" —

"That is to say," interrupted I, somewhat put out of countenance, "supposing I have lost it"

"The scoundrel is in custody," continued the friar, "and as we knew he was the kind of fellow to shoot a man in order to take a *precette*, we were all terribly afraid he had killed you I will go with you to the *corregidor*, and we will recover your beautiful watch And then don't say that justice is not done in Spain!"

"I confess," I replied, "that I would rather lose my watch than be instrumental in hanging a poor devil, particularly because — because" —

"Oh, do not be in the least alarmed, he is well certified to, and they cannot hang him twice When I say hang him, I mean garotte him This robber of yours is a *hidalgo*, and so he will be garotted the day after tomorrow without fail You perceive that a robbery more or less can make no difference in his case I would to Heaven it were only robbery, but he has committed many murders, each one more horrible than that which preceded it"

"What is his name?"

"He is known in this country as José Navarro, but he has another Basque name which neither you nor I shall ever succeed in pronouncing He is a man to see, and you who love to study the curious characteristics of the country ought not to neglect the opportunity of learning how in Spain these scoundrels are sent out of the world He is in the chapel, and Fra Martinez will conduct you thither"

My friend the Dominican insisted so strongly upon my seeing the apparatus for the *petit pendement bien choix*, that I was unable to resist him I went to see the prisoner, furnished with a bundle of cigars, which I trusted would atone for my intrusion

They admitted me to see Don José just as he was finishing a meal He bowed coldly to me and thanked me politely for the cigars which I had brought him After counting them he selected a few and returned the remainder, observing that he should not want any more than those he then had!

I inquired whether by money or some little influence I could not in some measure ameliorate his condition. At first he shrugged his shoulders, smiling sadly, but after a while changing his mind he begged that I would cause a mass to be said for his soul.

"Would you," he added, timidly, "would you have another said for a woman who injured you?"

"Assuredly," I replied, "but I do not think that any woman has injured me in this country."

He took my hand and shook it gravely. After a momentary silence, he resumed —

"Dare I venture to ask you a favor? When you return to your own land perhaps you will pass through Navarre, at least you will pass by Vittoria, which is not very far from it."

"Yes," I replied, "I shall certainly pass by Vittoria, but it is not unlikely that I shall turn aside to Pampeluna and on your account I will willingly make the *detour*."

"Well, if you go to Pampeluna you will find more than one object of interest to detain you. It is a beautiful city. I will give you this medal (he showed me a silver medal which he wore round his neck), you will wrap it in paper" — he paused for an instant to master his emotion — "and you will send it or cause it to be sent to a good woman, whose address I will give you. You will say that I am dead, but do not tell her in what manner I died."

I promised to carry out his wishes. I saw him again on the following morning, and I passed a portion of the day with him. It was from his own lips that I learned the sad story which follows.

III

I WAS born, said he, at Elizondo, in the valley of Batzan. My name is Don Jose Lizarabengoa, and you know Spain well enough, sir, to understand that I am of the Basque country, and of ancient Christian lineage. If I take the title of Don it is because I have a right to it, and if I were in Elizondo I would show you my genealogy on parchment. I was destined for the Church, and compelled to study for it, but I did not profit by it. I was too fond of playing tennis and that was the ruin of me. When we Navarros play tennis we forget all else. One day when I had won a match a youth of Alava picked a quarrel with me. We fought with *maquilas*, and still I had the advantage, but I was obliged to fly the country. I fell in with some dragoons and enlisted in the Almanza regiment of cavalry. People from our parts soon pick up the trade of a soldier. I quickly became a corporal, and was in a fair way to become quarter-master when to my misfortune I was put on guard at the tobacco manufactory of Seville. If you have ever been to Seville you have noticed that great building out-

side the ramparts near the Guadalquivir. It seems as if I can still see the door and the guard house beside it. When they are off duty the Spaniards play cards or sleep, but I, a free Navarro, was always accustomed to employ myself. I made a chain of brass wire to sustain my priming needle. One day my comrades exclaimed, "The clock is striking, the girls are going to work!" You know there are about four hundred or five hundred women employed in the cigar making. They roll the cigars in the large room into which no man is permitted to enter without permission from the municipal magistrate, because the girls work in undress, the young ones particularly, when the weather is warm. When the young women return to work after dinner, many young fellows go to see them pass, and they are some of all sorts. There are few of these ladies who would refuse a silk mantilla, and the inexperienced ones at this fishing have only to stoop to catch a fish. While the other men were looking on I remained on my bench near the door. I was young then and home sick and did not believe that there were anywhere pretty girls without the blue skirts, and the plaits of hair falling over their shoulders. Besides, these Andalusians frightened me, I had not yet grown accustomed to their manners. They were always full of raillery, never serious or speaking a sensible word. I was working away at my chain when I heard some townspeople say, "Look at the *gitanilla!*" I looked up and saw her. It was on a Friday, and I shall never forget it. I saw that Carmen, whom you know of, at whose house I found you some months ago.

She wore a red skirt, very short, which exposed to view her white silk stockings, with many a hole in them, and tiny shoes of morocco leather, tied with scarlet ribbons. She had thrown back her mantilla so as to display her shoulders, and an immense bunch of acacia blossom, which was stuck in her chemise. She also carried a flower in her mouth, and she walked with a movement of a thoroughbred filly from the Cordova stud. In my country a woman in such a costume would have made people cross themselves. At Seville every one paid some gay compliment to the girl on her appearance. She replied to them all, looking sideways as she went along, with her hand on her hip, as bold as the true gypsy she was. At first she did not take my fancy, and I continued my occupation, but she — after the nature of women and cats, which will not come when they are called and which come when they are not called — stopped in front of me and said, in the Andalusian form —

"Gossip, will you give me your chain to hang the key of my strong box on?"

"It is to hang my priming needle on," I replied.

"Your priming needle! Ah, the *senor* makes lace, then, he requires needles."

Every one began to laugh at me. I felt myself growing red, and could make no reply.

"Well, my hearty," she continued, "make me seven ells of black lace for a mantilla, thou primer of my soul"

Then, taking the flower from between her lips, she flipped it at me with a movement of her thumb, and struck me between the eyes. Sir, I felt as if I had received a bullet in the forehead. I did not know what to do with myself, I stood as stiff as a board. When she had entered the factory I perceived the flower, which had fallen at my feet. I do not know what possessed me, but I picked it up when my comrades were not looking, and put it carefully in my vest. That was the first act of folly.

Two or three hours after, while I was still thinking of the incident a porter arrived at the guard house, out of breath and greatly discomposed. He told us that a woman had been assassinated in the great room of the factory, and that it was necessary to have the guard in. The sergeant ordered me to take two men and go and see what was the matter. I took the men and went up. Picture to yourself the sight that met my view when I entered — about three hundred women *en chemise*, or with as little as possible on them — screaming, crying, gesticulating and making such a row that you couldn't have heard thunder. At one side a female was sprawling on the floor drenched in blood, with a cross — an X — cut on her face with a knife. Opposite the wounded woman, who was being tended by the best of the females, I perceived Carmen, restrained by five or six of her associates. The wounded woman kept crying out that she was dying and wanted a priest. Carmen said nothing, she clenched her teeth, and rolled her eyes like a chameleon.

"What is all this about?" I inquired. I had considerable difficulty in ascertaining what had passed, for all the women talked at once.

It would appear that the injured woman had boasted of having sufficient money in her pocket to buy a donkey at the market of Triona.

"Shut up!" exclaimed Carmen, who had a tongue of her own, "why, you haven't enough to purchase a brush."

The other, stung by the reproach, perhaps because she felt there were some suspicions concerning the article, replied that she did not know anything about brushes, not having the honor to be a gypsy or a daughter of Satan, but that Mademoiselle Carmencita would soon make the donkey's acquaintance when the corregidor led it out for a walk with two lacqueys behind to beat the flies off.

"Well, then, for my part," replied Carmen, "I will make places for flies to settle on your cheeks, for I will make a draught board of them."

On that, criss cross, she began, with the knife she used for cutting the cigars, to slash a St. Andrew's cross on the woman's face.

The case was perfectly clear. I seized Carmen by the arm.

"Sister," I said politely, "you must come with me."

She darted a look of recognition at me, but she said resignedly —

"Let us go then. Where is my mantilla?"

She put it over her head in such a fashion as only to permit her fine eyes to be seen, and followed my two men as quiet as a lamb. When we reached the guard house the quarter master said the case was a serious one, and that he must send the culprit to prison. I was told off to conduct her. I placed her between two dragoons, and I marched behind as a corporal should do. We started for the city. At first the gypsy maintained a strict silence, but in Serpent Street — you know it, it well deserves its name with all its windings — in Serpent Street she began her manoeuvres by letting her mantilla fall upon her shoulders so as to enable me to see her winning face, and, turning towards me as far as she could, she said —

“My officer, whither are you taking me?”

“To prison, my poor child,” I replied, as gently as I could — just as a true soldier ought to talk to his prisoner, particularly when the prisoner is a woman.

“Alas! what will become of me! Señor officer, have pity on me! You are so young, so kind.” Then, in a lower tone, she continued, “Let me escape. I will give you a piece of *bar lach*, which will make you beloved by all the women.”

(The *bar lach*, sir, is a loadstone, with which the gypsies say one may work charms when one knows how to make use of it. Give a woman a pinch of it, grated, in a glass of water, and she will not be able to resist you.)

I replied, as seriously as I could —

“We are not here to talk nonsense, we must proceed to the prison, such is the order, and there is no help for it.”

We Basque people have a dialect which the Spaniards can readily recognize, but there is scarcely one of them who can even say *zar jaoni* (yes, sir). Carmen, then, had no difficulty in discovering that I came from the Provinces. You know, sir, that the gypsies, having no definite country of their own, are always wandering hither and thither, speaking all languages, and the majority of them are as much at home in Portugal as in France, or in the Provinces, or Catalonia, even amongst the Moors and the English they can make themselves understood. Carmen, then, knew the Basque dialect pretty well.

“*Laguna ene bihotsarena*, friend of my soul,” she said suddenly. “Are you from the country?”

(Our language, sir, is so beautiful that when we hear it spoken in a strange place it thrills us. I wish I had a confessor from the Provinces, he muttered. Then, after a pause, he resumed —)

“I am from Elizondo,” I replied in Basque, very much moved at hearing my native tongue.

“And I am from Etchalar,” she said. (That is a district some four hours’ journey from us.) I was brought to Seville by the gypsies. I have been working in the factory so as to make sufficient to take me back to

Navarre again to my dear mother, whose only support I am, and the little *barreicea* (garden), with its twenty cider apple trees Ah, if I were only there again, near the white mountains! They have insulted me because I do not belong to this country of pick pockets, merchants of rotten oranges, and these low women are all against me because I declared that all their 'jacks' of Seville, with their knives, would not frighten one fellow from our part of the country, with only his blue *beret* and his *maquilla* "

She was lying, sir, she has always lied Indeed I doubt whether in all her life that girl ever spoke a word of truth But when she spoke I believed her She was stronger than I She talked broken Basque, and I believed she came from Navarre Her eyes, mouth and complexion stamped her a gypsy I was befooled — mad — and no longer paid attention to anything I thought that if the two Spaniards with me had said anything in disparagement of the country I would have slashed them across the face just as she had treated her comrade In fact I was like a man intoxicated I began to talk nonsense, and was ready to commit any folly

"If I were to give you a push, countryman, and you were to fall down, I should have only those two Castilian conscripts to detain me," she said

Faith, I quite forgot my orders, and I replied "Well, my friend, my countrywoman, try it, and may Our Lady of the Mountain aid you " At that moment we were passing by one of those narrow alleys of which there are so many in Seville Suddenly Carmen turned round and gave me a blow with her clenched hand on the chest I fell head over heels purposely With one bound she jumped over me and ran away, exhibiting a pair of legs such as — well They talk of "Basque legs" — hers outshone them all They were as quick as they were well turned! I got up immediately, but I managed to get my lance barwise across the alley, so my companions were prevented from starting in pursuit for a while Then I set off running myself and my men after me, but there was no chance of our overtaking her, accoutred as we were with our spurs, our sabres, and lances! In less time than I take to tell you the incident, the prisoner had disappeared Besides, all the gossips of the quarter assisted her flight and laughed at us, putting us also on the wrong scent After much marching and countermarching it became necessary for us to return to the guard-house without the receipt from the governor of the prison!

My men, to escape punishment, said that Carmen and I had conversed in the Basque dialect, and that it did not seem quite natural, to tell the truth, that a blow from such a little girl would knock over a man of my weight All this looked very suspicious for me — rather too clear, in fact When I went down stairs again I was degraded and sent to prison for a month This was my first punishment since I had enlisted Farewell then to the stripes of quarter-master which I had already made sure of

My first days in prison passed very sadly When I became a soldier I had pictured to myself that I should at least reach the grade of officer

Longa, Mina, my compatriots, are even "captains general", Chapalanga, who is a negro and a refugee like Mina in your country, Chapalanga was a colonel, and I have played tennis twenty times with his brother, who was a poor devil, like myself. Then, I said to myself, "All that time you served without punishment is now so much time lost. You have a black mark against you, to reinstate yourself in the opinion of your superiors you will have to work ten times harder than when you were a convict. And for what have I been punished? For a chit of a gypsy who laughs at me, and who at this moment is at large in some corner of the town." Nevertheless I could not help thinking of her. Will you believe it, sir, those stockings full of holes, which she so liberally displayed when she made her escape, were always before my eyes. I looked out between the bars of my prison window, and amongst all the women who passed in the street I did not see one who was worth that little devil. And then, in spite of myself, I would clasp the flower which she had thrown at me, and which, dried though it was, still preserved its perfume. If there are witches this girl was one of them.

One day the gaoler entered and gave me a loaf of Alcala bread.

"Look here," he said, "see what your cousin has sent you."

I took the bread — very much surprised — for I had no cousin in Seville. It is a mistake perhaps, I thought, as I looked at the loaf, but it was so appetizing — it felt so fresh and good, that without troubling myself to find out whence it had come, or for whom it was intended I determined to eat it. As I was cutting it my knife struck against something hard. I looked carefully and found a small English file, which had been slipped into the oven before the bread was baked. There was also in the loaf a piece of gold (two piastres). There was no longer room for doubt. The present came from Carmen. Liberty is everything with people of her race, and they would set fire to a town to avoid a day in prison. Besides the girl was shrewd, and with that loaf had befooled the gaolers. In an hour the thickest bar could be cut with the little file, and with the assistance of the two piastre piece I could exchange my uniform for a civilian dress at the next clothes shop. You can imagine that a man who had many times gone birds nesting for young eaglets over our cliffs would not be much put out to descend into the street from a window less than thirty feet from the ground. But I did not want to escape. I still preserved my honor as a soldier, and desertion seemed to me a great crime. But I was touched by this token of remembrance. When one is in prison one loves to think that one has a friend outside who is interested in one. The gold piece rather offended me. I would have liked very much to have sent it back, but where could I find my creditor? That did not appear a very easy task.

After having been degraded I did not think I had anything more to suffer, but there was a humiliation in store for me. That was when, on my release from prison, I was sent to duty and put on sentry like a common

soldier You can scarcely imagine what a sensitive man feels on such an occasion as this I believe I would rather have been shot Then, at least, one marches along in front of the platoon, one feels of importance, every one is looking at you

I was posted as sentry at the door of the colonel's house He was a young man, rich, a "good fellow," who lived to amuse himself All the young officers came thither and many citizens, women and actresses — so it was said For my part, I felt as if every one in the city had agreed to meet there to stare at me The colonel's carriage arrived, with his valet on the box Whom did I see descend from it? *La Gitamilla!* She was decked out "as fine as fivepence," dressed up and bedizened, all gold and ribbons A spangled dress, blue spangled shoes, flowers and trimmings all over her She had a Basque tambourine in her hand With her were two other gypsy women, one young and the other old There is always an old woman to lead them Then an old man with a gutar also a gypsy, to play and make them dance You know that people often amuse themselves by inviting gypsies to their parties and making them dance to the *romalis*, their characteristic dance, and often for other purposes

Carmen recognized me, and we exchanged glances I don't know why, but at that moment I wished myself a hundred feet underground

"*Agur laguna* (good day, comrade) My officer, you are mounting guard like a raw recruit "

And ere I could find words to reply, she had entered the house

All the guests were assembled in the *patio*, and, notwithstanding the crowd, I could see almost all that was passing through the railings I could hear the castanets, the tambourine, the laughter and applause, some times I could perceive *her* head when she sprang up with her tambourine Then I heard the officers address to her remarks which made the blood mount to my face, but what she said in reply I do not know On that day, I think, I began to love her in earnest, for three or four times came into my head the notion to rush into the *patio* and stab those coxcombs who were flirting with her My purgatory lasted a good hour, then the gypsies came out and the carriage rolled up to fetch them Carmen, in passing, looked at me with those eyes of hers — you know them — and said to me in a low voice —

"Countryman, when one likes good fritters one goes to Triana, to Lillas Pastia's "

Lightly as a kid she sprang into the carriage, the coachman whipped his mules, and the joyous band drove off, I knew not whither

You will guess that when I came off duty I went to Triana, but first I got shaved and brushed up, as if for a parade She was at Lillas Pastia's He was an old fruit seller, a gypsy, as swarthy as a Moor, at whose establishment many of the townspeople came to eat fried fish, more particularly, I believe, since Carmen had taken up her quarters there

"Lillas," she said, when she caught sight of me, "I will do nothing more to day To-morrow it will be day again Come along, *pays*, let us have a stroll together "

She threw her mantilla over her face and we were in the street before I knew where I was going

"Señorita," I said, "I believe I have to thank you for a present that you sent me when I was in prison I have eaten the bread, the file served to sharpen my lance point, and I kept it in remembrance of you, but the money, here it is "

"Why, he has kept the money!" she exclaimed with a burst of laughter "Well, so much the better, for at present I am not well in funds But what matter? A wandering dog will not die of hunger Come along, let us eat it all, you shall treat me "

We had taken the road to Seville At the entrance of Serpent Street she purchased a dozen oranges, which she made me carry in my pocket handkerchief A little farther on she purchased some bread, sausage, and a bottle of Manzanilla At length she entered a confectioner's shop There she threw upon the counter the piece of gold which I had returned to her and another which she had in her own pocket, with some silver At last she asked me for all I had, too I had only some small change, which I handed to her, feeling very much ashamed that I had no more I believe she would have carried off all the stock if she could She chose the best and the dearest articles — *yemas* (yolks of eggs, sugared), *turm* (a kind of nougat), crystallized fruits — so long as the money lasted I had to carry all these in paper bags Perhaps you know Candilejo Street, where is a head of Don Pedro the Justiciary

It ought to have "given me pause " We halted before an old house in this street She entered the walk and rapped at the ground floor A gypsy, a true servant of Satan, opened the door to us Carmen said something to her in Romany The old woman grumbled at first, but to appease her Carmen gave her two oranges and a handful of bonbons, she also permitted her to taste the wine Then she put her cloak on her, and led her to the door, which she secured with a bar of wood As soon as we were alone Carmen began to dance as if she were possessed, singing "You are my *rom* and I am your *romi* "

I was standing in the middle of the room burthened with all the packages, not knowing where to put them She threw them all upon the floor and clasping me round the neck exclaimed "I pay my debts, I pay my debts — it is the law of the Cales "

Ah, sir — that day! that day! when I recall it I forget *to-morrow!*

(The brigand was silent for a while, then after he had relighted his cigar he continued —)

We remained together the whole of the day, eating, drinking, and — and all the rest of it When she had devoured the sweets, like a child of six

years old, she thrust her hands into the old woman's water-jar "Now to make a *sorbet*," she said. She broke the *yemas* by dashing them against the wall — "so that the flies may leave us in peace," she remarked. There was no trick or folly that she did not perpetrate. I expressed a wish to see her dance, but where could we find castanets? She without hesitation took the old woman's only plate, smashed it in pieces, and then she danced the *romalis*, clattering the pieces of the plate as if they had been castanets of ebony or ivory. One would never feel bored with a girl like her — I can answer for that! Evening closed in, and I could hear the drums beating the "retreat."

"I must return to barracks," I said "for roll call."

"To barracks!" she echoed in a contemptuous tone. "So you are a negro slave and permit yourself to be driven with the whip! You are a regular canary in appearance and disposition. Go along with you! You have a chicken's heart!"

I stayed, resigned in advance to the police cell. In the morning it was she who first spoke of our separation.

"Listen to me, Joseita," she said, "I have paid you, haven't I? According to our law I owed you nothing, since you are a *payllo*, but you are a good fellow, and you have pleased me. We are quits! Good-day."

I asked when I should see her again.

"When you are a little less stupid," she replied, laughing. Then in a more serious tone she continued, "Do you know, my friend, that I believe I love you a little bit? But that cannot last. Dog and wolf cannot keep house together long. Perhaps if you were to subscribe to the Egyptian law I should love to be your *romi*. But this is all nonsense — that cannot be. Bah! my lad, take my word for it, you have had the best of the bargain. You have foregathered with the devil, yes — with the devil! He is not always black, and he has not twisted your neck. I am dressed in wool, but I am not a sheep. Go and put a taper before your *majari*. She has well deserved it. Come, good bye once again. Think no more of Carmencita or she may make you marry a widow with wooden legs."

As she ceased speaking she unfastened the bar which closed the door, and once in the street she wrapped herself in her mantilla, and showed me her heels.

She had said what was true. I would have been wise to have thought no more about her, but after that day in Candlejo Street I could not think of anything else. I walked about all day long in the hope of meeting her again. I inquired about her from the old woman and from the seller of fried fish. Both declared that she had gone to Laloro, as they call Portugal. Probably it was in accordance with Carmen's instructions that they said so, but it was not long before I discovered that they were lying. Some weeks after my long day in Candlejo Street I was put on sentry at one of the city gates. Some little distance from this gate a breach had been made

in the wall whereat people used to walk during the day, and where a sentry was posted at night to guard against smugglers. During the day I perceived Lillas Pastia lingering around the guard house chatting with my comrades, all of whom were acquainted with him, his fish, and his fritters, which were better still. He approached me and inquired whether I had had any news of Carmen.

"No," I replied.

"Well, then, you soon will, comrade."

He was right. At night I was posted at the break in the wall. As soon as the corporal had disappeared I perceived a woman approach my post. My heart told me it was Carmen, nevertheless I said, "Be off, you cannot pass here!"

"Come, don't be obstreperous," she replied, as she made herself known to me.

"What! are *you* there, Carmen?"

"Yes, I, countryman, let us have a little conversation together. Do you want to earn a duoro? Some people with packs are coming this way — let them pass."

"No," I replied, "I must oppose their passage. Such are my orders."

"Orders, orders! You did not think of them in Candilejo Street."

"Ah!" I replied, quite upset by the very remembrance, "that was worth the danger of forgetting my duty, but I do not want any money from smugglers."

"Let me see, then. If you do not want any money from smugglers, what do you say to going to dine at old Dorothea's house again?"

"No," I replied, half suffocated by the effort I was making, "I cannot."

"Very well, if you are so hard to move I know to whom to apply. I will make your officer the offer to go to Dorothea's house. He seems to be a good fellow, and he will put on guard a lad who will not see more than is necessary. Good bye, canary. I shall laugh when the order is issued for your hanging!"

I was weak enough to call her back, and I promised to permit all the gypsies to pass, if it must be so, provided I obtained the recompense I wished for. She swore to meet me on the following day, and ran off to apprise her friends who were close by. There were five of them, one being Pastia, and all heavily laden with English goods. Carmen kept watch. She agreed to give the alarm with her castanets whenever she should perceive the rounds, but she had no need to do so. The smugglers very quickly accomplished their business.

Next day I went to Candilejo Street. Carmen was waiting for me, but in a by no means good humor.

"I do not care for people who require to be begged of," she said. "You rendered me a great service the first time without any idea that you would gain anything by it. To-day you are bartering with me. I do not know

why I have come, for I don't care for you any longer So go away, there is a duoro for your trouble!"

I was within an ace of throwing the money at her head, and was obliged to exercise a violent control over myself to avoid striking her After we had argued for an hour I went away in a furious rage I wandered for a long time about the city, hither and thither, like a man demented At length I entered a church, and seating myself in the darkest corner I could find I gave way to tears Suddenly I heard a voice say —

"A dragoon's tears! I should like to make a philtre of them!"

I looked up There was Carmen standing before me!

"Well, countryman, are you still wishing for me? I really think I must love you still, for since you left me I have not known what to do with myself There now, you see I am the supplicant, and want you to come to Candilejo Street"

We made it up then, but Carmen's humor was as variable as our climate The storm is most likely to break when the sun is shining most brilliantly She had promised to meet me once again at Dorothea's house, and she did not come and Dorothea told me, in the calmest manner, that Carmen had gone to Laloro "on Egyptian affairs!"

Guided by experience I sought for Carmen in every place where I fancied she might be found, and I passed up and down Candilejo Street twenty times a day One evening I was at Dorothea's house, for I had at last tamed the old woman by means of repeated glasses of anisette, when Carmen entered, followed by a young man, a lieutenant in my regiment

"Get away at once," she said to me in the Basque tongue I remained stupefied, rage boiling in my heart

"What is that fellow doing here?" said the lieutenant "Be off, get out of this!"

I could not move I felt as if I had quite lost the use of my limbs The officer seeing that I did not budge, and that I had not even removed my cap, took me by the collar and shook me violently I do not know what I said He drew his sword and I drew mine The old woman seized my arm, and the lieutenant gave me a cut in the forehead, the scar of which remains to this day I stepped back, and with a shove sent old Dorothea sprawling on the floor Then, as the lieutenant followed me up, I gave him my point, and he spitted himself on my sword Then Carmen extinguished the lamp and bade Dorothea to fly As for myself, I rushed into the street and ran I knew not whither It seemed to me that some one was following me When I came to myself I found Carmen beside me She had not left me

"You great stupid canary," she said, "you are only good at committing follies You see I was right when I told you I would only bring trouble upon you Well, there is a remedy for every ill when one has a 'Fleming of Rome' for his friend You must begin by tying this handkerchief over

your head, and giving me your sword belt. Wait for me in the alley, I will be back again in two minutes."

She disappeared and quickly returned, carrying a striped cloak for me, how she obtained it I cannot tell. She made me doff my uniform, and put the cloak on over my shirt. Thus accoutred, with the handkerchief over the cut on my head, I had something the appearance of a peasant of Valencia, of whom many come to Seville to sell their *chufas* — orangeade. Then she took me to a house, which bore a striking resemblance to Dorothea's, at the end of a narrow court. She and another gypsy woman washed me, doctored me better than the surgeon major would have done, and gave me something — I know not what — to drink. At length they laid me on a mattress, and I fell fast asleep.

The women probably had put some soporific in my drink, for I did not awake until very late the next day. I had a fearful headache, and was rather feverish. It was some time before I could recall the incidents of the terrible drama in which I had taken part on the previous day.

After having dressed my wound, Carmen and her friend both crouched down beside my mattress, and exchanged a few words in *chipe calli*, which seemed to be a medical consultation. They both assured me that I would be cured before long, but, meanwhile, it was absolutely necessary to leave Seville, and as quickly as possible, for if I were arrested I would be shot, to a certainty.

"My lad," said Carmen, "you must do something, now that the king will give you neither rice nor salt cod, you must find some means of existence. You are too stupid to rob a *pastesas*, but you are lithe and strong. If you have courage enough go to the coast and be a contrabandist. Have I not promised to get you hanged? That is better than being shot. Be sides, if you know how to look after yourself, you may live like a prince so long as the *minons* and the coast guard do not catch you."

It was in this pleasing way that that devil of a girl indicated to me the new career for which she destined me — and to tell the truth it was the only one which lay open to me, now that I had rendered myself liable to the punishment of death. Need I confess to you, sir, that she brought me to the decision without much trouble! It seemed to me that we should be thrown into closer contact by this existence so full of risks, and so unlawful. Thenceforth, I believed myself sure of her affection. I had often heard of the contrabandists who traversed Andalusia well mounted, blunderbuss in hand, and with their mistresses seated behind them. I already pictured myself trotting over the hills and vales with this handsome gypsy behind me. When I mentioned this to her she laughed until she was obliged to hold her sides, and told me that was nothing so pleasant as a night passed in the camp when each *rom* retired with his *romi* beneath the shelter of the little tent formed of three hoops with a blanket thrown over them.

"If I keep with you in the mountains, I shall always be sure of you," I said. "There there will be no lieutenants to share with me."

“Ah, you are jealous,” she replied, “so much the worse for you. How can you be such a fool! Don’t you see that I love you, since I have never asked you for any money?”

When she talked in this fashion I felt inclined to strangle her.

To cut the story short, sir, Carmen procured me a civilian dress, in which I escaped from Seville unrecognized. I proceeded to Jerez with a letter from Pastia to a seller of anisette, at whose house the smugglers used to assemble. I was presented to these gentry, whose chief, named Dancaire, received me into the company. We proceeded to Gaucin, where I again found Carmen, who had appointed to meet me there. In the expedition, she acted as a spy for us, and no one could have been a better one. She had returned from Gibraltar, and had arranged with the captain of a vessel concerning the disembarkation of the English merchandise which we expected to arrive at the coast. We went to await its arrival near Estepona, then we hid a portion of it in the mountains, and laden with the remainder proceeded to Ronda, whither Carmen had preceded us. Then she once more gave us the hint when to enter the town. This first expedition and some others were fortunate. The life of a smuggler pleased me more than that of a soldier. I made Carmen presents. I had money and a mistress. I suffered scarcely any remorse, for as the gypsies say — an itching of pleasure is no itch at all. We were well received everywhere, my associates treated me well, and even evinced some consideration for me. This was because I had killed a man, and amongst them there was no one who had not a similar exploit to boast of. But what influenced me more than all else in my new life was the frequent presence of Carmen. She displayed more friendship for me than formerly — nevertheless, before her comrades she did not pretend that she was my mistress, and had even made me swear with all kinds of oaths not to say a word to them on the subject. I was so utterly weak before this creature that I obeyed all her caprices. Besides, this was the first occasion on which she displayed any of the reserve of an “honest woman,” and I was foolish enough to believe that she had abandoned all her former practices.

Our troop, which was composed of eight or ten men only, assembled together in important junctures, but were usually scattered in pairs or threes in the towns and villages. Each one of us assumed a calling or trade, one was a tinker, another a horse dealer. I was a pedlar. But I very seldom showed myself in the large towns, because of that little affair in Seville. One day, or rather one night, our rendezvous was below Vega. Dancaire and I found ourselves there before the others. He seemed in excellent spirits.

“We shall soon have another comrade,” he said. “Carmen has executed one of her best moves. She has managed the escape of her *rom* from the *residio* at Tarifa.”

I was just beginning to understand the gypsy dialect, which nearly all my associates made use of, and the word *rom* gave me a chill.

"What, her husband! Is she married?" I asked

"Yes," replied the captain, "to Garcia, the one eyed, a gypsy as 'deep' as she is. The poor fellow was in penal servitude. Carmen got round the surgeon so cleverly that she obtained her *rom's* liberty. Ah! that girl is worth her weight in gold. It is two years since she first began to plan his escape. Nothing had succeeded until the officer was changed. With the latter it seems she quickly found the means to make herself understood."

You can imagine with what pleasure I listened to this news. I soon met Garcia the one eyed, he was one of the most repulsive villains whom Bohe mia ever reared, a dark skin and a still blacker soul. He was the most unmitigated ruffian that ever I met in my life. Carmen came with him, and when she called him her *rom* in my presence you should have seen the "eyes" she made to me, and the grimaces at him when his back was turned. I was very angry, and would not speak to her all the evening. In the morning we had made up our bales and were already on our way when we perceived that a dozen horsemen were after us. The Andalusian boast ers, who always talk in the most bloodthirsty manner, showed a very firm front. There was a general stampede. Dancaire, Garcia, a fine young fellow from Edja called Remendado, and Carmen did not lose their presence of mind. The others abandoned the mules and threw themselves into the ravines, where the dragoons could not follow them. We could not save our mules, and we hastened to loose the most valuable portion of our booty and to take it on our shoulders. We then endeavored to escape over the rocks, and by the steepest and roughest slopes. We cast our bales before us, and followed them as well as we could, sliding down on our heels. All this time the enemy was firing at us. It was the first time that I had heard the whistling of bullets, and it did not make me feel quite at ease. When one has a wife in prospect there is no merit in risking death. We all escaped except poor Remendado, who got a bullet in his loins. I threw away my pack and endeavored to assist him.

"Fool!" exclaimed Garcia, "what have we to do with that carrion? Pick up your load, and don't lose the cotton stockings."

"Let him go," said Carmen to me.

Fatigue obliged me to lay the lad for a moment beneath the shelter of a rock. Garcia advanced and discharged his blunderbuss at his head.

"He will be a clever fellow who will recognize him now," he remarked, as he gazed at the features which a dozen bullets had shattered.

Such, sir, was the delightful kind of life I had embraced. In the evening we found ourselves in a thicket, and worn out with fatigue, having nothing to eat, and ruined by the loss of our mules. What did that infernal Garcia do? He took a pack of cards from his pocket and began to play with Dancaire by the light of the fire which had been kindled. Meanwhile I lay down and was watching the stars, thinking of Remendado and wishing I were in his place. Carmen was crouched near me, and from time to time

she rattled her castanets and hummed a tune Then, approaching me, as if with the intention of whispering to me, she kissed me, almost against my will, two or three times

“You are the devil,” I said to her

“Yes,” she answered

After some hours' rest she departed for Gaucin, and next morning a little goatherd brought us some bread We remained all day in the same place, and at night we moved towards Gaucin We waited for news of Carmen none came At daybreak we perceived a muleteer who was guiding a well dressed woman holding a parasol, and accompanied by a little girl, who seemed to be her servant Garcia said to us —

“There are two mules and two women which St Nicholas has sent us I would rather have had four mules Never mind This is my business ”

He seized his blunderbuss and descended towards the path, hiding in the brushwood Dancaire and I followed him at a little distance When we were within range we showed ourselves, and called to the muleteer to halt The woman instead of being frightened — and our dress was sufficient for that — burst out laughing

“Ah, the *lullipendi*, they take me for an *erani*!” It was Carmen, but so well disguised that I would not have recognized her had she spoken in any other language

She sprang from the mule and spoke for a while in a low tone with Garcia and Dancaire Then she said to me

“Canary, we shall meet again before you are hanged I am going to Gibraltar on ‘affairs of Egypt’ You will soon hear me talked about ”

We parted after she had indicated to us a place where we could find shelter for some days This girl was the saving of our troop We soon received some money which she sent, and a hint, which was worth more to us, namely, that two British noblemen were about to proceed from Gibraltar to Granada by such a route A word to the wise! They had plenty of money Garcia wanted to kill them, but Dancaire and I were opposed to such a measure We would relieve them of their money, their watches, and their shirts, of which last articles we had great need

Sir, one may become a rogue without thinking about it A pretty girl causes you to lose your head, you fight for her a misfortune happens, it becomes necessary to dwell amid the mountains, and from a smuggler you become a robber before you are aware of the change We concluded that it would not be well for us to remain in the environs of Gibraltar after that little business with the Englishmen, and we concealed ourselves in the Sierra de Ronda You have mentioned Jose Maria, well, it was there that I made his acquaintance He brought his mistress with him on these expeditions She was a pretty girl, well behaved and modest, with good manners, never uttering an unbecoming word, and of a devotedness —! By way of compensation, he treated her very badly He was always running

after other girls, he "bullied" her, then sometimes he took it into his head to be jealous. Once he struck her with his knife. Well, she only loved him the more for that. That is the way women, particularly Andalusians, are constituted! She was quite proud of the scar on her arm, and exhibited it as one of the most beautiful things in the world. And then Jose Maria was the very worst comrade you could possibly meet. On one expedition which we undertook he managed so well that all the profit fell to him, and all the blows fell on us. But I must resume my story. As we heard nothing more of Carmen, Dancaire said:

"One of us must proceed to Gibraltar to get news of her, she ought to have prepared something. I would go willingly, but I am too well known there."

The one-eyed fellow said:

"So am I. I have played too many tricks upon the lobsters, and as I have only one eye, it is not easy to escape detection."

"Then I must go," I said in my turn, delighted at the very idea of seeing Carmen again. "Let us see, what must be done?"

The others replied:

'You can go to St. Roque whichever way you please, and when you have got to Gibraltar ask where a person, named Rollona, a seller of chocolate, lives, when you have found her out, you will find out what has happened yonder.'

It was arranged that we three should start for the Sierra de Gaucin, that I should leave my companions there and proceed to Gibraltar as a fruit merchant. At Ronda one of our fraternity procured me a passport, at Gaucin I was given a donkey, I loaded him with oranges and melons, and went on my way. When I reached Gibraltar I found that Rollona was well known, but that she had either died or been sent to the galleys, and in my opinion her absence explained how our means of correspondence with Carmen had failed. I put my donkey up in a stable, and with my oranges wandered about town as if to sell them, but, in fact, to endeavor to find some face I knew. There are plenty of vagrants in "Gib," people from all parts of the globe, and it is like the tower of Babel, for one cannot go ten paces along a street without hearing as many different languages. I met many gypsies, but I scarcely dared to trust them. I recognized them and they recognized me. We ascertained that we were of the same class. After two days spent in useless search, I had learned nothing concerning either Rollona or Carmen, and I was considering whether I should not return to my comrades after making some purchases, when, as I was walking down a street at sunset, I heard a woman's voice from a window say, "Here, you orange seller!" I looked up, and on a balcony I perceived Carmen leaning over the rail beside an officer in scarlet, with gold epaulets, curled hair, and the appearance generally of a grandee. As for her, she was dressed splendidly: a shawl over her shoulders, a gold comb in her hair,

attired in silk, and as cunning as ever — just the same, laughing immoderately. The Englishman, in barbarous Spanish, hailed me, and bade me come up, as madame wanted some oranges, and Carmen said to me in Basque, “Come up, and be astonished at nothing.” Nothing could astonish me where she was concerned. I cannot tell whether I was the more glad or disappointed to see her again. A tall, powdered servant let me in, and ushered me into a splendid apartment. Carmen at once addressed me in Basque.

“Mind you do not understand a word of Spanish, and you do not know me.”

Then, turning to the Englishman, she said, “I told you all along he was a Basque — you will hear a curious dialect. What a silly look he has, hasn’t he? You would take him for a cat surprised in the larder!”

“And you,” I replied in my own tongue, “have the air of a brazen faced quean, and I am greatly disposed to gash your face before your lover.”

“My lover!” she exclaimed. “So you have found out that all by yourself. And you are jealous of that fool? Why, you are a greater simpleton than you were before our evenings in Candilejo Street. Don’t you see — fool that you are — that I am engaged upon affairs of Egypt, and in the most brilliant fashion? This house is mine, the lobster’s guineas will be mine. I shall lead him by the nose, and bring him whence he shall never escape.”

“And as for me,” I replied, “if you conduct the affairs of Egypt any more in this manner I shall do something which will effectually prevent your beginning again.”

“Ah, indeed! Are you my *rom* that you give me orders? The One Eyed is satisfied. What have you seen here? Ought not you to be content to be the only one who can call himself my *munchorro*?”

“What does he say?” asked the Englishman.

“He says that he is thirsty, and could manage a good drink,” replied Carmen. Then she fell back upon a sofa, screaming with laughter at the translation.

Sir, when that girl laughed there was no use in trying to talk sense. Every one laughed with her. The great Englishman laughed also, like the idiot he was, and bade his people bring me something to drink.

While I was drinking, Carmen said —

“Do you see that ring on his finger? If you like, I will give it to you.”

But I answered —

“I would give a finger to have my lord on the mountain, each of us with a *maquila* in our hands.”

“*Maquila*? What does he mean?” asked the Englishman.

“*Maquila!*” replied Carmen, still laughing. “*Maquila* is an orange. Is it not a queer term for an orange? He says he would like to make you eat an orange.”

"Yes?" replied the Englishman "Very well, bring more *maquilas* to-morrow"

As we were conversing, the servant announced dinner Then the Englishman offered his arm to Carmen — as if she could not go in by herself, and threw me a pistole Carmen, laughing all the time, said to me —

"My lad, I cannot invite you to dinner, but to-morrow, as soon as you hear the drums beating for parade, come here with your oranges You will find a room better furnished than that in Candilejo Street and you will see that I am always your Carmencita, and then we can chat over Egyptian affairs"

I made no reply, and I was in the street when the Englishman called out, 'Bring the *maquilas* to-morrow' Then I heard Carmen's laughter once more

I went away, not knowing whither or what I was doing I scarcely slept, and the morning found me so incensed against the traitress that I resolved to quit Gibraltar without seeing her again But at the first roll of the drums all my fortitude deserted me I took my straw basket of oranges and hurried to Carmen Her jealousy was aroused and I saw her great eyes watching me The powdered servant let me in Carmen scented him on an errand, and as soon as we were alone she burst into one of her peals of crocodile laughter and threw herself on my neck I had never seen her so lovely Dressed like a bride, perfumed, surrounded with costly furniture and silken hangings — Ah! and I like the robber that I was!

"*Munchorro*," said Carmen, "I have a great mind to smash everything here, to set fire to the house and be off for the Sierra!"

Then her caresses, and her laughter! She danced and tore her dress, never did ape perform more gambols, make more grimaces or play more tricks When she had regained her composure she said —

"Listen, it is a question of Egypt I want him to take me to Ronda, where I have a sister — a nun (More laughter) We will pass by a place which I will tell you of You can fall upon him and rob him The better way will be to murder him, but," she added with a diabolical smile which she displayed at certain times, and no one would ever be inclined to imitate it — "do you know what you must do? Let the One-Eyed appear first Keep a little in the rear yourself The Lobster is brave and skilful, he has good pistols Do you understand?"

She interrupted herself with another peal of laughter which made me shiver

"No," I replied, "I detest Garcia, but he is my comrade One day perhaps I will relieve you of him, but we will settle our accounts after the fashion of our country I am only an Egyptian by chance, and in certain ways I shall always remain a pure *Navarro*, as the proverb says" (*Navarro fino*)

She replied, "You are a fool — an idiot — a regular *payllo* You are

like the dwarf who believed himself big because he could spit a long distance You do not love me — Go along with you!"

When she said "Go along!" I could not go I promised to leave, to re turn with my comrades and lie in wait for the Englishman On her side she promised to be indisposed until the time came for leaving Gibraltar for Ronda I remained two days longer at Gibraltar She had the audacity to come in disguise to see me at my inn I quitted the town, for I also had my own project I returned to our rendezvous, knowing the place and the hour at which the Englishman and Carmen would pass by I found Dancaire and Garcia awaiting me We passed the night in a wood by a fire of pine cones, which burned splendidly I proposed to Garcia to have a game of cards He agreed At the second game I declared he was cheating He laughed I threw the cards in his face He went for his blunderbuss, but I put my foot upon it and said —

"They tell me you can brandish a knife with any Jack of Malaga Will you try a bout with me?"

Dancaire wanted to separate us I had given Garcia a few blows with my fist Rage had made him courageous He had drawn his knife and I mine We told Dancaire to stand aside and see fair play He saw that it was no use attempting to stop us and he stood back Garcia was already crouching like a cat about to spring upon a mouse He held his hat in his left hand, as a guard, his knife advanced in his right That is the Andalusian method I stood like the Navarros, right in front of him, the left arm raised, the right leg advanced, the knife held down by the right thigh I felt stronger than a giant He threw himself upon me like a flash, I turned on my left foot and he found nothing before him, but I caught him in the throat and the knife entered so far that my hand came chock under his chin I drew back the blade so forcibly that it broke All was over! The blade was expelled from the wound in a rush of blood as big as my arm He fell on his face like a log

"What have you done?" said Dancaire

"Listen," I said "We could not have lived together I love Carmen and I want to be the only one! Besides, Garcia was a brute, and I remember how he served poor Remendado We are only two now, but we are good fellows Look here, will you have me for a comrade — for life or death?"

Dancaire held out his hand He was a man fifty years old

"To the devil with your love affairs," he exclaimed "If you had asked for Carmen he would have sold her to you for a piastre We are only two now — what shall we do to morrow?"

"Let me manage it," I replied "Now I can snap my fingers at the whole world!"

We buried Garcia and pitched our camp two hundred paces further on Next day Carmen and her Englishman passed with two muleteers and a servant I said to Dancaire —

"I will account for the Englishman You can frighten the others, they are not armed "

The Englishman was a brave fellow If Carmen had not jogged his arm he would have shot me To be brief, I reconquered Carmen that day, and my first words were to tell her that she was a widow When she understood how it came to pass, she said —

"You will always be a *lulupendi* Garcia ought to have killed you Your Navarre guard is all nonsense, and he has conquered better men than you His time had come, no doubt! Yours will come too!"

"And yours," I replied, "if you are not a true *romi* to me!"

'Well and good!' she replied "I have seen in the coffee grounds many a time that our destinies lie together But he who sows reaps!" And she rattled her castanets as she was in the habit of doing when she wished to get rid of any unpleasant thoughts

One is apt to forget others when speaking of oneself, all these details bore you no doubt, but I shall soon finish now The life we lead will last long enough! Dancaire and I associated ourselves with some comrades more trustworthy than the former we practised smuggling, and sometimes it must be confessed we stopped people on the highway, but only as a last resource and when we had no other means of livelihood Besides we never ill treated travellers and we confined ourselves strictly to taking their money

For many months I was happy with Carmen, she continued to be useful to us in our operations and gave us notice of the good things we could "bring off" She stayed sometimes at Malaga, sometimes at Cordova, sometimes at Granada, but at a word from me she would leave any place and come to meet me in an isolated inn, or even in the camp Once only, it was at Malaga, did she give me any uneasiness I knew that she had thrown a glamor over a very rich merchant, with whom probably she proposed to repeat the little arrangement carried out at Gibraltar Notwithstanding all Dancaire could say to me I went after her and got to Malaga in full day light I looked for Carmen, and brought her away immediately We had some sharp words

"Do you know," she said, "that since you have really become my *rom*, I care less for you than when you were my *fancy man* I don't want to be worried and ordered about, what I wish is to be free and to do as I please Take care — do not push me too far If you trouble me too much I will find some fellow who will serve you as you served Garcia "

Dancaire reconciled us, but we said things to each other which rankled in our hearts and we were not on such good terms as formerly A short time afterwards evil befel us The troops surprised us Dancaire was killed with two others of our band, two more were made prisoners I was badly wounded, and without the aid of my trusty steed would have been left in the hands of the soldiers Worn out by fatigue, with a bullet in my body,

I hid myself with only one companion in the forest I fainted when I dismounted, and I thought I was going to die like a wounded hare in the brushwood My comrade carried me to a grotto which we knew and then went to seek Carmen She was at Granada and she came back at once For fifteen days she never quitted me for a moment She did not close her eyes, she nursed me with a skill and attention which no woman ever before displayed for a man she loved best As soon as I could stand up again she carried me off to Granada in secrecy The gypsies everywhere found us safe lodging, and I passed more than six weeks in a house two doors from the official who was searching for me More than once from behind a shutter I saw him pass by At length my health was restored, but I had thought a great deal while on my bed of sickness and I made up my mind to amend my life I spoke to Carmen about leaving Spain and endeavoring to live honestly in America She laughed at me

“We are not fitted for cabbage growing,” she replied, “our destiny is to live at the expense of the *payllos* Look here, I have just arranged a little business with Nathan ben Joseph, of Gibraltar He has a cargo of cotton stuffs which only want your assistance in passing through He knows you are alive still He reckons upon you What shall we say to our correspondents in Gibraltar if you break your word to them?”

I permitted myself to be persuaded and resumed my villainous career

While I was in hiding at Granada there was a bull-fight there to which Carmen went When she came back she spoke of a very adroit *picador* named Lucas She knew the name of his horse and how much his embroidered vest had cost Inanito, the comrade who had remained with me, said some days afterwards that he had seen Carmen and Lucas at the house of a tradesman of Zacatín That alarmed me I asked Carmen how and why she had made the acquaintance of the *picador*

“He is a man,” she said, “with whom we can do some business The river that makes a noise has either water or pebbles He has won 1,200 reals at the bull ring One of two things must happen — we must have this money — or, as he is a good rider and a brave fellow, we must enrol him in our band So and-so are dead, you must replace them Take him with you”

“I don’t want either his money or himself,” I replied, “and I forbid you to speak to him”

“Take care,” she replied “When people defy me to do a thing it is very soon done”

Fortunately the *picador* left for Malaga, and I set about smuggling in the Jew’s cottons I had a great deal to do in this expedition, and so had Carmen I forgot Lucas, perhaps she also forgot him, for the time at any rate It was about that time, sir, that I met with you first, near Montilla, then afterwards at Cordova I will not say anything about our last interview You perhaps know more about it than I Carmen robbed you of

your watch, she also wanted your money, and particularly the ring you wear on your finger, which she said is a magic ring, which she was very anxious to possess. We had a violent quarrel, I struck her. She turned pale and cried. This was the first time I had ever seen her weep, and her tears had a great effect upon me. I begged her pardon, but she sulked all day, and when I departed for Montilla she did not want to kiss me. I was heavy hearted when, three days afterwards, she came to see me as gay as a lark. All was forgotten, and we passed two days in lover like fashion. As we were again about to part she said —

“There is a *fiesta* at Cordova, I am going to see it. Then I shall find out who has money, and will tell you.”

I let her go. When alone I thought of the *fiesta*, and this change of humor in Carmen. She must have revenged herself already, I thought, since she had yielded first. A peasant told me that there was a bull fight in Cordova. How my blood boiled, and, like a fool, I went there. He pointed out Lucas to me, and, in a seat near the barrier, I recognized Carmen. I had only to look at her for a moment to be fully assured of the fact I had suspected. Lucas played the bull ‘with a light heart,’ as I had anticipated. He snatched the cockade from the animal and carried it to Carmen, who placed it in her hair immediately. The bull tried to avenge me! Lucas was overthrown with his horse, and the bull fell upon both of them. I looked at Carmen, she was no longer in her place. It was quite impossible for me to get out, and I was compelled to wait until the courses were run. Then I went to the house which you know of, and there I remained quite quiet all the evening and a part of the night. Towards two o'clock in the morning Carmen returned, and was somewhat astonished to see me.

“Come with me,” I said.

“Very well,” she replied, “let us go.”

I went to fetch my horse, and I put her *en croupe*. We rode all the remainder of the night without saying a single word to each other. We halted at daybreak at a solitary inn near a small hermitage. Then I said to Carmen —

“Listen! I forget everything, I will speak of nothing that has passed. Only swear to me that you will follow me to America, and that you will remain quietly there.”

“No,” she replied in a sulky tone, “I won’t go to America. I like being here best.”

“Because you are near Lucas,” I said. “But do not imagine, even if he recover, that he will ever make old bones. Yet after all, why should I trouble about him? I am tired of killing all your lovers, it is you whom I shall kill.”

She gazed at me steadily with her wild eyes, and said —

“I have always imagined that you would kill me. The first time I saw you I met a priest at the door of my house, and did you see nothing to

night as we quitted Cordova? A hare crossed the road between your horse's feet It is written!"

"Carmencita," I asked, "is it true that you no longer love me?"

She made no reply, she was seated cross legged on a mat, tracing patterns with her finger on the floor

"Let us change our mode of life, Carmen," I pleaded "Let us go and live in some place where we shall never be separated You know that we have a hundred and twenty onzas buried beneath a tree not far from here Besides, we still have money in ben Joseph's hands"

She smiled and replied —

' I first, you afterwards I knew that it would come to this "

"Reflect," I continued ' I have lost all patience with you, I am at the end of my tether! Make up your mind, and I will make up mine "

I left her and walked towards the hermitage I found the hermit at prayer I waited until his devotions were concluded I wanted to pray, too, but I could not When he rose I went up to him

"Father," I said, "will you pray for one who is in great danger?"

"I pray for all the afflicted my son "

"Can you pray for a soul which is about to appear before its Creator?"

"Yes," he replied, looking at me fixedly, and as there was something strange in my manner he wanted me to speak out

"It seems to me that I have seen you before," he remarked

I put a piastre on the bench "When will you say mass?" I asked

"In half an hour The son of the inn keeper, yonder, comes to serve it Tell me, young man, have not you something on your conscience which is tormenting you? Will you hearken to the counsel of a Christian?"

I felt ready to cry I said I would return, and then I got away I lay down on the grass till I heard the bell Then I rose and went near, but remained outside the chapel When mass was said I returned to the inn I almost hoped that Carmen had run away, she might have taken my horse and escaped But I found her She would never have it said that she was afraid of me During my absence she had unpicked the hem of her dress, and taken out the lead She was then sitting at the table, gazing into a bowl of water at the lead which had sunk to the bottom, and which she continued to throw in She was so immersed in her occupation that she did not at first perceive me Then she took a piece of the lead and turned it in all directions, with a sad expression in her face, sometimes she hummed one of the mystic songs in which gypsies invoked Marie Padilla, the mistress of Don Pedro, who was, they say, the Bari Crallisa, or great Queen of the Gypsies

"Carmen," I said, "will you come with me?"

She rose, threw away her bowl, and put on her mantilla as if ready to go They brought me my horse, she mounted behind me, and we departed

"So, my Carmen," I said, after a while, "you really wish to follow me, is it not so?"

"I will follow you to death, yes, but I will not live with you any longer!"

We were in a solitary gorge, I pulled up

"Is it here?" she said, as she sprang to the ground. She took off her mantilla, threw it at her feet and stood motionless, her hand upon her hip, looking straight at me

"You are going to kill me, I see that quite well," she said "It is fated, but you will never make me yield"

"I implore you, be reasonable," I said "Listen to me, all the past is forgotten. Nevertheless, you know it is I who have lost myself, it was for your sake that I became a brigand and a murderer! Carmen, my Carmen, let me save you, and myself with you!"

"Jose," she replied, "you ask me to do what is impossible. I no longer love you, you love me still, and for that reason you want to kill me. I could very easily lie to you, but do not care to take the trouble. All is over between us. As my *rom* you have the right to kill your *rom*, but Carmen will always be free. Calli she was born, and Calli she will die!"

"So you love Lucas?" I said

"Yes, I have loved him, like you, for a while, perhaps less than you. At present I love no one, and I hate myself for having loved you"

I threw myself at her feet, I took her hands in mine, I bedewed them with my tears, I recalled to her mind all the happy times we had had together. I offered to remain a brigand all my life to please her. I did everything, sir, everything. I offered her all, provided that she would still love me. But she said —

"It is impossible to love you any longer, and I do not want to live with you!"

Fury took possession of me — I drew my knife, I wished she had displayed some fear and pleaded for mercy, but the woman was a demon

"For the last time," I exclaimed, "will you remain with me?"

"No, no, no!" she replied, stamping her foot. Then she drew from her finger a ring that I had given her, and threw it amongst the bushes

I stabbed her twice. It was Garcia's knife, which I had appropriated after breaking my own. She fell at the second thrust without a cry. I can still fancy I see her splendid black eyes regarding me steadily, then they became troubled, and closed. I remained insensible beside the body for a good hour. Then I remembered that Carmen had often said that she would like to be buried in a wood. I excavated a grave with my knife, and placed her in it. For a long time I searched for the ring, and at length found it. I placed it in the grave with her and also a small cross. Perhaps I was wrong! Then I mounted my horse, and galloped to Cordova, and at the first guard-house I made myself known. I said I had killed Carmen, but I did not wish to divulge where I had buried her. The hermit is a holy man. He has prayed for her. He has said a mass for her soul. Poor girl! It is the Calli who are to blame for having made her what she was

ANDRE GIDE

(1869-)

ANDRÉ GIDE was born in 1869. His progress as a writer has been according to Mr Gosse very slow. He has attempted many things: sentimental autobiography, poems, miscellaneous and extravagant tentatives which were half prose, half poetry. He has also written plays, novels and essays. Among his most exquisite works are a series of short novels, of which *The Pastoral Symphony* is one of the finest.

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THE PASTORAL SYMPHONY

February 10th, 189—

SNOW has been falling steadily for three days, blocking the roads. I have not been able to return to R—, where I have been accustomed to hold services twice a month for the past fifteen years. This morning but thirty worshippers were assembled in the chapel of La Brevine.

I shall take advantage of the leisure thus afforded me to look back and tell how I came to be interested in Gertrude. I intend to set down here everything which had to do with the formation and development of that pious soul, which I had brought out from darkness, it seems, only for adoration and love. Blessed is the Lord to have entrusted me with this task!

Two years and six months ago, as I was coming back from Chaux de Fond, a young girl who was unknown to me came in great haste to get me to go seven kilometers away, to a poor old woman who had died. The horse was not yet unharnessed, after taking a lantern, (I did not think I could get back again before dark) I made the child climb in the carriage.

I thought I was thoroughly familiar with all the neighboring country, but after passing the farm of Saudraie, the girl had me take a road I had never been on before. However, I did remember that as a young man I had gone skating on a mysterious little lake about two kilometers to the left. I had not been back there for fifteen years, for no pastoral duty took me out that way, I could not have told where it was, and, until now, had not given it a second thought, when suddenly, in the red and gold enchantment of the evening, I discovered again what I had first seen only in a dream.

The road follows the course of the water, until it breaks away at the edge of the forest, running into a peat bog I was certain I had not been there

The sun was going down For some time we drove in darkness, when at last my youthful guide pointed out, on the slope of a hill, a thatched cottage which scarcely seemed inhabited, save for a tiny wisp of smoke which stole out from it blue in the shade, then yellow in the golden sky I hitched the horse to a convenient apple tree, then rejoined the girl in the humble abode where the old woman lay dead

The gravity of the landscape, the silence and the solemnity of the hour chilled me A woman who was still young was on her knees near the bed The child, whom I had believed to be the daughter of the deceased, but who, it seems, was only her servant, lighted a smoky candle, then stood motionless at the foot of the bed I had tried to talk to her during the long ride, but had been unable to get four words from her

The woman who was kneeling got to her feet She was not a relative, as I had thought at first, but merely a neighbor, a friend brought there by the servant when the old woman began to weaken, and who offered to watch by her bedside She told me the woman had died without pain Together we arranged for the burial and funeral service As was customary in that forlorn district, it was left for me to decide everything I was uncomfortable, I must allow, in leaving the hut, so poor in appearance, in the sole care of the neighbor and servant girl Yet it scarcely seemed possible that there might be hidden wealth in any cranny of that wretched dwelling And what could I do? I asked, however, if the old woman had left any heir

In reply the neighbor then took the candle, directing it towards a corner of the fireplace Huddled on the hearth I could make out a vague being apparently asleep, the face almost completely hidden by a heavy mass of hair

"Just that blind girl — the servant said she's her niece That's all that's left of the family it seems She ought to be taken to an asylum, otherwise I don't know what might happen to her "

It was hard to settle her future existence, I was worried about the sorrow those brutal words might cause her

"Don't wake her up," I said softly, trying to urge the neighbor at least to lower her voice

"Oh, I don't think she's asleep! She's an idiot — can't talk or understand anything I've been here since morning and she hasn't said one word or moved a step I thought she was deaf at first, but the servant said she wasn't, but that the old woman, who was deaf herself never said a word to her, never opening her mouth at all, in fact, except to eat or drink "

"How old is she?"

"About fifteen or so, I'd guess I don't know any more about her than you do "

I was scarcely inclined to take care of that poor, forsaken creature myself but, after I prayed — or, rather, during my prayer — the neighbor and the servant both knelt at the head of the bed and, kneeling myself, it was suddenly made plain to me that God had placed this duty in my path, and that I could not avoid it. When I got to my feet I had made up my mind to take the child with me that very evening, though I had not the slightest idea what I could do with her afterwards, or in whose care I could place her. For a few moments I stood looking at the sleeping face of the old woman, whose mouth was wrinkled and drawn tight as a miser's purse from which nothing could escape. Then, going back to the blind girl, I told the neighbor of my intention.

"Better than leaving her here till to-morrow, when they come for the body," she said. And that was all.

Some things are done simply, without the fantastic obstacles men frequently delight in inventing. From earliest childhood we are often prevented from doing this thing or that which we would really like to do, simply because we hear it said about us: it can't be done.

The blind girl let herself be taken away as though she were a lifeless lump. While her features were regular and fairly pretty, her face was utterly devoid of expression. I took a cover from the mattress on which she slept in a corner of the room, under the inner stairs that led up to the garret.

The neighbor seemed pleased and helped me bundle her up carefully, for the night was very clear and cold, and, after lighting the lantern on the carriage, I drove off, holding close against me this bundle of spiritless flesh which seemed alive only by the feeling of an indefinite warmth. All along the way I thought: is she asleep? And what gloomy sleep! In what way was the old woman different from her sleep? Inhabitant of this opaque body, a soul waiting, no doubt, for some ray of your mercy, Lord! Grant that my love, perhaps, may free her from frightful gloom!

I could not hide from myself the difficult welcome I would receive on my return home. My wife is a model of propriety, in those trying moments we experienced first I did not doubt, for an instant, the goodness of her heart, yet her charity does not relish being surprised. She is one used to going no further than is necessary, this side of her duty. Then, too, her charity is so regulated that love is a spent treasure. That is the only point to take issue with.

"Now what have you burdened yourself with?"

Her first thought, when she saw me returning with the little girl, escaped in that cry:

As usual, when there had to be any explanation between us, I started to make the children, who had stood with open mouths, full of wonder and astonishment, go out. Ah, how different was this welcome from what I would have wished! Only my dear little Charlotte began to dance and clap.

her hands when she understood something new, something alive, had come with me in the carriage. But the rest, of the same type as their mother, instantly grew cool and drew back from her.

There was a moment of great confusion. Neither my wife nor my children saw she was blind, consequently they did not understand the special care I took to guide her steps. I was quite disturbed by the strange wailing the poor girl commenced when I dropped her hand, which I had held all during the journey. Her cries were scarcely human, one might almost think they were the plaintive yelpings of a puppy. Taken away for the first time from the narrow round of familiar sensations which formed her entire universe, her knees gave way beneath her, but, when I pushed a chair towards her, she fell down in terror, as one who did not know how to sit down. Then I took her to the fireplace, and, when she could crouch down in the position I had first seen her in the old woman's cottage, leaning against the grate, she recovered a little of her calm. In the carriage she had let herself slip to the floor, lying close to my feet during the entire ride. My wife, meanwhile, helped me, for the most natural action is invariably the best, but her reason incessantly struggled with her heart, often getting the better of it.

"What do you intend to do with her?" she asked, after the girl was settled.

My spirits sank as I remarked her unconcerned attitude and it was difficult to overcome a movement of indignation. Still lost in long and peaceful meditation, I turned towards the others who were waiting for what was next to come.

"I shall restore the lost sheep," I said, as solemnly as I could, with a hand on the forehead of the blind girl.

Amélie does not grant that one has to do anything unreasonable or contrary to reason, in teaching the Gospel. I could see she was about to protest, and I motioned to Jacques and Sarah, who were used to our little conjugal differences, and, moreover, little curious by nature (often insufficiently so to my liking) to take away the little ones. My wife still seemed abashed and rather put out by the intruder.

"You can talk in front of her," I said. "The poor child does not understand."

Then Amélie began to protest that assuredly she had nothing to say to me — she invariably began her longest discourses that way — and that she always had in everything to yield to my wishes, even though they might be utterly impractical and contrary to all precedents and common sense. I have already mentioned that I was by no means certain what I would do with this child. I had not considered the possibility, or if I had, only very vaguely, of installing her in our house, and I can almost say that it was Amélie who first suggested the idea to me, when she asked if I didn't think that we "had enough already in the house." Then she declared that

in the past she had never worried over the opposition of others, but that for her part she thought five children were enough, feeling, since the birth of Claude, (who, just at that moment, and as if he had heard his name, began to scream in his cradle,) that she had her "quota "

As she was talking, certain words of Christ rose from my heart to my lips, which, however, I curbed, for it always appeared unseemly to regulate my conduct behind the authority of the Holy Book. But when she pleaded fatigue I stopped crestfallen, for I saw that more than once the inconsiderate bursts of my zeal had weighed heavily upon my wife. While these recriminations showed me where my duty lay, I entreated her as tenderly as I could to consider that, if she were in my place, she would have done the same. She could not possibly have left in such dire distress a being that had no one to depend upon, I added that I was aware of the difficulty that caring for this infirm girl would add to the household burdens, and I regretted not being able to help any more than I did. Finally I appeased her somewhat, though my pleading brought down on the innocent girl a resentment she certainly did not deserve. I then made her see that Sarah would soon be old enough to be more helpful, and that Jacques no longer needed looking after. In short, God put in my mouth the words which helped her to accept that which, I assured myself, she would have accepted willingly, if she had had time to think it over, and if I had also not taken her so by surprise.

The project almost seemed won, and already my dear Amelie went kindly to Gertrude. Suddenly, however, her irritation returned, even stronger than before, when taking a lamp to look at the child she seemed as though she had found herself in a state of inexpressible filth.

"She's diseased!" she cried. "Brush yourself off! Brush yourself quickly! No, no! Not here! You'll cover everything with it! God help us! The children will be covered with it! There's nothing in the world I'm more afraid of than vermin!"

As a matter of fact the poor girl was covered with it and I couldn't help thinking with a feeling of revulsion how I had her pressed close against me for so long a time in the carriage.

When I returned some minutes later, after brushing myself as thoroughly as I could, I found my wife fallen into a chair, her head in her hands, sobbing bitterly.

"I wouldn't have thought of having you undergo such a trial," I said to her tenderly, "but it was so late in the evening that it was hard to see clearly. I'll sit up to keep the fire going and the girl can sleep near it. Tomorrow we'll cut her hair and wash her properly. You'll begin looking after her and all this horror will pass away. And please don't say a word about this to the children!"

It was time for supper. My protégée, whom old Rosahe, our only servant, regarded with hostility, greedily devoured the plate of soup I gave

her The meal passed in silence I should have liked to tell of my experience, to talk to the children, stir them and make them feel and understand the strangeness of such a sad state of destitution, arouse their pity and sympathy for the one whom God had bidden us succor, but I was afraid of reviving Amelie's irritation It seemed an order had been given to forget the occurrence, yet we could think of nothing else

I was deeply moved when more than an hour later, after all were in bed and Amelie had left me alone, I saw my little Charlotte open the door, and enter softly in her nightgown and bare feet She came to me and held her little arms tight about me

"I did not say good night properly," she murmured

She pointed with the end of her tiny forefinger to the blind girl who slept so innocently, and whom she had been eager to see again before she went to sleep

"Why can't I kiss her?" she asked, very softly

"You can kiss her to-morrow Let her alone for the present — she's asleep," I said, as I took her back to the door

Then I sat down and worked until morning, reading and preparing my next sermon

Certainly I thought (I remember) Charlotte is more affectionate to-day than the older children, but each of them, at her age, was the same — even my big Jacques, now so distant and reserved They seem to be loving, but they are only coaxers and teasers

February 27th

The snow is still falling heavily to-night The children are delighted because, they said, one has to go through the windows to get out The fact is that to-day the door is blocked and one can only leave the house through the laundry Yesterday I was assured that the village had provisions in abundance, for we are, without doubt, to be isolated from the rest of the world for some time It is not the first winter we have been blockaded by snow, but I never remember having seen it wall us in so thickly I shall profit by it to continue the narrative I have here begun

I said that I did not ask, when I brought the blind girl back with me, what place she could occupy in the house I knew something of my wife's obstinacy, then I knew the room we could make use of and our resources were both very limited I was influenced, as always, as much by natural inclination as by principles, without endeavoring to think of the expense my outburst might result in It is another thing to have to rely upon God or to rest the burden on another It seemed plain to me I had laid a heavy burden on Amelie's shoulders, so heavy that at first I was surprised

I helped as much as I could in the cutting of the girl's hair, which I could see she did with some disgust The washing and cleaning my wife had to do all by herself, and I realized I had escaped the heaviest and most unpleasant tasks

Amelie, in other respects, did not make the least protestation. It seemed she had thought things over during the night and assumed her share of this new burden, she even appeared to take some pleasure in it, and I saw her smile when she had finished dressing Gertrude. A white hat covered the shorn head on which I had put some pomade, some of Sarah's old clothes and clean linen replaced the filthy rags Amelie had thrown into the fire. The name of Gertrude was chosen by Charlotte and accepted by us all immediately, since we didn't know her real name, and there was no way of learning it. She must have been a little younger than Sarah, whose last year's clothes just fitted her.

I must here confess the profound deception which I felt darken the first days. Certainly I was making a romance out of Gertrude's education, while the reality depressed me considerably. Her indifferent expression, the dullness of her face, especially her utter impassiveness, chilled the very source of my good will. All day long she stayed close to the fire, on the defensive, and when she heard our voices, especially when anyone approached her, her features seemed to harden, they did not lose their inexpressiveness even to show hostility if one only tried to attract her attention, she began to whine and snarl like an animal. This sulkiness stopped only when it was time for her meals, which I served her myself and which she attacked with a bestial greediness most revolting to watch. And just as love responds to love, so a feeling of distinct aversion overcame me, before that obstinate, self-willed creature. Truly, I must own that during those first ten days I had begun to despair and even lost interest in her to the point that I lamented my first zeal and almost wished I had never brought her back with me. I was somewhat piqued, too, because Amelie, from whom I was unable to hide these feelings, was more lavish in her solicitude, it seemed, since she felt Gertrude had become a burden to me and that I was mortified by her presence among us.

In such frame of mind was I when my friend Doctor Martins, of Val Travers, came to see me in the course of his visits. He was quite interested in what I told him about Gertrude's condition, and greatly astonished at first that she had remained in that backward state, but I explained to him that her infirmity was due to the deafness of the old woman, who was the only person, until then, who had taken care of her, and who never spoke to her, so that the poor child was brought up in utter neglect. He told me I was wrong to despair, but I was not so sure.

"You want to start building," he told me, "before being sure the ground is solid. Remember, everything in her mind is in a state of chaos, and that even the barest outlines are not yet secured. The question is, in starting, to fasten together some tactile and gustatory sensations and secure them like a label, a sound, a word, repeated to her sufficiently, then try to have her say them after you."

"Above all do not try to progress too quickly, occupy yourself with her at regular hours, and never very long at a time."

‘Besides, this method,’ he went on, after explaining it in considerable detail, “has nothing magic about it I didn’t invent it and others have already made use of it You remember, don’t you? At the time we were considering Condillac and his living statue, we discussed an analogous case At least,” he said, after a pause, “I read about it afterwards in a psychological review But, that doesn’t matter, I was impressed by it, and I even remember the name of that poor child, more abandoned than Gertrude, for she was blind and deaf and dumb, treated by a doctor from a part of England I can’t recall, towards the middle of the last century Her name was Laura Bridgeman This doctor kept an account — as you should — of the progress of the child, or at least at the beginning, of his efforts in teaching her For days and weeks he kept making her touch and feel alternately two little objects, a pin, then a pen, then feel on a page printed for the blind the relief of two English words pin and pen And during those weeks he obtained no result The body seemed uninhabited However, he did not lose confidence It made me think,” he related, “of leaning over the brink of a deep, black well and desperately moving a rope in the hope that finally a hand might seize it For, he did not doubt one instant but that there was someone down there, at the bottom of the abyss, and that the rope would eventually be seized And, at last, one day a sort of smile brightened the impassive face of Laura, I am sure at that moment tears of love and gratitude must have fallen from his eyes, as he sank on his knees to thank the Lord Laura suddenly came to understand what the doctor wanted her to, she was freed! From that day on she was attentive, her progress was rapid, she soon even began to instruct herself, and later became the directress of an institution for the blind — at least, that can happen to another for other cases presented themselves recently, which have been discussed at great length in reviews and newspapers, a great surprise to many — and rather foolishly so to my thinking — that such creatures could be happy For it is a fact each of these walled in souls was happy, and as soon as they could express themselves they told of their happiness Naturally, writers go into ecstasies in being given proof for themselves who, ‘enjoying’ their five senses, yet have the effrontery to complain”

Here Martins and I became involved in an argument in which I revolted against his pessimism It did not seem reasonable It resulted in calculations that made us grieve

“That’s not the way I understand it,” he protested “I just want to tell you that the soul of man can much more easily imagine beauty, joy and harmony, than debauchery and sin, which tarnish, degrade and revile this world Learning this helps to contribute to our five senses Thus, I can willingly follow the *Fortunatos nimium* of Virgil, from *si sua mala nescient* to the *si sua bona norunt*, which teaches us how happy are they that are ignorant of evil”

Then he told me of a story by Dickens, which he thought had been directly inspired by the case of Laura Bridgeman, and which he promised to send me immediately. Four days later I received *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which I read with keen delight. It is a tale, a trifle long, but with moments of pathos, of a young blind girl whose father, a poor toy-maker, keeps her in an illusion of luxury, riches and good fortune, deceit that Dickens' art strives to pass for piety. Thank God! I shall not have to do that with Gertrude!

The day after Martins had come to see me, I began to put his method into practise, applying it as well as I could. Now I regret I didn't take notes as he advised, of Gertrude's first steps along this shadowy road, where even I was unable to guide her gropings at first. In those early weeks I had to be more patient than one could imagine, not only because of the time this first demanded, but also because of the reproaches I incurred thereby. It is hard for me to have to say that these reproaches came from Amelie, and, moreover, if I speak of them here, it is not with any feeling of animosity or bitterness — I declare positively she shall read these pages (Doesn't Christ show us through the parable of the lost sheep that our sins are forgiven?) I would say more just at the moment her reproaches hurt me most I couldn't blame her for disapproving of the long hours I gave to Gertrude. That I didn't reproach her was rather because I was not certain that my efforts would be successful. Yes, it was the lack of eagerness that made me suffer, without discouraging me from going on. How often I heard repeated "If you could only accomplish something," for she was thoroughly convinced that my labor was in vain, naturally, it did not seem right for me to give to this undertaking time which she always maintained could be employed far better otherwise. Whenever I was busy with Gertrude she would attempt to show me that I had not the least inkling of the outcome, and that I was wasting on her time I should be devoting to other things. Finally, I think she was moved by a sort of maternal jealousy, for I heard her say more than once "You never bothered yourself as much with any of your own children." That was true, for while I loved my children devotedly, I never felt I had to concern myself greatly about them.

I've often felt that the parable of the lost sheep was one of the hardest of acceptance by certain persons who, in spite of it, believe themselves thoroughly Christian. That each lamb of the flock, taken apart, was in the eyes of the shepherd as precious as the whole flock, they could never understand. And those words "If a man have an hundred sheep and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the other ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?" Those words, charitable if sincerely interpreted, they denounce with the most revolting injustice.

The first smiles of Gertrude completely consoled me and repaid me a

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD

hundred fold for my pains For "if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray" Yes, verily I say, never did a smile from any of my children fill my heart with such heavenly joy as did that which appeared on that face of stone one morning, when she seemed to begin crudely to understand what I had tried to teach her for so many days

The fifth of March I have noted the date as that of a birth It was less a smile than a transfiguration All of a sudden her features became animated, it was like a sudden light, like that purple glow in the high Alps which, just before dawn, sets the snow crowned peaks in motion, denoting the passing of night, one might call it a mystical coloration, it seemed to me like the piscina of Bethesda at the moment the spirit came down to stir the dormant water The angelic expression that Gertrude assumed held me enraptured, for it seemed a sign of great love and understanding coming into her life Such a wave of gratitude swept over me that it seemed I offered up to God the kiss I placed on that beautiful forehead

The progress now was as rapid as the first result had been difficult to obtain I am trying to recall to day by what ways we proceeded, at times it seemed that Gertrude advanced by bounds, as if to mock all methods I remember at first I insisted on the characteristics of objects, rather than on their variety warmth, cold, indifference, sweetness, bitterness, roughness, flexibility, buoyancy then movements walking, approaching, rising, crossing, lying down, tying, scattering, gathering, etc And soon, abandoning all method, I could converse with her without wondering as to whether her mind were always following me, slowly urging and provoking her to question me Certainly much had been accomplished in her mind during the time I had given up to her, for every time I saw her it was with some new surprise I felt separated from her only by a thin wall of darkness It was like the mildness of the air and the insistence of spring gradually triumphing over winter, I told myself Often have I admired the way the snow falls one might say that it wears itself out underneath while its surface remains the same Each winter it amazes Amche, she tells me the snow never changes, you think it is still thick, when it suddenly gives way, and all at once life is allowed to go on as before

I was afraid that staying so near the fire constantly might weaken Gertrude, so I tried to get her to go out She consented, however, to go walking only when her arm was linked with mine The first surprise and fear that seized her on going out of the house made me realize that she had never before ventured out of doors In that cottage where I had found her no one had bothered about her, except to give her something to eat and help her to die, I can hardly say that she lived Her gloomy universe had been bounded by the same walls of that solitary room she had never left, on summer days she went to the threshold, when the door was open

on the wide, brilliant world She told me later on, that hearing the singing of the birds had brought to her mind a clear vision of light which seemed to caress her cheeks and hands, and that, without stopping to think particularly about it, it seemed as natural that the warm air should begin to sing as that the water on the fire should start boiling It did not disturb her, for she scarcely paid attention to anything, living in a deep torpor until that day when I began to take an interest in her I remember her inexhaustible delight when I told her those little voices came from living creatures, for it seemed their sole function in expressing themselves was in spreading the joy of nature (From that day she began to say 'I am as happy as a bird!') Nevertheless, the thought that those melodies sang of the beauty of sights she could never see began to make her sad

"Is it true," she asked, "that the earth is as beautiful as the birds say? Why doesn't one talk more about it, then? Why don't you tell me about it? Are you afraid to hurt me, making me think I can't see it? You're wrong — I listen as well as the birds and I believe I understand all they're saying"

"Those who can see can't hear as well as you, my Gertrude," I said, hoping to console her

"Why don't the other animals sing?" she asked Occasionally her questions took me by surprise, and for a moment I would be perplexed, for she forced me to think about things I had until then accepted without wondering about Thus, I thought for the first time how the more an animal is secured to the earth, the heavier and sadder he is I tried to make her understand this, I told her of the squirrel and his fun

She then asked me if birds were the only creatures that flew

"Butterflies do, too," I replied

"Do they sing?"

"They have another way of expressing their happiness," I told her "It is written in colors on their wings" And I described the gaily-colored patterns of their wings

February 28th

I shall go back, for yesterday I let myself be swept along

To teach Gertrude I had to learn the alphabet of the blind myself, but soon she became more proficient than I in reading that writing, which I had trouble enough in learning myself, and which, besides, I followed more easily with my eyes than with my hands Moreover, I was not the only one who helped teach her At first, I was glad to be assisted in this care, for I had to make visits to the poor and sick of the parish, where the houses are widely scattered, so I frequently had to go some distance away Jacques had broken his arm during the Christmas vacation he had just passed with us, meanwhile he had returned from Lausanne where he had already completed his first terms of study and entered the theological school The fracture was not serious Martins, whom I have already men-

tioned, took care of it without the help of a surgeon, but the treatments kept Jacques at home for some time. He began to take a sudden interest in Gertrude, until then he had not noticed her. He helped me teach her to read. This assistance lasted only during the time of his convalescence, about three weeks, but during this time Gertrude made considerable progress. An extraordinary zeal stimulated her then. While her intelligence was dull the day before, it seemed that after her first steps and almost before she knew how to walk, she began to run. I wondered that her difficulty in formulating thoughts was so slight, and how soon she began to express herself well, not childishly, but correctly, helping herself to conceive the thought in the most unexpected and happiest way for us, things we taught her to recognize, or which we spoke of and described to her, when we could not make her comprehend clearly, we always used what she could touch or feel to explain things that were not within their reach, in the manner of surveyors taking measurements some distance away.

But I believe it is unnecessary to note here all the first steps of this instruction, which, doubtless, can be found in the teaching of all blind people. I felt that every teacher of the blind must have been plunged in the same difficulty in the matter of colors. (And in this connection I am moved to remark that nowhere in the Gospels is there any reference to colors.) I don't know what others have done, but for my part I started by naming the colors of the prism as they are revealed in the rainbow, this immediately created a confusion between color and light, I realized her imagination had not come to make any distinction between the quality of shade and that which the painters call, I believe, values. She made the serious mistake of assuming that each color could be more or less deepened, and that they could be mixed together indefinitely. Nothing puzzled her more, and she went over it endlessly.

Meanwhile I decided to take her to Neuchatel to hear a concert. The rôle each instrument played in the symphony permitted me to bring up the question of colors again. I told Gertrude of the difference in sound of brass, string and wood instruments, and that each of them in its way was capable of making, with more or less intensity, an entire scale of sounds, from very low ones up to very shrill ones. I had her represent in her mind red and orange colors as analogous to the sounds of horns and trombones, yellow and green to those of violins, violincellos and bass viols, violet and blue, the flutes, clarinets and oboes. From that time a sort of inner rapture replaced her questioning.

"How beautiful that must be!" she said again and again, then, suddenly "But white? I don't understand what represents white."

Immediately it was apparent how precarious my comparison had been.

"White," I tried to tell her, however, "is the very shrillest, when all the tones are blended, just as black is the deepest"—But that didn't satisfy me any more than it did her, for I noticed at once that the wood

winds and brass instruments and violins were different from each other in the deepest as well as in the shrillest notes. Then I became silent and perplexed, trying to discover some possible comparison.

"Well," I said, finally, "imagine something entirely pure, something which has no color in it — only light, that would be white. Black, on the other hand, is so clouded with color that everything is obscured."

I recall here traces of this conversation as an example of the sort of difficulties I frequently encountered. There was much that Gertrude didn't understand, as is often the case with people who fill their minds with imperfect or false thoughts, which soon corrupts all reasoning power. As long as she had an obscure idea in it, each thought caused her anxiety and uneasiness.

For I have said that the greatest difficulty in her mind was the notion that light and color were intimately connected, so that it was extremely difficult to dissociate them afterwards.

Thus, I experimented incessantly to show her how the visual world differed from the world of sound, and to such a point that any comparison I tried to make between them was imperfect.

29th

I have been so occupied with these comparisons that I haven't yet told how much Gertrude enjoyed the concert at Neuchâtel. They played as a matter of fact the *Pastoral Symphony*. I say "as a matter of fact," for it was, one can readily understand, the work above all others I would have chosen for her to hear. For some time after we left the concert hall Gertrude was silent, as though carried away in a trance.

"Is it true that what you see is as beautiful as that?" she asked, finally.

"As beautiful as what, my dear?"

"As that *Scene by the Brookside*?"

I didn't reply at once, for I reflected that those harmonies portrayed so inexpressibly, not the world as it actually was, but far better than it could ever be, without evil or sin. Never yet had I attempted to talk to Gertrude of evil, sin or death.

"Those who have eyes," I said, "don't realize their good fortune."

"But I don't have them," she cried, "yet I realize the good fortune of hearing."

"Pastor, do you know how happy I am?" she asked, hanging on to my arm like a child as we walked. "No, no, I'm not saying that just to please you! Look at me, don't you see it in my face, even if they say it isn't true? I know it so well by the sound. You remember the day you told me you didn't weep, after my aunt (it was thus she referred to my wife) reproached you for not doing anything for her? I cried to myself 'Pastor, you're not telling the truth!' Oh, I could tell at once from your voice that you weren't telling the truth! I didn't have to feel your cheeks to know

you had been weeping " And she repeated very loud "No, I didn't have to feel your cheeks —" That made me blush, for we were still in the town and the passers by turned round

"You don't have to try to make me believe it, you see," she continued "First, because it would be very mean to try to deceive a blind person

And then, because I wouldn't believe it," she added, cheerfully "Tell me, pastor, you're not unhappy, are you?"

I put her hand to my lips, as if to make her feel without confessing it that she was the reason for my happiness

"No, Gertrude," I replied at once "I'm not unhappy Why should I be unhappy?"

"You weep sometimes, though?"

"Sometimes "

"Since the time I spoke of?"

"No, not since then "

"And you haven't felt like weeping?"

"No, Gertrude "

"Tell me — you wouldn't lie to me?"

"No, dear child "

"Then promise never to try to deceive me "

"I promise "

"Good! Now, tell me — am I pretty?"

This unexpected question disconcerted me, especially because I had not wished until then to call attention to her undeniable beauty, I felt it was perfectly unnecessary, moreover, that she herself should be made aware of it

"What does it matter to you to know that?" I asked at once

"I'm anxious about it," she replied "I want to know if I how do you say it? if I am too much out of tune in the symphony Of whom else could I ask that, pastor?"

"A clergyman is not concerned with beauty of faces," I said, defending myself as best I could

"Why?"

"Because beauty of soul is sufficient "

"You prefer to let me believe that I'm ugly," she said, with a charming pout I was unable to hold out any longer

"Gertrude!" I exclaimed, "you know you are beautiful!"

Her face assumed a very serious expression which did not go away until we returned

As soon as we got back, Amelie found a way to make me feel she disapproved of the trip She had wanted to speak of it before, but she had let us leave without saying a word to either of us, as was her custom, reserving the right to blame us afterwards While she did not exactly

reproach me, her silence itself was accusing. Wasn't it natural that she should have asked what we heard, since she knew I had taken Gertrude to a concert? Nor did it add to Gertrude's happiness to feel she didn't take the least interest in her pleasure. Amelie, however, did not remain silent, but seemed to make a point of talking only of the most inconsequential things. That evening after the children had gone to bed I drew her aside.

"Are you angry because I took Gertrude to the concert?" I asked her sternly.

"You do things for her you'd never do for any of your own family," was her reply.

Her complaint was always the same, just as she always refused to understand that one feted the prodigal son, not those who stayed at home, as the parable tells, it also hurt me to see her take no account of Gertrude's infirmity, for what other holidays could the poor girl hope for? Amelie's reproach was especially unjust, since I had happened to have some free time that day, and also since she knew each of my children either had work to do or something which kept them at home. Amelie herself had no taste for music whatsoever, so that even when she did have any time at her disposal the idea of going to a concert would never occur to her.

I was even more displeased by Amelie daring to say that before Gertrude for while I had carefully taken my wife aside, she had raised her voice loud enough for Gertrude to hear. I was more indignant than sad, and some moments later, when Amelie had left us, I went to Gertrude, taking her weak little hand and putting it to my face.

"You see," I said, "this time I did not weep."

"No, this is my turn," she replied, smiling with an effort. Her beautiful face, raised to mine, was suddenly covered with tears.

March 8th

The only way I could please Amelie was by not doing things that displeased her. These completely negative tokens of love are all she allows me. She herself could not know to what an extent she had narrowed my life. Ah, would to God she might ask me to do some difficult feat for her! With what relish would I accomplish the rash and perilous thing! One might say that everything to which she was not accustomed was distasteful to her. The course of her life was merely an adding together of the days that pass. She wants no new virtues, nor would she even accept them from me. Any effort of the spirit which sees in Christianity more than merely domestic instincts is regarded by her with uneasiness, if not reproachfully.

I should confess I had forgotten entirely, when I went to Neuchâtel one time, to settle an account with our merchant, to bring her back some thread she had asked me to. Afterwards I was much angrier with myself than she seemed to be, especially since I had promised faithfully not to

forget it, knowing that "those who are faithful in little things will be so in big ones," and I was afraid of the conclusions she might draw from my lapse of memory I wished she had reproached me for it, certainly in this case I deserved it But, as it always happened, there was but the imaginary complaint which implied how perfect life would be if we were satisfied with our actual difficulties, without bothering with the phantoms and monsters of the mind But I am letting myself go on about something which might better make the subject of a sermon I have undertaken to set down the account of Gertrude's moral and intellectual development, and I will return to it

I should like to be able to follow her development step by step I began by telling it in some detail But since I have not had time to note down minutely its various phases, to-day it is extremely difficult for me to connect exactly the sequence of events Swept along by my narrative, I have written first of Gertrude's thoughts and my most recent conversations with her Some may be astonished at reading how she expressed herself so soon with such accuracy, and reasoned so judiciously I might say her progress was made with truly amazing rapidity I often admired the promptitude with which her mind seized the intellectual nourishment I gave her and how much she mastered by the process of assimilation and continual ripening She surprised me in anticipating my thoughts and even passing them, so that often I failed to recognize my pupil in a conversation with her

At the end of a few months it seemed scarcely credible that her intellect had lain so long dormant Already she gave evidence of more wisdom than most young girls, whom the outer world dissipated and who gave most of their time to futile preoccupations Besides, I believe she was older than we had at first thought her It seemed she made the best possible use of her blindness, causing me to wonder if, in most ways, that infirmity was not an advantage to her In spite of myself, I would compare her to Charlotte, whose mind was distracted by the least little thing, and I would think "All the same, how much better she listens to me, even if she can't see!"

It goes without saying that Gertrude was very fond of reading, but I was anxious to follow her thought as much as possible, so I preferred that she didn't read much at least without me — and principally the Bible I shall tell now, however, of something bearing on music which took place, as I remember it, but a short time after the concert at Neuchâtel

That concert had been, I believe, three weeks before the summer vacation that brought Jacques back home Meanwhile, more than once I had seated Gertrude in front of the little harmonium in our chapel, where Mademoiselle de la M—, with whom Gertrude is now living, usually sat Louise de la M— had not yet begun to give Gertrude music lessons In spite of my great love for music, I know nothing about it at all and

scarcely felt capable of showing her anything when I sat down before the keyboard, near her

“No, let me,” she said, “feel my way from the start I’d rather try it by myself ”

I left her willingly, because the chapel seemed hardly a proper place to be alone with her, as much out of respect for that holy place, as for fear of gossip When a round of visits would call me away, I took her to the church and left her there, for hours at a time, until I returned to take her back home She occupied herself in improvising, and I would find her again, towards evening, plunged in an ecstasy over some harmony

Early in August, only a little more than six months later, I had been to console a poor old woman I returned to take Gertrude home from the church where I had left her She didn’t expect me so soon and I was quite surprised to find Jacques with her Neither of them heard me enter, for the little sound I made was drowned by the organ music It is not in my nature to spy, but I was deeply concerned over everything that had to do with Gertrude I climbed as stealthily as I could up the stairs that lead to the gallery — an excellent observation post I should say that all the time I stayed there I didn’t hear a word from either of them which couldn’t also have been said before me But he was close to her, and several times I saw him take her hand to guide her fingers on the keys Wasn’t it strange she should have already accepted that help from him, when she had told me before that she preferred to be by herself? I was more astonished and hurt than I would have cared to admit, and I had already decided to intervene, when suddenly Jacques looked at his watch

“It’s time for me to go now,” he said “Father will be here soon to take you back ”

Then I saw him raise the hand she held out to him to his lips, and he left Some moments later, having quietly come down the stairs, I opened the door of the church so she might think I had just entered

“Well, Gertrude! Ready to go back? How is the music?”

“Splendid,” she said, in a most natural voice “To day I have really made some progress ”

A deep sadness filled my heart No one, however, made any allusion to what I have just written about

I longed to be alone with Jacques My wife, Gertrude and the children usually go to bed fairly soon after supper, leaving us two to continue the evening in study I waited for that moment But before speaking to him I felt my heart beat so rapidly and with such disturbing emotions that I didn’t know how or dare to broach the subject that tormented me He abruptly broke the silence by announcing his intention to spend all his vacation with us But a few days before he had interested us in a plan to take a trip in the high Alps, of which my wife and I especially approved I knew his friend T—, who had chosen him as his companion on this ex-

pedition, was expecting him, also, it seemed plain that this sudden change had some relation to the scene I had come upon by chance. At first a great indignation swept over me, but afraid, if I let myself be carried away with it, that my son would certainly close himself up completely, and also that I might come to regret too hasty words, with considerable effort I addressed him as naturally as possible

"I thought T— was counting on you"

"Oh!" he replied "He wasn't absolutely counting on me. Besides, he won't have any trouble finding someone to take my place. I can rest better here than in the mountains, and certainly I know I can make better use of my time than roving about the country"

"Well," I said, "you've found something to keep you busy here"

He looked at me, aware of a trace of irony in my voice, though unable yet to discern my motive

"You know I've always preferred a book to an alpenstock, any way," he replied easily

"Yes, my boy," I said, looking steadily at him, "but don't you think you're more interested in giving organ lessons than you are in reading?"

Without doubt he seemed to blush, for he put his hand to his forehead, as if shading himself from the light of the lamp. But he was himself again almost immediately. I wished his voice might have been somewhat less assured

"Don't accuse me unjustly, father. I didn't intend to hide anything from you. You've only anticipated the confession I was going to make"

He spoke sedately, as though he were reading a book, and talked so calmly, that it seemed as if he were older than I. I was exasperated by his extraordinary self-possession. Feeling I was about to interrupt, he raised his hand, as if to say "No, you may speak later; first allow me. But I seized his arm and shook him roughly

"Rather than see you put trouble in Gertrude's pure mind," I cried impetuously, "I'd prefer never to see you again! Your confessions are unnecessary! I wouldn't have believed you capable of such cowardly abomination as abusing infirmity, innocence and candor! And to have you talk to me about it with such composure! Listen to me carefully! I have charge of Gertrude, and I will not tolerate your talking to her, touching her or seeing her for another day!"

"But, father," he replied, in that same tranquil voice that disturbed me so, "I respect Gertrude as much as you do yourself. You are absolutely mistaken if you accuse me this way, I don't want to tell you of my conduct alone, but also of my purpose, and the secret of my heart. I love Gertrude and respect her, I tell you, above all, I love her! The idea of troubling her, abusing her innocence and blindness would be as abominable to me as to you." Then he protested that he wanted to be a support, a

friend and a husband to her, that he had thought he oughtn't to speak to me about it before she had also agreed to marry him, that Gertrude didn't know anything about it herself yet, and he wanted to talk it over with me first "That is the confession I had to make to you," he added "There is nothing else to say "

His words filled me with astonishment. As I listened to them I felt completely beaten. I wasn't prepared for reproaches, consequently they took away all my powers of reasoning. At the end of his admission I could find nothing to say.

"Let us go to bed," I remarked, after a long silence. I got up and placed a hand on his shoulder. "To-morrow I will tell you what I think about it all."

"At least tell me you're not angry with me!"

"I need the night to think it over."

When I saw Jacques again next morning it truly seemed as if I were seeing him for the first time. It was suddenly apparent to me that my son was no longer a child, but a young man, while I had thought of him as a child, the scene I had discovered seemed monstrous. I spent the night persuading myself that, on the contrary, it was natural and normal. Why was my dissatisfaction gone? I could discover that only a little later. In the meantime I had to speak to Jacques and let him know my decision. An instinct as certain as that of conscience warned me that this marriage ought to be prevented at any cost.

I took Jacques to the end of the garden.

"Have you spoken about it to Gertrude?" I asked him first of all.

"No," he told me. "Perhaps she has already felt my love, but I haven't confessed it to her."

"Good! Promise me that you won't speak to her about it yet."

"I promise to obey you, father, but can you give me your reasons?"

I hesitated to give them to him, not being sure whether the first that came to mind were the ones that should be mentioned first. But I can say that I felt my present conduct was determined by good judgment.

"Gertrude is too young," I said, finally. "Remember, she hasn't yet received the sacrament. You know, alas, she's not a child like the others — her development has been considerably retarded. Trusting as she is, she will doubtless be susceptible to the first words of love she hears that's precisely why it's important not to say them to her. To take possession of one who cannot defend herself is cowardly. I know you would not be a coward. Your feelings, you say, are not reprehensible. I say they are, because they are premature. Because Gertrude still lacks discretion, — we should have it for her. It is an affair of conscience."

Those simple words, "I appeal to your conscience," are sufficient to curb Jacques. I often used them when he was a child. Meanwhile, I

looked at him and thought how Gertrude, if she could but see, would never stop admiring his tall, slim body, so straight and supple, his handsome brow, free from wrinkles, his frank look, his boyish face, which, nevertheless, was now shadowed by sudden seriousness. He was bare-headed and his light hair, which he wore rather long, curled lightly from his temples, and half hid his ears.

"There's still something I want to ask you," I said, rising from the bench where we had been sitting. "You intended, as you said, to leave the day after to-morrow. I beg of you not to put off your departure. You should be away for at least a month. I ask you not to shorten your trip by even a day. Is that understood?"

'Quite, father. I will obey.'

He became extremely pale — even his lips were colorless. But, I told myself, such a prompt submission meant his love could not be so very strong. That relieved me inexpressibly. Moreover, I was moved by his obedience.

"I have recovered the child I love," I said to him gently. Drawing him to me, I placed my lips on his forehead. There was a slight recoil on his part, but I did not wish to be affected by it.

March 10th

Our house is so small that we are forced to live somewhat one on top of another, which is often difficult enough for my work, although I had set aside a little room where I could retire and receive my calls. Yet it was hard when I wanted to speak to one of my family in private, for the conversations there assumed a rather solemn air and, consequently, the children, in fun, called that room the "sacred place," where they were not allowed to enter. That same morning when Jacques left for Neuchâtel, where he had to buy some walking boots, he looked very handsome. After breakfast the children took Gertrude out walking, being careful to guide her all the time. (I am pleased to remark here that Charlotte was particularly attentive to her.) I found myself, quite naturally, alone with Amélie when it was time for luncheon, which we always took in the common room. That was what I had wanted, for I had put off talking to her. Because I so rarely have an opportunity for a *tête à tête* with her I was quite timid, what I had to tell her weighed heavily upon me also, not only Jacques' confession, but my own. Before beginning to talk I thought how persons, living the same lives, can shut themselves up completely from each other, everything they say being but plaintive warnings of the resistance of each separate division into which it seems impossible to penetrate.

"Jacques told me last night and this morning," I began, while she was pouring tea, and my voice trembled as much as Jacques' had been assured yesterday, "he told me of his love for Gertrude."

"He was right in talking about it," she said, without looking at me, and going on with her household duties, as though I had told her the most ordinary thing, or rather as if I hadn't told her anything at all.

“He told me he wanted to marry her, he — ”

“That’s to be expected,” she murmured, shrugging her shoulders slightly

“Don’t you believe it?” I inquired nervously

“One could see it coming for a long time Yet it’s not the sort of thing men are apt to notice ”

“In that case, you should have warned me,” I objected simply, seeing it would do no good to protest, and that there was, perhaps, some truth in her retort

“If I had to warn you about everything you don’t notice!” she said, with a slightly crooked smile in the corners of her mouth, with which she often shielded her reticences

I did not know what that insinuation signified, nor did I wish to learn I ignored it

“Well, I’d like to hear what you think about it ”

“You know, my dear,” she said, after a sigh, “I never approved of that girl’s presence among us ”

Her bringing up the past irritated me considerably

“Gertrude’s presence here is not the question,” I replied, but she went on

“I always knew it would only bring trouble ”

“Then you have thought how difficult such a marriage would be!” I returned, animated by a strong desire for reconciliation “Very well! That’s what I wanted to hear from you I’m glad we’re both of the same mind ” I added that Jacques had submitted docilely to the reasons I gave him, so that there was no longer any need for her to worry it was agreed he would leave the next day on his trip, which would last a month

“As I’m no more anxious than you for him to find Gertrude here when he returns,” I said, “I thought the best thing would be to entrust her to Mademoiselle de la M—, where I could still see her, for I won’t deny I have certain obligations towards her I’ve already sounded her out, she’s only too willing to help us Thus, you will be rid of a presence that is painful to you Louise de la M— is interested in Gertrude, she has expressed herself as delighted with the arrangement Already she’s been happy in giving her music lessons ”

As Amelie seemed determined to remain silent, I went on

“I think we ought to let Mademoiselle de la M— know about the situation, so that Jacques might not find Gertrude over there without us, don’t you?”

I tried by that question to get a word from Amelie, but she kept her lips sealed, as though she had sworn not to say anything to me I continued, not that I had anything to add, but simply because I could not bear her silence

“Besides, when he comes back, Jacques may already be cured of his love At his age, how could anyone know what he wants?”

"Oh, one doesn't always know that even later," she said, finally

Her puzzling manner and words exasperated me for, by nature, I am too reserved to put up with mystery Turning towards her, I begged her to explain just what she had meant by that

"Nothing, my dear," she replied sadly ' Only I thought you wished that someone might warn you of things you weren't aware of '

' Well? "

"Well, I felt it is not easy to warn you "

I said I abhor mystery and, on principle, I never allow myself to be vague

' When you want me to understand you, you ought to trouble to express yourself clearly," I retorted perhaps somewhat brutally, which I regretted immediately afterwards For I saw her lips tremble for an instant She turned her head away, then, getting up, took several hesitant and unsteady steps

"But, after all, Amélie," I cried, "why are you continuing to worry now that everything is settled?"

I felt my look troubled her, and turning aside, leaning my elbows on the table, I rested my head in my hands

"I spoke harshly to you then," I told her ' Please forgive me "

I heard her approach and felt her fingers rest gently on my forehead

"My poor dear!" she murmured tenderly in a voice full of tears She immediately left the room

Amélie's words at first so mysterious, became understandable a little afterwards, I have set them down as they seemed to me at first, and that day for the first time I came to understand that it was time Gertrude left

March 12th

I imposed upon myself the duty of setting aside a little time to Gertrude every day, to be, depending upon what I had to do, either a few hours or a few minutes The day after that conversation with Amélie I found myself sufficiently free, and with the good weather as an added incentive, I took Gertrude through the forest, as far as that turning of the Jura where, if the weather is fair, through the screen of branches and across the immense commanding country, there is a wonderful view of the white Alps, above a slight haze The sun had already begun to go down on our left when we reached the spot where we were accustomed to rest A thickly growing and close cut field of grass descended to our feet, not far away some cattle were grazing, each of the mountain herd with its bell

"They paint the landscape," said Gertrude, listening to their tinkling

She asked me, as she did on all our walks, to describe to her the place where we stopped

"But," I told her, "you know it already It's the border from where you can see the Alps "

"Can you see them clearly to day?"

"You can see them in all their splendor "

"You said they were a little different every day "

"To what can I compare them to day? To the thirst of a summer's day Before evening they will be completely dissolved in the air "

"I wish you would tell me if there are any lilies in the large meadow before us "

"No, Gertrude, lilies don't grow at these altitudes Or if they do, only rare kinds "

' But they're called lilies of the fields "

"There are no lilies in the fields "

"Not even in the fields near Neuchatel?"

"There are no lilies of the fields "

"Then, why does the Lord tell us 'Consider the lilies of the fields?'"

"In his day they existed, without doubt but the civilization of man has made them disappear "

' I remember you told me often that the greatest need of this world is to have faith and love Don't you think with a little more faith men might begin to see them again? When I hear that saying, I assure you I see them Shall I describe them to you? One might talk of the flaming bells, great bells of blue, full of perfume, which fills the air at night Why do you tell me they don't exist? They are here before us I feel them! I see the meadow all covered with them!"

"They are not as beautiful as they seem to you, my Gertrude!"

"Say they are not less beautiful!"

"They are as beautiful as you see them "

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," she said, quoting the words of Christ So melodious was her voice that it seemed I heard those words for the first time "In all his glory," she repeated, thoughtfully, then remained silent some time

"I have told you, Gertrude those who have eyes do not know how to see," I said And from the bottom of my heart I heard this prayer arise "I give thanks, O Lord, for revealing to the humble that which You hide from the knowing!"

"If you could know," she cried, in sprightly exaltation, "if you could know how easily I imagine all that! Wait! Do you want me to describe the landscape to you? Behind us, above us and around us, the great fir trees, smelling of rosin, with garnet trunks, and their long, dark, horizontal branches that moan when they are bent in the wind At our feet, spread out like an open book on the great desk of the mountain, is the wide meadow, green and variegated, blue in the shadow, golden in the sun, the flowers are distinct words — gentians, pulsatilla, buttercups, and the beautiful lilies of Solomon — the cows spell them with their bells, which the

angels read, since you say the eyes of men are blind to them Below the book I see a great river of smoky, foggy milk, covering a mysterious abyss, an immense river, without another bank, and beyond, over there very far off, the superb, dazzling Alps Jacques is going over there Tell me is it true he's going to-morrow?"

"He's going to-morrow Did he tell you?"

"He didn't tell me, but I understood it Will he be away long?"

"A month Gertrude, I want to ask you Why didn't you tell me he came to meet you at the church?"

"He came to meet me twice Oh, I don't want to hide anything from you, but I was afraid of hurting you"

"You hurt me by saying nothing about it"

Her hand sought mine

"He will be unhappy when he goes"

"Tell me, Gertrude did he tell you he loved you?"

"He didn't tell me, but I felt it plainly, without it being said He loves me as much as you do"

"And you, Gertrude, are you unhappy in seeing him go?"

"I think it's better for him to go I could not respond to him"

"But, tell me are you unhappy in seeing him go?"

"You know it's you I love, pastor! Oh, why do you take your hand away? I wouldn't speak to you like this, if you weren't married But one doesn't marry a blind person Then, why can't we love each other? Tell me, pastor, you don't think it's wrong to love, do you?"

"Nothing is ever wrong in love"

"I feel only good in my heart I don't want to make Jacques unhappy I don't want to make anyone unhappy I only want to give happiness"

"Jacques thought he wanted to marry you"

"Will you let me talk to him before he goes? I'll make him understand it's his duty to give up loving me Pastor, you understand, don't you, that I can't marry anyone? You'll let me talk to him, then?"

"This evening"

"No, to-morrow Just before he goes"

The sun went down in exalted splendor The air was cool We got up and retraced our steps along the dark road home

April 25th

I have had to give up this book for some time

The snow finally melted away, and as soon as the roads became passable again I had to do a great many things I had been forced to neglect during the long period when our village was blocked up Only yesterday did I have a few moments to myself

Last night I read over again all I have written so far

To-day I dare to call by its name the feeling I had acknowledged for so long in my heart I explain to myself with difficulty how I had been mis-

taken about it until now, how those words Amelie said to me seemed so mysterious, and, how, after Gertrude's naive declarations I still wondered whether I loved her I have never been able to recognize love as being justifiable without marriage, and in the feeling which swept me so passionately towards Gertrude I was unable to recognize anything that was forbidden

I was reassured by the simplicity and frankness of her confessions I told myself she was only a child A genuine love would not be without confusion or embarrassment And for my part I felt I loved her as one would love an invalid child I cared for her as one cared for someone who was sick — my impulse I had turned into a moral obligation, a duty Yes, truly, even on that evening when she spoke to me as I have written, I felt my spirit so light and joyous that I was still mistaken in my feeling, just as I was in setting down her words Feeling that love would be censured, and that everything censurable degraded, I did not believe it was love because my spirits were anything but burdened

I have reported conversations which had to do with these feelings, as well as others written in a like frame of mind and the truth is that it was only in reading them over again last night that I first understood

Soon after Jacques left — I let Gertrude talk to him and he is not to return for the last days of his vacation, either affecting to avoid Gertrude or not to talk to her again before me — our life resumed its tranquil course Gertrude, as planned, went to stay with Mademoiselle Louise, where I went to see her every day But, still in fear of love, I was careful not to discuss anything which might stir us I spoke to her only as a pastor would, busying myself chiefly with her religious instruction and preparing her to receive the sacrament on Easter

Easter Day I gave the communion myself

That was a fortnight ago To my surprise, Jacques, who came to spend a week's vacation with us, did not accompany me to the service And I greatly regret to add that Amelie, for the first time since our marriage, was also absent It seemed that both of them, by their disloyalty on that solemn occasion, had agreed to cast gloom on my happiness Still I was glad Gertrude could not see I was alone in bearing the burden of the gloom I was sure Amelie could not have been aware of anything reproachable in her action She never censured me openly, but made her denial through a sort of loneliness

I was deeply moved that such a grievance — I wish to say I am loath to consider it such — had impelled Amélie's spirit to the point of turning her away from higher interests When I returned home I prayed for her with all the sincerity of my heart

As for Jacques' abstention, that was due to other motives, and a conversation I had with him shortly afterwards, shed light upon it

May 3rd

Because of Gertrude's religious instruction I was led to read the Gospels over again from a new viewpoint. It seemed more and more apparent that the number of ideas of which our Christian faith is composed, are brought forth not by the words of Christ, but by St. Paul's commentaries.

This was, in effect, the subject of a discussion I have just had with Jacques. Of a somewhat cool disposition, his heart does not provide sufficient nourishment for his mind, he is becoming traditional and dogmatic. He reproaches me for picking out of the teachings of Christianity "whatever I like." But I don't choose this or that saying from Christ. Simply, between Christ and St. Paul, I choose Christ. Afraid of having to compare them, he doesn't allow himself to dissociate one from the other, refusing to feel any difference of inspiration in either of them, and protests if I tell him that here I am listening to a man, there I hear God. The more he argues, the more am I convinced how absurd it is to stress the lesser words of Christ as altogether divine.

I look through the Gospels for command, threat, defense, in vain. All that is only in St. Paul. And it is precisely because it cannot be found in the teachings of Christ, that Jacques is disturbed. Minds like his are lost as soon as they go a step away from their teachers, their fences and railings. Uneasily do they bear a liberty at the hands of others to which they are resigned, hoping to receive by restraint whatever might be given them in love.

"But, father," he said, "I also long for the happiness of souls."

"No, my boy. All you want is their submission."

"Happiness can be found in submission."

I let him have the last word, because I dislike arguing, I was well aware how one could compromise happiness in trying to obtain what might be instead only an effect of happiness. I know it is right to think a loving spirit rejoices in voluntary submission, getting nothing more from happiness than a submission without love.

In other respects, Jacques reasons well, and aside from the fact that I was hurt to find such doctrinal inflexibility in so young a mind, I had to admire the quality of his arguments and the consistency of his logic. I often feel younger than he, to-day even younger than I was before, and I repeated that saying "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Is it betraying Christ, is it in any way detracting from or profaning the Gospel to find there above all *a way to arrive at a happy life?* The state of joy, which ends our doubts and the hardness of our hearts, is obligatory for every Christian. Every being is more or less capable of joy. One laugh of Gertrude taught me that more effectively than all my teachings.

This utterance of Christ comes vividly before me. "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin." Sin, which obscures the spirit, is opposed to happi-

ness Gertrude's perfect happiness, which radiates through her entire being, is the result of her not knowing of the existence of sin. In her is only brightness and love.

I put between her busy hands the four Gospels, the Psalms, the Revelations and the three Epistles of John, wherein she might read "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," as already in her Gospel she had heard the Savior say "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." I did not give her the Epistles of Paul, for if, blind, she did not know sin, it might disturb her in reading the words, "that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful" (*Romans VII, 13*) and the reasoning that follows, admirable as it is.

May 8th

Doctor Martins is here from Chaux de Fond. He examined Gertrude's eyes through the ophthalmoscope at some length. He said he had talked of Gertrude to Doctor Roux, the specialist in Lausanne, to whom he had reported certain of his observations. Both of them felt that Gertrude should undergo an operation. But we decided not to tell her anything about it at all except what was quite certain. Martins would come to let me know after the consultation. What good would it do to cause Gertrude to hope for something which might, after all, not come to pass? — Besides, isn't she happy as she is?

May 10th

At Easter Jacques and Gertrude saw each other again in my presence — at least Jacques saw Gertrude and spoke to her, but only of inconsequential things. He seemed to be less moved than I had feared, and again I persuaded myself, with some vehemence that, in spite of what Gertrude had said to him, in a year's time his love would easily have disappeared. That he now feels as he does about Gertrude is infinitely preferable, and, not ordering it thus, I am happy he came to understand himself. There is undeniably much good in him.

I suspect, all the same, that Jacques' submission had not come about without debate and struggling. The restraint he had to impose on his heart now appears good to him, he would have wished to impose it on both, I felt that in the discussion I just had with him. Wasn't it La Rochefoucauld who said that the mind is often the dupe of the heart? It goes without saying that I didn't dare say anything about it to Jacques afterwards, realizing that his mind was one of those that were easily rendered obstinate by discussion, but that same evening having found in the words of St. Paul, (I could fight him with his own weapons,) a good reply to him, I took care to leave in his room a note on which he might read "Let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth for God hath received him" (*Romans XIV, 3*).

I would also have copied the following "I know, and I am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself but to him that

esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean" — but I did not dare, fearing Jacques might see some offensive interpretation in regard to Gertrude in my mind, which might not even be in his. Evidently this is a question of nourishment, but does not one attribute double and triple meanings to many other passages of the Scriptures? ("If thy eye " Multiplication of the loaves, miracle at the wedding at Cana, etc) This isn't a matter to quibble over, the significance of that verse is great and profound restraint ought not to be dictated by law, but by love, and St Paul, immediately afterwards, declares "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably " It is want of love that sets the Devil on us Oh Lord, remove from my heart all that does not appertain to love! For I had done wrong to provoke Jacques the day after, I found on my desk the same note on which I had copied the verse, and on the back of the paper Jacques had simply added this other verse from the same chapter "Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died " (*Romans XIV, 15*)

I read all that chapter over again It forms a point of departure for endless discussion Could I torment with these perplexities, darken with these clouds, Gertrude's luminous heaven? Wasn't I nearer Christ, keeping her nearer Him, too, when I made her believe that the only sin is that which interferes with the happiness of others, or compromises our own happiness?

Alas, certain souls remain particularly impervious to happiness, inept and awkward I think of poor Amélie I urge her incessantly, stirring her up, and try to force her on Yes, I would raise each one to God But she always escapes, shutting herself up like certain flowers which bloom only in the sun Everything she sees disturbs and distresses her

"What do you wish, my dear?" she said to me the other day "It was not given to me to be blind "

How unhappy her irony makes me and what an effort I make to avoid being troubled by it! Nevertheless, I think she ought to know how deeply any allusion to Gertrude's infirmity wounds me She made me realize, however, that what I admire most in Gertrude is her infinite meekness I never knew her to make the least complaint against anyone It is true I could not let her know anything that might hurt her

And even her happy spirit, which spreads happiness everywhere about her, only make Amélie utterly somber and morose Amélie's spirit emitted only gloom After a day of effort, visiting the poor, sick and afflicted, returning towards nightfall, frequently harassed, my heart sadly in need of repose, affection and warmth, I found in my home usually only worry ing, recriminations, jarrings, to which I preferred a thousand times over the cold wind and rain of out-of doors I know our old Rosalie never bothers much about anything, nor is she always wrong and Amélie always right when she makes her give in to her I know Charlotte and Gaspard

are frightfully boisterous, but wouldn't it be better for Amelie if she didn't shout so loudly and steadily at them? Like pebbles on the beach, orders, admonitions and reprimands lose all their effectiveness, the children are less disturbed than I I know little Claude is cutting his teeth, but isn't it making him worse, to appease him for the time being, when she or Sarah is spoiling him incessantly? It seems he cries less often if he is occasionally allowed to cry to his heart's content when I am not there? But I know that they run to him more than ever when he cries

Sarah is like her mother, and for that reason I should like to send her away to boarding school She is, alas! nothing like what her mother was at her age, when we were engaged, but what one would become after all the cares of a dull life Assuredly, it is hard to recognize in her to day that spirit which smiled, only a short while back, at each burst of my heart, which I came to associate indistinctly with my life, which seemed to guide me towards the light — or, was love cheating then? I discover in Sarah only vulgar preoccupations, like her mother, she lets herself be worried by paltry cares, even the features of her face have become hardened and dejected, reflecting no inner spiritual flame She has no taste for poetry or general reading, I never overheard a conversation between her and her mother in which I had any wish to take part, and I feel my isolation most of all when I am busy at my desk near them

Since autumn, encouraged by the early nightfall, I have been in the habit of going whenever my rounds allowed me — that is to say, when I could return early enough — to take tea at Mademoiselle de la M—'s house I have not yet mentioned the fact that since last November Louise de la M— and Gertrude have been taking care of three little blind girls whom Martins entrusted to her Gertrude herself is teaching them to read and do some easy tasks, in which they are already becoming quite skilful

Each time I return to the warm atmosphere of La Grange is a great relief for me, and I often long to stay there two or three days without going away Mademoiselle de la M—, it goes without saying, is looking after Gertrude and the three little girls without any considerable trouble or inconvenience, three servants help her with great devotion, sparing her all fatigue Never were fortune and leisure more deserved! Louise de la M— is always deeply interested in the poor, hers is a profoundly religious spirit, which it seems was born only to give love, in spite of her hair, already silvered like a lace cap, there is nothing more youthful than her smile, nothing more harmonious than her movements, nor more musical than her voice Gertrude has adopted her manners and way of talking, with a certain intonation, not only in her voice but in her entire being I often joke with them both about this similarity, but they pretend not to notice it How charming it is, if I have time to linger awhile with them, to see them sitting together, Gertrude resting her forehead on her friend's shoulder, holding one of her hands between her own, listening while I read some

verses or Lamartine or Hugo How delightful to see the reflection of that poetry in those two clear minds! Even the little girls are not unconscious of it These children are developing unusually, making remarkable progress in this atmosphere of peace and love I smiled at first when Mademoiselle Louise was telling them they should learn to dance, for the sake of health as well as for pleasure, but now I admire the rhythmic grace of the movements they make, which they themselves, unfortunately, are incapable of appreciating However, Louise de la M— persuades me that they are aware of the movements they cannot see through a sense of muscular harmony Gertrude joins in these dances with charm and real grace, taking, moreover, the greatest delight in it Or sometimes, it is Louise de la M— who throws herself into play with the youngsters, while Gertrude sits at the piano Her progress in music, by the way, has been nothing short of amazing, she now plays the organ in church every Sunday, and as a prelude to the singing of the hymns makes short improvisations

Each Sunday she comes to breakfast with us, my children greet her with evident pleasure, despite the difference in their tastes and feelings Amelie is not so nervous now and the meal passes without hindrance Then all the family accompany Gertrude back to La Grange It is always an event for the children, since Louise takes pleasure in loading them down with dainties Amelie herself unmoved by these attentions, finally unbends and appears rejuvenated I believe that in the future it will be with difficulty that she will go back to the tedious routine of her life

May 18th

Now that the weather is pleasant, I have been able to go walking with Gertrude again, which I hadn't done for some time, (just lately there were more snow storms and the roads have been in a frightful state until a few days ago,) nor had I been able to find myself alone with her for quite a while

We walked at a quick pace, the brisk wind reddened her cheeks and was continually blowing her yellow hair about her face As we skirted a peat-bog I picked some flowers in the rushes, and tucked them under her hat, weaving them into her hair in order that they might stay fast

We had still scarcely spoken for we were embarrassed at being alone together, when Gertrude suddenly turned her face to me

"Do you think Jacques still loves me?" she asked

"He is determined to give you up," I replied at once

"But do you think he knows you love me?" she said

Since that conversation last summer which I have already set down, more than six months passed (which surprised me) without the least word of love being uttered between us We were never alone, as I said, that was doubtless for the best Gertrude's question made my heart beat so fast that I had to slacken our pace somewhat

"All the world knows I love you, Gertrude," I cried

"No, no! You're not answering my question"

"Aunt Amelie knows it," she went on, after a moment of silence, "and I know it makes her sad"

"She would be sad, anyway," I protested, in a voice that showed my lack of assurance "It is her nature to be sad"

"Oh, you're always trying to reassure me," she said, with a sort of impatience "But I don't have to be reassured There are many things, I know, you've not told me, for fear of disturbing or hurting me, things I don't know, so that sometimes"

Her voice became lower and lower, she stopped as though out of breath

"Sometimes — ?" I repeated

"So that sometimes," she went on sadly, "all the happiness I owe you seems based on ignorance"

"But, Gertrude"

"No, let me tell you I don't want happiness like that Understand that I I don't have to be happy I'd rather know There are many things, some of them unpleasant, to be sure, that I can't see, but you haven't any right to keep me ignorant of them I've thought about it a great deal during these winter months, you see, I'm afraid the whole world isn't as beautiful as you want me to believe, pastor — in fact, far from it"

"It's true man often disfigures the earth," I argued timidly, for the flights of her thought frightened me, and I tried to bring her back from this state of depression to confidence It seemed those words moved her

"Precisely!" she cried "I want to be sure I won't add to the wrong"

For quite a while we continued to walk quickly, in silence Everything I might tell her clashed with what I felt must be in her mind I dreaded, too, bringing up some phrase which might concern ourselves And a great anguish filled my heart as I thought of what Martins had told me — that perhaps she might be able to see

"I'd like to ask you," she said, finally, "but I don't know how to say it"

She summoned all her courage, as I had had to summon mine in listening But how was I to foresee the question that tormented her?

"Are the children of a blind person necessarily born blind?"

I hadn't an inkling of how much further our conversation would oppress us, but now, at least, it had to go on

"No, Gertrude," I told her "Except in very rare cases There's no reason why they should be"

That seemed to reassure her considerably I wanted to ask her, however, why she had asked that, but I didn't dare

"But, Gertrude," I said, awkwardly, "one has to be married to have children"

"Don't tell me that, pastor! I know it's not true!"

"I've told you what is right for me to tell you," I protested "But, in effect, the laws of nature allow what is forbidden by the laws of man and God "

"You've often told me the laws of God are the same as the laws of love "

"In that case the word love is used in the sense of charity "

"Do you love me, then, with a sense of charity?"

"You know I don't, Gertrude!"

"Do you believe our love should be shunned according to the laws of God?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know it I shouldn't be the one to speak "

In vain I tried to evade the issue, but my heart threw my arguments into confusion

'Gertrude,' I cried, desperately, "do you think our love is sinful?"

"Our love I tell myself that I ought to think so "

"Well?" The pleading of my voice surprised me

"But, I could never stop loving you!" she added, without recovering her breath

All this took place yesterday I hesitated to write it down at first I do not know how the walk ended We walked with hurried steps, as if escaping from something, and I held her arm pressed tight against mine At this point I felt my spirit leave my body — it seemed that the least pebble on the road could roll us to earth

May 19th

Martins returned this morning Gertrude can be operated upon, Roux has decided, and asks that she be entrusted to him for some time I am not against it but, like a coward, I demanded time to think it over I asked that they let me prepare her gently My heart ought to have leapt with joy, but I felt it weigh upon me instead, heavy with an unspeakable anguish My heart failed me at the thought of having to tell Gertrude that she might be able to see

Night of May 19th

I have seen Gertrude, but could not talk to her At La Grange this evening, as there was no one in the drawing room, I went up to her room We were alone

For a long time I held her pressed close to me She made no movement to defend herself, and as she raised her face to mine, our lips met

May 21st

Did you make the night so profound and so beautiful for us, Oh Lord? For me? The air is mild and the moon streams through my open window as I listen to the immense silence of the heavens Oh dim adoration of all creation, dissolving my heart in an ecstasy without words! I can pray only passionately If there is a limitation in love, it is not for You, O Lord, but for men Sinful though my love might seem in the eyes of men, Oh, tell me that in Yours it is sacred!

I try to lift myself above the thought of sin, but sin seems intolerable, and I do not wish to abandon Christ. No, I do not acknowledge sin, in loving Gertrude. I cannot tear from my heart the sin which tortures me, and why? If I did not love her so already, I ought to love her by pitying her, but no longer loving her would be betrayal and she needs my love!

Lord, I no longer know Guide me! Sometimes it seems that I am sunken into the darkness and that the sight which they shall give her is taken away from me

Gertrude entered the clinic at Lausanne yesterday. She is to stay there twenty days. I await her return with extreme apprehension. Martins is to bring her back. She made me promise not to try to see her there

May 12th

Letter from Martins: the operation was successful! God be praised!

May 14th

The idea that I would have to be seen by her who, until then, loved me without seeing me — that idea made me intolerably anxious. Would she recognize me? For the first time in my life I looked uneasily into a mirror. If her eyes are less indulgent than her heart, what will become of me? Lord, it seems sometimes I need her love in order to love You

May 27th

An increase of work has permitted me to pass the days without too much impatience. Each occupation which could drag me away from myself was blessed, but all day long, through everything, her image followed me

To-morrow she is to return. Amélie, who during this week has shown only the best side of her disposition, and seems to have taken pains to make me forget the absent one, is getting ready with the children to celebrate her return

May 28th

Gaspard and Charlotte have been gathering all the flowers they could find in the woods and fields. Old Rosalie is making a monumental cake that Sarah is adorning with. I don't know what ornaments of gilt paper. We are expecting her at noon

I am writing in order to occupy the time while waiting. It is eleven o'clock. Every moment I raise my head to look down the road where Martins' carriage will appear. I keep myself from going to meet them: it is better, in respect to Amélie, not to divide up. My heart is bounding. Ah! Here they are!

Evening of the 28th

In what gloom am I plunged!

Mercy, Lord, mercy! I will give up loving her, but, You, O Lord, do not let her die!

That I might still have reason to be afraid! What has she done? What

did she want to do? Amelie and Sarah told me they accompanied her as far as the door of La Grange, where Mademoiselle de la M— was waiting for her. Then she wanted to go back. What has happened?

I am trying to put my thoughts somewhat in order. The accounts they gave me are either incomplete or contradictory. Everything is in confusion in my mind. Mademoiselle de la M—'s gardener brought her back unconscious to La Grange. He said he had seen her walk along the path by the river, then go beyond the end of the garden and disappear. But, not having at first understood that she fell, he didn't go as fast as he might have done. He found her near the little flood gate that had been opened by the current. When I saw her a little later, she hadn't regained consciousness. In an instant she recovered herself, thanks to the care lavished upon her. Martins who, thank God, had not yet left explains the sort of stupor and indolence into which she is sunk, in vain he questioned her one would either say she heard nothing or else was determined to keep silent. Her breathing is still very oppressive and Martins is afraid of a pulmonary congestion. He applied mustard plaster and cupping glasses and promised to return to-morrow. The mistake had been made of leaving her in her wet clothes too long, when they were first busy in revivifying her, for the water of the river was freezing. Mademoiselle de la M—, who was the only one able to get any words from her, maintains she had wanted to pick some forget-me-nots which grow in abundance on the bank of the river and being awkward in estimating distances, or mistaking the flowers for solid earth, she had suddenly lost her footing. If I could believe it! What frightful weights would be removed from my mind if I could only be convinced that it was an accident! All through the meal, so gay, her strange smile, that never left her face, disturbed me, a restrained smile that I didn't recognize at first, but which I was forced to believe was due to her new sight, a smile which seemed to trickle down from her eyes like tears, in comparison to which the vulgar joy of the others was offensive. She didn't give herself up to the merriment. It seemed as though she had discovered a secret which, without doubt, she would have confided to me had we been alone. She scarcely said a word, but it wasn't surprising, for among the others, so exuberant, she is often silent.

Oh, Lord, I implore you permit her to speak to me! I need to know, for how could I keep on living if I didn't? Yet, if she wished to stop living, is that precisely to have *known*? Known what? My dear, have you learned something horrible? You, whom I shielded from earthly things, have you suddenly been able to see?

I have spent more than two hours by her bedside, never taking my eyes from her face, her pale cheeks, her delicate eyes closed in indescribable sorrow, her hair still wet and spread out about her on the pillow like seaweed — listening to her troubled and irregular breathing.

May 29th

Mademoiselle Louise came to call me this morning, just when I was about to go to La Grange. After a slightly calmer night, Gertrude finally sank into a torpor. She smiled at me when I came into her room and motioned for me to sit down by her bed. I didn't dare to question her, and, no doubt, she was afraid I might do so, for she started talking immediately as though to prevent me.

"What do you call those little blue flowers that I wanted to pick by the river — they are colored like the sky? Will you gather me a bouquet of them? You can do it more easily than I. I'd like them there, near my bed."

The forced gaiety in her voice saddened me. She seemed to feel this.

"I can't talk to you this morning," she added, more gravely, "I'm too tired. You'll gather those flowers for me, won't you? You can come back later."

As I carried a bouquet of forget me nots to her an hour later, Mademoiselle Louise told me Gertrude was sleeping again and couldn't see me before evening.

This evening I saw her again. A pile of cushions supported her, keeping her sitting up. Her hair, which was carefully brushed and braided over her forehead now, was entwined with some of the forget me nots I had gathered for her.

She had a heavy fever and seemed very dejected. She kept in her burning hand the hand I held out to her. I remained standing near her.

"I have a confession to make to you, pastor, for I'm afraid of dying this evening," she said. "I lied to you this morning. It wasn't to gather flowers. Can you forgive me if I tell you I wanted to kill myself?"

I fell on my knees near her bed, keeping her frail hand in mine, but freeing it, she commenced to caress my forehead, while I buried my face in the sheets to hide my tears from her and to muffle my sobs.

"Is it so hard — knowing it?" she asked, tenderly. Then, as I could not reply, she went on: "My dear, my dear, you see I take up too much room in your heart and in your life! It was clear the moment I saw you again I or the place I occupied was another's, and that made me sad. What is wrong is that I didn't feel that sooner, or, at least — for now I know it well — to have let you love me. But when I suddenly saw her poor, sad face, I couldn't bear the thought that I was responsible for her unhappiness. No, don't say anything in reproach — just let me go away and make her happy!"

Her hand stopped caressing my forehead, I seized it and covered it with kisses and tears. She snatched it away impatiently, and waved it with a new anguish.

"That's not what I want to tell you, no, that's not what I want to tell you!" she repeated, and I could see beads of perspiration moisten her

forehead Then she closed her eyes, keeping them closed for some time, as if to retire within herself or return to that former state of blindness

"When you gave me my sight," she said in a languid and desolate voice, which she raised as soon as she opened her eyes, "my eyes were opened on a world more beautiful than I could ever have imagined it to be! Yes, truly, I could not imagine the day was so clear, the air so brilliant and the sky so vast But no more did I imagine the cares on the brow of men And when I came back, know that I saw first of all ah, it's especially important for me to tell you this! What I saw first of all was our wrong, our sin No, don't protest! Remember the words of Christ 'If ye were blind, ye should have no sin' But now I see Get up, pastor Sit there, near me Listen and don't interrupt While I was at the clinic I read, or rather I heard read, passages of the Bible which I didn't yet know, which you never read to me I remember a verse of St Paul, which I repeated all one day 'For I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died'"

She talked in a state of utter exaltation, her voice very high and almost shouting those last words, making me afraid they might hear her outside She closed her eyes again, repeating those last words, as if to herself, in a faint whisper

"Sin revived — and I died "

I shuddered, my heart frozen in terror I wanted to divert her thoughts

"Who read those verses to you?" I demanded

"Jacques," she replied opening her eyes and looking steadily at me "You know he is changed?"

It was too much, I was about to beg her to keep silent, but she went on

"My dear, I am going to make you suffer deeply, but there must be no deceit between us When I saw Jacques, I suddenly knew that it was not you I loved, but him He had exactly your face — that is he had exactly the face I imagined you had Oh, why did you make him go away? I wanted to marry him "

"But, Gertrude, you can still!" I cried, hopelessly

"He is going to take orders," she said vehemently, shaken by sobs "Ah, I wanted to tell him!" She sighed in a kind of ecstasy

"You see, nothing's left for me but death! — I'm thirsty! Call someone, I beg of you! I'm suffocating! Leave me alone! Oh, to talk to you like this! Leave me! Leave us! I can't bear to see you any longer!"

I left her and called Mademoiselle de la M— to take my place beside her, her extreme agitation made me afraid my presence had rendered her condition worse I begged them to let me know if she were sinking

May 30th

I saw her again only in sleep This morning, at daybreak, she died, after a night of delirium and depression Jacques, at Gertrude's last request, had been sent for in haste by Mademoiselle de la M—, but did not arrive until

some hours after the end He reproached me severely for not having called a priest while there was yet time But how was I to know, still ignorant of his sojourn at Lausanne, what Gertrude had done, evidently urged on by him? Two beings thus left me together separated by me all through life, they had contrived to fly from me, to be reunited in God. But I persuaded myself that Jacques' conversion was the greatest argument for love

"Father," he said to me, "it isn't right to accuse you, but it was the example of your mistake that guided me"

After Jacques had gone away, I knelt down beside Amelie, asking her to pray for me, for I needed help She repeated simply, "Our Father, Who art " but putting long pauses between the verses, which were filled with our supplication

I would have liked to weep, but I felt my heart as dry as the desert

Italy

INTRODUCTION

BY THE time the Italian language had developed into a literary instrument, the Italian tale as a form of popular entertainment was pretty well established. The folklore and traditions of ancient and Medieval Rome had entered into the consciousness of the Italian people. Some time before the Renaissance, influences from the Orient had already made themselves felt, and by the time the first story writers had collected their tales into books, there was a considerable store of material ready to hand. The first of these collections was the *Hundred Ancient Tales*, an accumulation of short stories, fables, and legends. The most famous of all these collections was *The Decameron* of Giovanni Boccaccio, written not long after the great plague of 1348. The *Novella*, or tale as developed by Boccaccio, was generally rather short, though its subject matter was often as susceptible of development and expansion as the plot of the longest novel. Boccaccio's followers were numerous and many of them exceptionally talented. Among them probably the greatest was Bandello. From the days of the Renaissance to the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, Italian writers continued to write *Novelle*, even after the pastoral romance had taken the place of the shorter forms in the estimation of the reading public.

During the Nineteenth Century Italian writers were greatly influenced by the Romantic Movement of other European countries, especially of France. The early years of the century were rendered notable by the writings of Manzoni, the rise of the modern novel, and the romantic drama. It was not until after the middle of the century that the short novel and the short story came into their own, in the hands of Verga, De Amicis, Fogazzaro, Serao, and D'Annunzio. Of the more recent writers, Luigi Pirandello is one of the most talented as a writer of stories, though at present he is better known to the world at large as a dramatist.

MATTEO BANDELLO

(1480?-1560)

BORN in Lombardy about 1480 Matteo Bandello resided first in Milan and later in Mantua as a member of one of the monastic orders. He was eventually made a Bishop by Henry II of France. He led a long and somewhat adventurous existence. His extensive collection of tales published under the general title of *Novelle* is a variegated and highly colored storehouse of love romances and thrilling stories of adventure related in a vigorous style.

The story that follows was used by Shakespeare as the basis of his plot for *Romeo and Juliet* though he missed by using a garbled French version the supreme pathos of the lovers' death scene.

The present translation is by Percy Inskerton and is reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Italian Novellists* David Nutt London 1894. The title of the story in the original is *Of the sad end of two hapless lovers one of which of poison and the other of grief together with sundry events*.

ROMEO AND GIULIETTA

IF THE affection which deservedly I cherish for my own native country do not deceive me, few cities, I take it, in this fair Italy of ours can excel Verona in beauty of position placed as it is on so noble a river as the Adige, whose limpid waters divide the city, and cause it to abound in such merchandise as Germany sends thither. Fair fruitful hills and pleasant valleys environ it, while its beauty is enhanced by many fountains of pure sparkling water, as also by four stately bridges across the river, and by a thousand other notable objects of antiquity which may there be seen. But if I speak now, it is not because I am moved to praise my native nest, which of itself proclaims its own merit and distinction, for I would tell you of the lamentable misfortunes that befell two noble lovers in this city.

At the time of the Signori della Scala there were two families in Verona renowned for their high birth and great wealth. These were the Montecchi and the Capelletti, between whom for some reason or other, there existed a fierce and bloody feud and, there being strength on either side, in various frays many were killed, not only of the Montecchi and the Capelletti but also of their followers and partisans. This served ever to augment their mutual hate.

Bartolomeo Scala, being at that time lord of Verona, was at great pains to pacify both parties, but so deeply rooted was their hatred, that he could never bring them to order. Nevertheless, if he might not establish peace, he at any rate put a stop to the perpetual frays which too often resulted in loss of life, and if they chanced to meet, the younger men always gave way to the elder of their adversaries.

It happened that one winter, soon after Christmas, festivals were held, which maskers attended in large numbers. Antonio Capelletto, the head of his house gave a very splendid entertainment to which he invited many noblemen and gentlefolk. Most of the young bloods of the city were there, among them being Romeo Montecchio, a youth of twenty or thereabouts, and the handsomest and most courteous in all Verona. Wearing a mask, he went with several of his companions to Capelletto's house at nightfall. Just then Romeo was deeply enamoured of a gentlewoman, whose slave he had been for nearly two years, and, though he constantly followed her to churches and other places she had never yet vouchsafed him so much as a single glance. Often had he written letters to her and sent messages, but so hard of heart was she that she would not smile graciously upon the love sick youth, and this grieved him so much that he resolved to leave Verona, and stay away for one or two years so that by travelling here and there in Italy he might abate the vehemence of his passion. Then again, overcome by his fervent love, he blamed himself for harbouring so foolish a thought, and it appeared utterly impossible to quit Verona. At times he would say to himself "It can no longer be true that I love her, for in a thousand ways I have had clear proofs that she does not value my devotion. Why should I persist in following her everywhere, since courting her is useless? It behoves me never to go to a church nor any other place that she frequents, so that, not seeing her this fire within me that is fomented by her beautiful eyes may gradually die out."

Alas! all such thoughts proved vain, for it seemed that the more coy she showed herself, giving him less reason to hope, the more his love for her increased, and on no day that he did not see her could he be happy or at ease. As his devotion became ever deeper and more constant, some of his friends feared that he would waste away, and they often admonished him and besought him to relinquish such an enterprise. But for their warnings and healthful counsel he cared as little as did the lady for his love.

Romeo had a comrade who was deeply concerned about his hopeless love, and greatly regretted that in pursuit of a woman he should lose his golden youth and the very flower of his years. He would often expostulate with Romeo upon the subject, and one day he said "Loving you, Romeo, as I do like a brother, it sorely vexes me to see you wasting thus like snow before the sun. As all that you do and all that you spend brings

you neither honour nor profit, for you cannot induce her to love you and all your efforts only make her more froward, why should you longer strive in vain? It is quite clear to you that for you and for your service she cares not a jot. It may be that she has some lover who is so dear and pleasant to her that she would not leave him for an emperor. You are young — perhaps the comeliest youth in all Verona, moreover, you are courteous, amiable, brave, and well versed in letters—to youth, a rare adornment. You are your father's only son, whose great riches are well known to all. Has he ever shown himself close fisted towards you, or scolded you for spending and giving just as you liked? He is your man of business, toiling to amass wealth for you, and letting you do just what pleases you. Rouse yourself then, and see the error of your ways. Strip off the veil that blinds your eyes and will not let you see the road in which you should walk. Resolve to turn your thoughts elsewhere, and to make some woman your mistress who shall be worthy of you. Entertainments and masked balls are about to be given in the city, to all of these you must go. If by chance you should meet her whom you have so long courted in vain, give her not a glance, but look in the mirror of that love which you bore for her, and doubtless you will find recompense for all the ills that you have suffered. Disdain most just and reasonable will then be aroused within you, which shall presently daunt your ill-regulated passion, and shall set you free.

With many similar arguments Romeo's trusty comrade sought to turn him from so hapless an enterprise. Romeo listened patiently, and determined to profit by such wise counsel. He went to all the festivals, and whenever he met the froward damsel he never gave her a look but turned all his attention to others, examining them critically with a view to choosing the one he liked best, just as if he had come to market to buy a doublet or a horse.

Thus, as we have said, Romeo went to the festival given by the Capelletti and after wearing his mask for a while he took it off, and sat down in a corner whence he could leisurely survey all who were in the hall, where numerous torches made the light as bright as that of day. Every one looked at Romeo, especially the ladies, and all wondered that he should show himself thus freely in the house. But, as in addition to great good looks he had most charming manners, everybody took a liking to him, and his enemies gave no heed to him, as they might have done had he been older. Thus Romeo figured there as a judge of the beauty of all those ladies who came to the ball, praising this or that one as the fancy took him, preferring to criticise rather than to dance.

Suddenly he noticed a maiden of extraordinary beauty, whom he did not know. She pleased him infinitely, and he deemed her the loveliest and most graceful damsel that he had ever seen. The more he gazed at her, the more beautiful and charming did she seem to become, so he

began to throw her amorous glances, in fact he could not take his eyes off her. A strange joy filled him as he looked, and he inwardly resolved to use every endeavour to win her favour and her love. Thus supplanted by this new affection his love for the other lady waned, and its fires were extinguished. Having set foot in love's delicious maze, Romeo, while not daring to inquire who the damsel might be, was content to feast his eyes upon her beauty and as thus captivated by her charm he waxed eloquent in praise of her every gesture, insensibly he drank in draughts of the luscious poison of love. As I have said, he sat in a corner of the ball room, and watched all the dancers as they passed. The name of the maiden whose beauty thus charmed him was Julietta, and she was the daughter of the host. To her Romeo was unknown, but he seemed to her the handsomest youth she had ever met and she took a strange pleasure in looking at him though she did this in shy, furtive fashion, while in her heart she felt a rapture indefinably delicious and immeasurably sweet. She was most anxious that Romeo should dance with her, so that she might the better see him and hear him speak, believing that in his voice there would be as great a charm as in his eyes. But Romeo showed no desire to dance, and sat there in his corner alone intently gazing at the lovely damsel while looking at no one else and by this interchange of glances and gentle sighs they sought to acquaint each other with their mutual love.

The ball was now about to end with a torch dance or as some style it, a cap dance. Romeo was invited to join in this by a lady and after dancing with her he bowed, and giving the torch to another lady went close to Julietta and took her by the hand in an act that gave to each inestimable pleasure. Julietta thus stood between Romeo and another gentleman named Marcuccio, a man of the court and most agreeable, whose witty, pleasant ways made him a general favourite. He had always got some good story to set the company laughing, while his merriment brought with it harm to none. At all times in winter or in summer, he had hands as cold and icy as an Alpine glacier, and, though he might warm these for a good while at the fire, they always remained stone cold. With Romeo on her left, Julietta had Marcuccio on her right, and when she felt the lover take her hand being possibly desirous to hear him speak, she turned gaily to him and said, with trembling voice, "Blessings attend your coming to my side!" So saying, she pressed his hand lovingly. Romeo, being quick of wit, gently returned the pressure, as he answered, "Lady mine, what blessing is this that you bestow upon me?" Then, with a sweet smile, she said "Do not marvel, Oh, gentle youth, that I bless your coming here, as Messer Marcuccio has been freezing me for a good while past with his ice cold hand, but now, all thanks to you, your delicate hand has warmed me." To this Romeo instantly answered, "Lady, whatever service I can do for you will be to me supremely dear,

as to serve you is all that I desire in this world, and I shall count myself happy if you will but deign to command me as you would command the least of your servants Let me tell you, moreover, that if my hand warms you, the fire of your fair eyes burns all my being, and if you give me no help to endure such heat, it will not be long before you see me entirely consumed and changed to ashes " He had hardly said these words when the torch dance came to an end, and Julietta, full of passion pressed his hand, as with a sigh she said falteringly "Alas! what can I say but that I am much more yours than mine!"

As all the guests were now departing, Romeo waited to see which way the damsel went, but he soon discovered that she was a daughter of the house, and of this one of his friends assured him who had made inquiry of many of the ladies The news disconcerted him not a little, as he held it to be a most perilous and difficult matter to attain the end of his amorous desire But the wound was already open, and had become deeply impregnated with love's subtle poison

Julietta on the other hand, desired to know who the youth was to whose comeliness she had fallen a victim, so she called her nurse aside into a chamber, and stood at a window overlooking the street, which was clearly lighted up by all the torches Then she began to ask the nurse who this one was, wearing such and such a doublet, or that one with a sword, or the other, and she also asked who the handsome youth might be who carried a mask in his hand The good old woman who recognised nearly all of them, told Julietta the names of each, and she also pointed out Romeo, for him she knew well At the name Montecchio the damsel was as one stunned, and she despaired of ever getting Romeo for her husband, because of the deadly feud between the two families, nevertheless, outwardly she showed nothing of her discontent That night she slept little, being full of many thoughts, yet refrain from loving Romeo she could not and would not, so passionately was she enamoured His exceeding beauty encouraged her, and then again the difficulty and peril of the thing caused her to despair, so that she became a prey to conflicting thoughts, as she said to herself "Whither shall I let these ungovernable desires of mine transport me? How can I tell, fool that I am, if Romeo loves me? Perhaps the roguish lad only said such words to deceive me, and, having obtained a shameful advantage, would laugh to see me turned into his trull, taking thus his revenge for the feud that grows ever fiercer between his kinsfolk and my own! Yet he is more generous of soul than to betray her who loves ay, who adores him! If the countenance be the manifest index of the mind, in a form so fair no ruthless heart of iron could dwell, nay, I am prone to think that from a youth so handsome and gentle one could only expect love, courtesy, and kindness Let us then suppose that as I would fain believe he loves me, and would have me for his lawful wife, may I not reasonably think that

to this my father will never consent? Yet who knows that such a match might not engender between the two families perpetual concord and a lasting peace? I have often heard that marriages have made peace not only between private citizens and gentlemen but frequently between the greatest of princes and kings, cruel wars being followed by true peace and friendship, to the great contentment of all. Perhaps in this way I may bring about a tranquil peace between the two houses."

Being therefore possessed of this thought whenever she saw Romeo pass along the street she always smiled gaily at him, and this greatly rejoiced his heart. No less than hers, his thoughts were at continual strife, now hopeful of mood, and anon despairing. Nevertheless he continued to pass in front of the maiden's house, by day as by night, though it was at his great peril, and Julietta's kind glances only increased his ardor, and drew him to that particular part of the city. The windows of Julietta's chamber overlooked a narrow passage, a farm-shed being opposite, and when Romeo passed along the main road on reaching the top of the passage he often saw the girl at her window who always smiled and seemed delighted to see him. He often went there at night and stopped in this passage, as it was unfrequented and also because, if he stood opposite Julietta's window, he could sometimes hear her speak. He being there one night, Julietta, either because she heard him or for some other reason opened her casement when he withdrew to the shed, but not before she recognised him, for with her splendour the moon had made all the roadway bright. Being alone in her chamber, she softly called to him and said "What are you doing here at this hour alone? If they should catch you here, alas, what would become of you? Do you not know how cruel is the enmity that exists between your house and ours, and how many thereby have met their death? Of a truth you will be ruthlessly slain, and thus to you mortal hurt, and to me dishonour, will ensue."

"Lady mine," replied Romeo, "it is the love that I cherish for you which brings me here at this hour, nor do I doubt that if your folk found me they would try to kill me, albeit, so far as my feeble powers would let me, I should endeavour to do my duty, and though overwhelmed by numbers, I would make every effort not to die alone. Indeed, if in this amorous enterprise I needs must perish, what death more fortunate could befall me than to die near you? Never, methinks, may it happen that I shall be the cause of putting the least stain upon your honor for with my own blood I shall ever strive to keep it, as now it is bright and fair. But if you held my life as dear as I hold yours, you would remove all these barriers and make me the happiest man alive." "Then what would you have me do?" said Julietta. And Romeo answered, "I would have you love me as I love you, and let me come into your chamber, so that with greater ease and less danger I may show you the magnitude of my love, and all the bitter pain that perpetually I suffer for your sake."

Vexed somewhat at hearing this, Giulietta in confusion answered "Romeo, you know your love, and I know mine, and I know more over that I love you as deeply as any one may love another — perhaps more than befits my honour But let me say that if you are minded to enjoy me without the holy bond of matrimony you are very greatly mistaken, and we may nowise agree Knowing, as I do, that if you visit this neighbourhood too often you may easily meet with certain evil folk, when I should never be happy again, I conclude that, if you would be mine, as I would be yours for ever, you must make me your lawful wife If you wed me I shall always be ready to come to whatever place you please But if some other fancy fills your head, begone about your business and leave me in peace "

At these words Romeo, who wished for nothing better, gaily replied that this was his one and only desire, and that whenever it pleased her he would espouse her in whatever way she should appoint "This is well," added Giulietta, "but that our marriage be celebrated in orderly fashion, I would have it solemnised in the presence of the reverend Friar Lorenzo da Reggio, my spiritual father " To this they agreed, and it was decided that on the following day Romeo should speak to the friar about the matter, as he was on intimate terms with him

Friar Lorenzo belonged to the Minor Brotherhood, a master in theology, a great philosopher, and a skilled expert in many things, including chemistry and magic As the worthy friar desired to keep up his good reputation with the people and also enjoy such pleasures as he was minded to take, he sought to do his business as cautiously as possible To provide against every emergency, he always endeavoured to get the support of some nobleman of high repute Among other friends whose favour he enjoyed in Verona, he had Romeo's father, a gentleman of great credit whom every one highly esteemed He firmly believed the friar to be a most holy man, and Romeo was also much attached to him, being beloved by Fra Lorenzo in return as a prudent and courageous youth Not only with the Montecchi but also with the Capelletti he was on terms of close friendship and he confessed most of the nobility of Verona, the men as well as the women

Romeo, having decided to do this took leave of Giulietta and returned home When morning came he went to the convent of San Francesco and told the friar of his fortunate love, and what he and Giulietta had determined to do Hearing this, Fra Lorenzo promised to do all that he wished, as he could deny him nothing, and also because he felt sure that he could make peace between the Capelletti and the Montecchi and win greater favour with Signor Bartolomeo Scala, who was most desirous that the two houses should be reconciled, so that all strife in the city might cease The two lovers therefore waited for an opportunity of confessing themselves in order to carry out their plan

It was the time of Lent, and to make matters safer Giulietta resolved to confide in her old nurse, who slept with her in the same chamber. Profiting by an opportunity she told the good woman the whole story of her love. However much the beldame chid her and bade her desist from such an enterprise, this had no effect, so that at length she acquiesced and Giulietta prevailed upon her to carry a letter to Romeo. When the lover read what was written therein, he felt as if he were the happiest man in the world, for in the letter Giulietta asked him to come and speak with her at her chamber window at the fifth hour of the night, and bring a rope ladder with him. Romeo had a trusty serving man whom he had often trusted with matters of importance, and had ever found him prompt and loyal. Telling him of his design, he charged him to procure the rope ladder, and when everything was ready, set out at the time fixed with Pietro, for so the servant was named. He found Giulietta waiting for him, who on recognising him let down the cord which she had prepared, and they drew up the ladder, which, with the nurse's help she fixed firmly to the iron grating, and then waited for her lover to come up. He boldly climbed up, while Pietro withdrew to the shed opposite. On getting up to the window, Romeo talked to Giulietta through the iron grating, the bars of which were so close together that a hand was hardly able to pass through them. After loving greetings, Giulietta said to him: "Signor mine, dearer to me than the light of my eyes, I sent for you to tell you that I have arranged with my mother to go to confession next Friday, in the sermon hour. Inform Fra Lorenzo, so that he may have all things ready." Romeo replied that he had already told the friar, who was disposed to do all that they wished. When they had talked a while further of their loves, Romeo let himself down by the ladder and returned home with Pietro.

Giulietta became straightway very glad of heart and every hour before she could wed her Romeo was to her as a thousand years. Romeo, for his part, felt just as gay and full of spirits as he talked with his servant of it all. When Friday came, Madame Giovanna, Giulietta's mother, took her daughter and serving women and went to the San Francesco convent, and on entering the church she asked for Fra Lorenzo. The friar had already taken Romeo into his cell where he heard confessions, and had locked him in. Then he went to Madame Giovanna, who said to him: "Father, I came to confess myself betimes, and I have also brought Giulietta with me, for I know that all the day you will be busy hearing the many confessions of your spiritual sons and daughters." Giving them his blessing, the friar passed into the convent and entered the confessional where Romeo was, while Giulietta followed as the first to present herself for confession.

When she had entered, and closed the door, she made a sign to the friar that she was within. He then raised the wicket, and after the usual greetings said: "My daughter, Romeo tells me that you have consented to take

him as your husband, and that he is minded to make you his wife. Are you both still so disposed?" The lovers answered that this was all that they desired whereupon the friar, after saying certain things in praise of holy matrimony, pronounced those words which the Church has ordained to be spoken at marriages, and Romeo then gave his dear Giulietta the ring, much to their mutual delight. They arranged to meet that night, and after kissing each other through the opening of the wicket, Romeo cautiously quitted the cell and the convent, and gaily went about his business. The friar closed the grating so that it might seem as if nothing had been removed, and then heard the glad maiden's confession, as well as that of her mother and the serving women.

When night had come, at the hour fixed, Romeo went with Pietro to a certain garden. Helped by the latter he climbed the wall, and let himself down into the garden, where he found his bride waiting for him with the nurse. On seeing Giulietta, he went to meet her with outstretched arms. Giulietta did the same, and, winding her arms about his neck, she remained for a while speechless—overcome, as it were, by such supreme delight, while her ardent lover was filled with a like rapture, and it seemed to him that never before had he tasted pleasure such as this. In mutual kisses then they took infinite, unspeakable delight, and, withdrawing to a corner of the garden where there was a bench, they then and there consummated the marriage.

After much delicious dalliance, Romeo and his lovely bride made arrangements for a future meeting, resolving to discover what Messer Antonio would say with regard to the union and the making of peace. Then, after kissing his dear wife a thousand times, Romeo left the garden, saying joyfully to himself "What man is there alive more happy than myself? Who is there that shall equal me in love? Or who ever possessed so fair and winsome a damsel as mine?" Nor did Giulietta deem herself less fortunate, since to her it seemed impossible that any youth could be found who in beauty, courtesy, and gracious bearing might equal her Romeo, and she anxiously waited until things might be so arranged that she could freely enjoy him without fear. Thus, on some days they met, while on others they forbore.

Meantime Fra Lorenzo tried all he could to effect a peace between the Montecchi and the Capelletti, and had brought matters to such a likely pass that he hoped to make the secret alliance a source of satisfaction to both parties. But at Easter time it happened that several men of the Capelletti faction fell in with others of the Montecchi near the Borsari Gate facing Castel Vecchio, and, being armed they fiercely attacked them. Among the Capelletti was Tebaldo, Giulietta's first cousin, a stalwart youth who urged his comrades to give the Montecchi a sound thrashing and respect no one. The scuffle grew fiercer, when each side was reinforced with men and arms, so furious indeed became the fighters, that, recking nothing, they dealt each other grievous wounds.

Suddenly Romeo appeared upon the scene who besides his henchmen had certain young fellows with him, who accompanied him in a jaunt about the city. Seeing his kinsmen fighting with the Capelletti he was greatly troubled, for he knew of the friar's scheme for peace, and felt doubly desirous that no dispute should arise. Therefore to calm the disturbance, he called out to his comrades and servants being heard by many others in the street: "Brothers, let us part these fellows, and see to it that, at all costs, the fray goes no further, but compel them to lay down their arms." Then he endeavoured to separate the combatants, while his friends did likewise, and tried their best by words and deeds to stop the fight. It was a vain attempt, however, the fury of either side having now reached such a pitch that blows fell thick and fast.

Two or three men had already fallen when Tebaldo coming sideways at Romeo, dealt him a lusty stroke in the flank, but as he wore a corselett of mail, he was not wounded, as the blade could not pierce it. Then, turning towards Tebaldo he said in friendly fashion: "Tebaldo, you are in great error if you think that I have come to pick a quarrel with you or with your people. I happened to be here by chance, and have tried to get my men away, being desirous that we should live like peaceful citizens. Therefore I beg you to do the same with your fellows, so that no further scandal ensue, for there has been bloodshed enough already."

Nearly all present heard these words spoken, but Tebaldo, either not understanding or not choosing to understand them, rushed wildly at Romeo to strike him on the head, crying out, "Traitor! you are a dead man!" Romeo wore gauntlets of mail, and, wrapping his cloak round his left arm, held this up to protect his head, and, turning the point of his sword towards his adversary, he ran him right through the throat, piercing it again and again, so that Tebaldo instantly fell, dead. Then there was a great outcry, and as the officers of the court now came up the combatants escaped, some this way, and others that. Grieved beyond measure that he had killed Tebaldo, Romeo, with several of his folk, went to San Francesco, and hid himself in Fra Lorenzo's chamber. The good friar, at the news of young Tebaldo's death, was in despair, for he feared that now there would be no means of removing the hatred between the two families. The Capelletti in a body went to Signor Bartolomeo, the Governor, to lodge a complaint, while the Montecchi sought to defend Romeo, as there were many who could testify to his forbearance until Tebaldo attacked him. Thus either party argued hotly before Signor Bartolomeo. As it was proved that the Capelletti had been the assailants, while to Romeo's pacifying words several trustworthy citizens bore witness, the Governor made all of them lay down their arms, and banished Romeo from Verona.

In the house of the Capelletti there was great mourning for the death of their Tebaldo, while Guilietta's tears fell without ceasing, not for the loss of her cousin, but because all hope had vanished of the alliance, and she

grieved greatly and bemoaned her fate as she could not conceive how the thing would end Learning through Fra Lorenzo where Romeo was, she wrote him a most sorrowful letter and sent it to the friar by her old nurse She knew that Romeo had been banished and that he must instantly quit Verona, so she affectionately besought him to let her go with him Romeo wrote back cheering words and bade her be patient, as in time he would make everything right He had not yet determined to what place he would go but he would stay as near Verona as possible, and before leaving he would make every effort to meet her once more, and speak with her in whatever place was most convenient to herself

As the least dangerous spot, she chose the garden in which she had passed her wedding night, and accordingly at the time fixed Romeo, armed, came out of the convent, and, with his trusty servant Pietro, went to the garden, where Giulietta received him with floods of tears For a while they were silent, unable to speak a word, drinking, as they kissed, each other's tears, and mourning bitterly for this sudden separation and all the adversities of fate As the time for parting drew near, Giulietta fervently besought her husband to take her with him, saying, "Dear my lord, I will cut off these locks of mine and don a page's dress, and wherever you please to go, there will I always come too, and lovingly do your behests What more faithful servant could you have than I? Oh, my own dear husband grant me this boon, and let your fortune be my fortune also, that what befalls you may befall me likewise!" With tender words Romeo sought to comfort her as best he might, assuring her that it was his firm belief that ere long his sentence of banishment would be revoked, as of this the Prince had already given his father some hope Moreover if he took her with him, it should not be in the garb of a page, but as his bride and his wife, whom he would see honourably attended as befitted her rank His term of banishment, so he said, would not exceed a year, and if meanwhile no friendly truce were established between the factions, the Lord of Verona would see to it that at all hazards, and whether they wished it or not, they did become reconciled Nay, if the matter were protracted overmuch, he would go over to the other side, since he could not live long without his Giulietta Then he told her to send him news of herself by letter, and said much else to comfort her, but Giulietta was inconsolable, and could only weep Now, as the lights of dawn showed faint in the east, the sorrowing lovers kissed and embraced each other as before with many tears and sighs, then said farewell

Romeo returned to the convent, while Giulietta went back to her chamber, and two or three days later, having laid his plans, he left Verona disguised as a merchant, having trusty companions about him, with whom he travelled in safety to Mantua Here he took a house, for his father kept him supplied with money, and provided in every way for his honourable maintenance

All day, and every day, Giulietta wept and sighed, scarcely eating or sleeping, her nights being as unrestful as her days. Noicing her daughter's grief, Giulietta's mother often questioned her as to its cause, telling her that it was time to cease such sorrowing and that she had mourned overmuch for her cousin's death. Giulietta said that she did not know what ailed her, and whenever she could escape from the company she gave vent to her grief with tears, so that she grew thin and sad, and all unlike the lovely Giulietta that once she was. Romeo kept her comforted by frequent letters, always giving her hope that soon they would be together again. He urgently besought her to be of good cheer and to let merriment dispel her melancholy, as all things were working together for good. Vain however, was such counsel, as, without Romeo she could get no cure for all her grief.

The mother thought that the girl's chagrin came from a desire to have a husband, as some of her companions had recently been married. Possessed by this idea she told her lord of it and said, "Husband our daughter Giulietta leads a most miserable life, for she does nothing but weep and sigh and, whenever she can she shuns the society of every one. I have often asked her the reason of this sorrowing and indeed, have closely watched her on all sides to try and discover it but I have never succeeded. She always has the same answer to wit that she does not know what ails her, while all the servants shrug their shoulders and say they cannot tell. Some grievous passion of a truth torments her, and it is evident that she is wasting away as wax before the fire. Of the thousand reasons that I have imagined, one alone remains in my mind, and it is this — I greatly suspect that her grief comes from the fact that, last Carnival time, some of her girl companions were married while there is no talk of finding a husband for her. This next feast of Saint Luphemia she will be eighteen, so, husband mine, I thought I would say a word to you about it, as it seems to me that the time has come for you to find her a worthy and honourable husband and not let her remain longer unwed, for she's hardly the sort of goods to keep by us at home."

Messer Antonio thought his wife's speech apt enough, and he replied "Since you could make nothing, wife of our daughter's melancholy, and as you think she ought to have a husband, I will do my best to get her one that shall in all respects be worthy of our house. Meanwhile do you try and find out if she be in love, and let her say who the husband is that she prefers." Madame Giovanna declared that she would do all in her power, and make fresh inquiries of her daughter, and of others about the house. However, she could learn nothing.

Just at this time Messer Antonio's choice happened to fall upon the Count Paris di Lodrone, a very handsome and very rich young man, about twenty four or twenty-five years of age. There seemed good hope of successfully arranging the match, and Messer Antonio told his wife of this

Thinking such an alliance most desirable, she in turn told Giulietta, who at the news became as one beside herself with grief. Perceiving this Madame Giovanna was much annoyed, not knowing the cause of her daughter's discontent.

After much arguing she said "Well daughter mine, as I take it, you wish for no husband," to which Giulietta answered "No, mother, I do not desire to wed and if you love me or care for me, never talk to me about a husband." "What do you want, then," rejoined her mother, "if you will not have a husband? Will you be a nun? Tell me frankly what you wish." Giulietta said that she did not want to be a nun all that she desired was to die. At this answer the mother was filled with amazement and displeasure and she knew neither what to say nor what to do. Those of the household were equally surprised, and could only affirm that ever since her cousin's death Giulietta had been exceedingly sorrowful, weeping incessantly and never showing herself at the windows. Having heard all from his wife, Messer Antonio sent for his daughter, and after some exhortation said "My daughter as you are now at a marriageable age I have found a noble rich, and handsome husband for you in the Count di Lodrone, therefore do as I bid you and get you ready to accept him, for it is seldom that matches as honourable as this are made." Hereupon with more courage than befits a girl, Giulietta frankly answered that she did not wish to be married. The father was greatly incensed, and in his choler came near to striking her.

However, he only sharply scolded her with many harsh words, finally telling her that, whether she liked it or not, she must make up her mind in three or four days to go with her mother and other kinsfolk to Villafranca where Count Paris and his companions intended to visit her. Moreover she must show no further opposition to this plan, if she did not wish him to break her head, and make of her the sorriest daughter that had ever been born. Giulietta's discomfiture may well be imagined, in sooth she was as if struck by some fiery thunderbolt. Upon recovering herself, she let Romeo know everything, by means of Fra Lorenzo. Romeo wrote back bidding her be of good courage, as in a short while he would come and take her away with him to Mantua. So she was forced to go to Villafranca, where her father had a very beautiful estate. She went just as gaily as convicts go to crucifixion or the gallows. Count Paris, who was there, saw her in church at mass, and, albeit haggard, pale, and sad of mien, she pleased him, so he came to Verona, where the marriage was concluded with Messer Antonio. Giulietta also returned to Verona, when her father told her that the marriage contract had been signed, and exhorted her to be cheerful. Struggling to show a brave front, she kept back the tears that rose in torrents to her eyes, as answer she made none. The wedding, so she learnt, was fixed for the middle of next September so not knowing where to turn for help, she decided to go herself and see Fra Lorenzo, and take counsel with him as to how she might escape from these nuptials.

The festival of the glorious Assumption of the ever blessed Virgin, Mother of our Redeemer, now drew near when Giulietta, profiting by the chance, went to her mother and said "I neither know nor can I imagine the source of this deep melancholy that thus oppresses me, yet ever since Tebaldo's death I have never been happy, and it would seem that I am getting worse, since nothing serves to cheer me. Therefore, at this blessed Feast of the Assumption, I would fain attend confession as perhaps in this way I shall gain some comfort in my tribulation. Sweet my mother, what say you? Do you think that I should do so? If there be some other road that in your opinion I ought to take I pray you show it to me, since in my own mind nothing seems clear to me."

Madame Giovanna, being a good soul and very religious, was glad to hear of her daughter's intention, and highly commended her for it. Accordingly they went together to San Francesco to see Fra Lorenzo. When he had entered the confessional, Giulietta, going in at the opposite side, presented herself before him and said "Holy Father, no one better than you yourself knows what has transpired between my husband and myself, so there is no need for me to repeat it here. You will also remember to have read the letter that I forwarded through you to Romeo, in which I told him that my father had made me the affianced bride of Count Paris di Lodrone. Romeo wrote back that he would come and save me, but God only knows when that will be. Now as matters stand, they have decided to have the wedding next September, and as the time draws near, I see no way to escape from this Lodrone, who should rather be called *ladrone* (thief) and assassin, since he would steal the property of another. Father, I have therefore come to you for counsel and help. These words that Romeo writes, 'I will come and set things right,' are not enough to get me out of the trap. I am Romeo's wife, with whom I have consummated marriage, and I can never be another's, nay, even if I could, I would not, for I mean to be his, and his eternally. Your help, then, and your counsel are what I need. Listen to what I thought of doing. I want you, father, to procure me a boy's dress with doublet and hose, so that, thus clad, I may leave Verona late one evening or early one morning. No one will recognise me, and I can go straight away to Mantua, to my Romeo's house."

When the friar heard this imprudent plan, he was little pleased thereat, and said "My daughter, this scheme of yours cannot be carried out, for you would run too great a risk. A damsel so tenderly nurtured as yourself could not bear the fatigue of such a journey, for you are not used to travel on foot, nor do you know the way, so that you would wander about hither and thither. As soon as your father discovered your absence from home, he would send spies to all the gates of the city and along all the main roads of the country round about, and without a doubt they would soon find you. When you had been brought home, your father

would want to know the reason for your escaping thus in the dress of a man How you would bear their threats and ill usage I know not, and in your luckless endeavour to reach Romeo you would lose all hope of ever seeing him again

At the friar's sagacious words, Giulietta grew calmer, and she replied "Since my plan does not seem to you a good one, Father, and as I have full belief in you, pray give me your advice, and show me how to cut the hateful knot that binds me, so that possibly with less peril I may rejoin my Romeo, for I cannot live without him And if you can help me in no other way, prevent me at least from becoming another's, if Romeo's I may not be He told me of your fame as a distiller of herbs and other things, and that you prepare a water which, without causing any pain, can kill a man in a couple of hours Give me some of this, enough to free me from the hands of that *ladrone*, seeing that to restore me to Romeo is out of your power Loving me as I know he loves me, he will be content that I should die rather than fall alive into the hands of others Moreover you will save me and my house from grievous shame, and if there be no other way to rescue me from this tempestuous sea, on which I drift as some wrecked and rudderless bark, I swear it, that some night with a keen edged dagger, in a frenzy, I will slit open the veins of my throat, being resolved to die rather than remain untrue to Romeo "

The friar was a great experimentalist, who in his day had travelled in various countries, delighting to gather new knowledge He was specially well acquainted with the virtues residing in herbs and minerals, being one of the most famous distillers of the time Among other sleep giving preparations, he made a paste, which afterwards he reduced to a very fine powder of truly marvellous efficacy For, if dissolved in a little water, whoever drank it fell asleep in less than half an hour, and the draught had such a calming effect upon the vital forces that there was no physician, however famous or expert, who would not declare the drinker of it to be dead — a delicious death, lasting sometimes forty hours and some times more, according to the bodily temperament of those who took the draught When the powder had done its work, the man or the woman awoke just as from some long calm, restful sleep, and it caused them no harm whatever

Now when the friar heard the disconsolate damsel's resolve, from sheer pity he was like to weep as he replied "See now, my daughter, you must not talk of dying, for of a surety if once you die you will not return until the Judgment Day, when all the dead shall be raised together I would have you think of living as long as it shall please God, for He gave you life and He preserves it, and, when it seems to Him good, He takes it back again Thus put away from you such melancholy thoughts You are young, and must endeavour to live and enjoy your Romeo We will find some remedy for it all, never fear In this magnificent city, as you

see I am held by all in high repute yet if folk should discover that I knew of your marriage it would bring me infinite harm and shame. And if I gave you poison what then? I have none, but if I had I would not give you any, because it would be to sin grievously against God, and also because I should utterly lose my credit. Nevertheless, O my daughter, I will gladly do all I can for you so that you may remain Romeo's bride and not become the wife of this Lodrone. Nor shall you die, but it behoves us to act so that no one shall know of the matter. You for your part must be resolute and brave and determine to do as I bid you, though this shall not cause you the least harm. Listen, then, to what I mean you to do."

Then the friar showed the damsel his sleeping powder and explained to her its virtues and that he had often tried it, but had never found it fail in its effect.

"My daughter," said he, "this powder is so precious that it will give you a harmless sleep, and all the time you thus quietly rest it Galen Hippocrates, Messue, Avicenna and all the most famous physicians past and present were to see you and feel your pulse with one voice they would all declare you to be dead. And when the powder has done its work you will awake as healthy and as fresh as when at morning you leave your couch. At the first signs of dawn you must drink the potion, when you will gradually fall asleep, and when the hour for rising comes your kinstolk will endeavour to wake you but in vain. Your pulse will have ceased to beat, and you will be as cold as ice. When summoned doctors and relatives will one and all pronounce you dead and at evening time you will be buried in the vault of the Capuletts. Here at your ease you will rest for a night and a day, and the next night Romeo and I will come to take you hence (for meanwhile I shall inform him of our plan by special messenger), and he will secretly convey you to Mantua and keep you there in hiding until this blessed peace be concluded between your house and his. If you cannot adopt this course I do not see how I can help you in any other way. But, as I have said, see to it that you keep the matter secret and to yourself, or you will spoil things for both of us."

Giuletta, who to find Romeo would have gone into a fiery furnace, to say nothing of a sepulchre, implicitly believed all that the friar said, and without another thought consented to his proposal, saying, "Father, I will do all that you tell me, and I place myself in your hands. Never fear that I shall say aught of the thing to any one, for I will keep it a profound secret."

Then the friar hurried back to his room, and brought the damsel a small spoonful of the powder, which he wrapped up in a piece of paper. Giuletta put this in her wallet, and thanked Fra Lorenzo many times, who could scarcely believe that a girl should have such courage and assurance as to let herself be shut up in a tomb with the dead, and he said to her "Say,

now, my daughter, shall you not be afraid of your cousin Tebaldo, who was but lately killed, and who lies in the vault where you will be placed? By this time he must stink horribly ” “My father,” replied the intrepid damsel, “fear nothing on that score, for if by suffering the grievous torments of hell I thought I should find Romeo, for me the eternal fire would have no terrors ” ‘ So be it, then,” answered the friar, “in the name of our Lord God ”

Giuletta then joyfully returned to her mother, and as they went home together she said “Mother dearest, of a truth Fra Lorenzo is a most holy man With his sweet and pious counsel he has given me such comfort that he has almost dispelled the deep melancholy that oppressed me, and so devoutly did he discourse to me upon the subject of my ailment, that nothing better nor more apt can be imagined ” Madame Giovanna noticed that her daughter was more than usually gay and, hearing this, her joy knew no bounds as she replied, “God bless you, my dearest daughter! Right glad am I to think that you have begun to be of good cheer, and for this we are greatly beholden to our spiritual father We must be good to him and help him with our alms, for the monastery is poor, and each day he says a prayer to God for us Bear him often in mind, and send him some goodly alms ”

Madame Giovanna really believed that Giuletta by this apparent gaiety had got rid of her melancholy, so she told this to her husband, who shared her satisfaction thereat, and they both ceased to suspect that she was love-sick for some one, believing that her grief had arisen from her cousin’s death, or from some other strange cause Indeed she seemed over young to marry, and, if they could have done so with honour, they would willingly have kept her yet for two or three years before getting her a husband But the contract with the Count was already concluded, and this could not be undone without scandal A day for the marriage was accordingly fixed, and rich dresses and jewels were got ready for Giuletta to wear She continued to seem light hearted and gay, laughing and joking with all, while every hour seemed to her as a thousand years, before that one came for her to drink the potion

On the evening which preceded the Sunday fixed for her wedding day, the damsel, saying nothing to any one, placed a goblet filled with water at the head of her bed This was not noticed by her nurse That night she hardly slept at all, being full of thoughts, and when the dawn drew near, at which time she was to drink the potion, she pictured Tebaldo to herself as she had seen him, with all the blood streaming from a gash in his throat She thought how she would have to lie beside him, perhaps upon him, and that in the vault there were many mouldering bodies and bare bones The fear of it sent a cold shiver through her frame, her every hair stood on end, and for sheer terror she trembled like a leaf in the gale An icy sweat overspread her limbs, and it seemed to her on a

sudden as if she were being torn into pieces by the sheeted dead in that tomb. Then, her fears giving place to courage she said to herself: 'Alas! what is this that I am about to do? Where am I going to let them put me? How shall I bear the noisome stench of Tebaldo's rotting corpse when at home the least evil smell is unendurable to me? Who knows if some serpent or a thousand other hideous reptiles be not in the tomb - vermin abhorred and loathed by me? If courage fails me to look at them how shall I bear to have them about me and to feel them touch me? Have I not often heard them say what fearful things happen at night, not only in tombs but also in churches and graveyards?'

This grim fancy brought to her imagination a thousand others more grisly still, and she half determined not to take the powder. In fact she very nearly scattered it about the floor being distraught by many strange and conflicting thoughts some prompting her to take it and others to reflect upon the hideous perils that would surround her if she did. However, at the last as the dawn peered forth from her orient balcony being spurred thereto by her fervent and vivid love for Romeo which only grew greater in all this trouble she boldly drank off the potion at a draught and, lying down, she soon fell asleep.

The old nurse, being in bed with her had noticed that the girl scarcely slept all night but she never saw her drink the potion and rising, went about her household duties as usual. When the time came for Giulietta to wake the old crone came back to the room crying: 'Get up get up! It is time to rise!' and she threw open the windows. Seeing that Giulietta never moved nor made the least sign of waking she shook her, saying, 'Get up, slug a bed, get up!' But the good old woman's words fell upon deaf ears. So she began to shake Giulietta as hard as she could pulling her by the nose and pinching her, but all her efforts were in vain. The powder had so frozen and fettered her vital spirits that not the loudest, most appalling thunderclaps in the world could have roused her with their tremendous clamour. The old nurse being horrified to find that the girl was as senseless as a corpse, believed she must be dead and weeping bitterly, she ran to find Madame Giovanna to whom, hilt hindered by sobs she cried breathlessly: 'Madam, your daughter is dead.' The mother rushed weeping, to the room, and when she found her daughter in this state, needless to say, she was almost overwhelmed with grief. Up to the stars rose her grievous lamentations, they would have touched stones to pity, or softened savage tigers when most wrathful at the loss of their whelps.

The women's cries were now heard all over the house, and everyone ran to the bedchamber. Giulietta's father came with the rest, and when he found his girl cold as ice, without any visible sign of life, he was fun to die of grief. The news spread quickly, and soon the whole city heard of it. Friends and kinsfolk flocked straightway to the house, and the more they came the greater grew the general lamentation. The most famous physi-

cians of the city were instantly summoned, who applied all their most efficacious remedies, but without effect. Then, hearing what life the girl had led for several days, and that during this time she had done nothing but weep and sigh, they all with one opinion declared that she had died suffocated by intense grief. This only served to redouble the universal sorrowing, as all Verona bewailed so cruel and so unforeseen a death, but more than they all the mother mourned, refusing to take any comfort whatever. Three times when embracing her daughter she fainted, and herself seemed like a corpse so that grief followed grief, and sorrow was added unto sorrow. All the women about her strove as best they might to console her, but she had given reins to her grief in such a way, and had let herself be so transported thereby, that in despair she understood nothing of all that was said to her. All that she did was to weep and to sigh, screaming and tearing her hair like one demented. Messer Antonio was as greatly distressed as she, though he gave less vent to his grief in tears.

That morning Fra Lorenzo wrote a long letter to Romeo, informing him of the potion scheme and of what had occurred, telling him also that on the following night he would go and bring Julietta out of the tomb and take her back to his chamber. Romeo must therefore endeavour to come disguised to Verona, and he would wait for him until midnight on the following day, and then they would adopt such measures as might seem to them best. The letter being written and sealed, Fra Lorenzo gave it to a trustworthy friar, with strict injunctions to set out for Mantua that very day and find Romeo Montecchio. To him he was to deliver the letter, but to no other person, whoever he might be.

The friar started off and reached Mantua early in the day, dismounting at the Franciscan convent. Having put up his horse, he asked the Father Superior to let him have a companion to take him about the city and help him to do his business. But he discovered that shortly before one of the friars of this convent had died, and there was just a suspicion that his death was due to the plague. The health officers unanimously declared him a victim to this disease, and they were the more certain of this because in his groin was found a tumour much bigger than an egg — proof positive that he had died of this pestilent malady. So it chanced that just as the Veronese friar was asking for a companion, the health officers arrived and ordered the Father Superior under grave penalties to let no one go forth from the convent. The friar protested that he had only just arrived from Verona, and had not associated with any one in the convent. But his protests were vain, and he was perforce obliged to remain there with the other friars, so that he never gave that blessed letter to Romeo, nor sent him any message which brought about the direst evil and scandal, as you shall hear anon.

Meanwhile in Verona they prepared solemn funeral obsequies for the

damsel whom all believed to be dead, and they decided that the burial should take place late that evening. On hearing of Giulietta's death Pietro Romeo's servant, was filled with consternation, and he decided to go to Mantua, but after the funeral, so that he might tell his master that he had actually seen her dead. He resolved to start from Verona and ride all night, reaching Mantua when the gates were opened. Accordingly, at late evening, amid the grief of the whole city, Giulietta was borne on a bier towards San Francesco, the pomp of her train being swelled by all the clerical and civic dignitaries of Verona. Distress at the sad event had so daunted Pietro, who knew how passionately his master loved the girl, that he never thought of speaking to Fra Lorenzo, as he usually did. Had he seen the friar, he would have heard about the sleeping draught, and, by telling Romeo, would have averted all the ills that ensued. Being well assured that it was Giulietta whom they carried on the bier, he mounted his horse and rode at a good rate to Villafranca, where he stopped a while for rest and refreshment. Then starting again two hours before daybreak, he reached Mantua at sunrise, and went to his master's house.

Let us now go back to Verona. When the damsel had been brought into the church and over her bier the customary solemn service for the dead had been chanted, about the midmost hour of the night she was laid in the vault. This was of marble and very spacious, being situated in the graveyard outside the church, one side of it touching the wall, with an enclosed space adjoining where, when another corpse was laid in the vault, the bones of those previously interred were flung. When the vault was opened Fra Lorenzo dragged Febaldo's body to one side of it, and after it had been swept and made clean he had the damsel gently placed therein, with a little pillow at her head. Then he closed the tomb.

On reaching the house, Pietro found his master in bed, and for grievous sobs and tears could say not a word when presenting himself before him. This greatly astonished Romeo, who, thinking of ills other than those which had actually occurred, said "How now, Pietro? What is amiss? What news do you bring me from Verona? How goes it with my father and the rest of our family? Speak, nor keep me longer in suspense. What can it be that grieves you thus? Quick, tell me!"

Then Pietro, giving vent to his emotion, in broken accents told him of Giulietta's death, and how he himself had seen her borne to the sepulchre, her death, as they said, being due to grief. The dread news nearly drove Romeo out of his mind, and, leaping from his bed in a frenzy, he cried "Ah! traitorous Romeo, perfidious, disloyal, and of all men most ungrateful! Not grief it is that has slain your lady love, for of grief one dies not, but it is you, that cruel man, you that have been her executioner, you have been her assassin, you have done her to death! She herself

wrote to you that she would die rather than become another's bride, and besought you to take her away at all hazards from her father's house. But you, ungrateful one, laggard in love, and wretched mongrel that you are, you gave her your word that you would go and do everything, and bade her be of good cheer, while from day to day you put it off, never resolving to do her will. Now you have chosen to stay with your hands at your girdle, and Giulietta is dead. Dead she is, and you are alive! Oh! traitor, how often did you write it to her, and with your own lips tell her that you could not live without her! But you are living at this moment. Where, think you, is she? There in twilight beyond the grave she wanders, waiting for you to follow, as to herself she exclaims 'Ah, what a liar, what a false lover and faithless husband is this! for at the news of my death he yet can bear to remain alive!' Forgive me, oh, for give me, my own dearest wife, for I confess my very grievous sin. As, however, my immeasurable grief may not for all its poignancy deprive me of life, myself I will do its work, and slay myself with mine own hand!"

Then he grasped the sword hanging near the bed's head, and, wrenching it from its scabbard, set the point of the blade at his heart. But Pietro was quick enough to prevent him from wounding himself, and disarmed him in a trice, snatching the sword from his hand, as, like a faithful servant, he respectfully chid his master for such madness, bidding him take comfort and live, as the dead girl was beyond all human help. The dreadful news had so stupefied Romeo, that, as it were, he became like stone, or marble, while never a tear fell from his eyes. Looking at him, one might have thought it was a statue, not a man. But ere long tears came in torrents, and then he resembled a fountain where water welled in abundance. And the words that, thus weeping, he uttered, might have moved pity in the hearts of barbarians, however hard or adamant these might be. When the first bitterness of his grief was spent, Romeo, swayed by passion, began to give way to evil and desperate thoughts, and, since his darling Giulietta was dead, he determined nowise to remain alive. But of this dire intent he said not a word, hiding what was in his mind, so that by no servant nor another he might be hindered from carrying out his scheme. To Pietro, who was with him in the room, he gave injunctions to say nothing to any one of Giulietta's death, but bade him get two fresh horses saddled, as he was going back to Verona.

"I want you," said he, "to go on first, as fast as you can, saying nothing to any one, and when you reach Verona do not tell my father that I am coming, but try and get picks and other iron tools necessary for opening the vault in which my wife is buried. For I shall arrive at Verona late to night and will go straight to your cottage at the back of our orchard. About the third or fourth hour of the night we will go to the graveyard for I would fain look once more upon my hapless wife as she lies there.

dead Then, all unrecognized I will quit Verona betimes, you following me a little way after and we will both return hither ”

Accordingly, soon after this Pietro started and Romeo wrote a letter to his father, asking pardon for marrying without his permission, setting forth in full the story of his love and of his marriage He also tenderly besought him to have a solemn service for the dead said at Julietta's grave as if it were for his daughter in law, and make this service a perpetual one by endowing it with the revenues which he (Romeo) possessed as certain property had come to him from an aunt who dying had made him her heir For Pietro also Romeo made such provision that he could live in ease without depending upon others for support These two things he most urgently requested of his father declaring it to be his last wish and as his aunt had died a few days before he begged his father to give the first fruits of her property to the poor Sealing this letter, he put it in his bosom, and taking a phial full of deadly poison, he drugged himself like a German and mounted his horse, telling the folk of his house that next day he would soon return

So he set out for Verona, travelling at great speed and got there at the hour of the *Te Maria* He at once went to look for Pietro who was at home and had done all that he had been told to do About the fourth hour of the night they both started for San Francesco taking all necessary tools with them, and on reaching Julietta's tomb they adroitly opened it and propped up the lid Romeo had told Pietro to bring a dark lantern with him, which helped them not a little in their work Entering the tomb, Romeo saw his darling wife lying there to all appearance cold and dead At the sight he swooned and sank down at her side overcome with grief Then, recovering himself, he tenderly kissed and embraced her, bathing her face with scalding tears as sobs choked his utterance But after a long spell of weeping he found his voice, and spoke words that must have touched the hardest of hard hearts to pity

As he had resolved to be quit of life, he took the phial containing the poison, and putting it to his lips drained it at one draught

Then he called to Pietro, who kept watch in a corner of the graveyard, and bade him approach So Pietro, climbing up, leaned over the mouth of the tomb, when Romeo thus addressed him

“Listen, Pietro my wife lies here and you partly know how much I loved and still do love her I felt that it was as impossible for me to live without her as for a body to exist without a soul, and so I brought poison with me — snake water which, as you know, can kill a man in less than an hour This of my own free will I have drunk, so as to die here by the side of her whom living I so dearly loved, and though in life I was not allowed to be with her, I shall at least lie beside her in the grave See, here is the phial, which, if you recollect, we got of the Spoletine in Mantua — the fellow that had those live asps and snakes Of His pity and infinite goodness may

God pardon me, for not to offend against Him have I slain myself, but because without my dear wife I could not live And if you see these eyes of mine full of tears, not for my lost youth do I weep, but because I grieve for her death — she deserved to live a happier, more tranquil life Give this letter to my father, I have written to him that which I wish done after my death, also about my burial here, and concerning my servants at Mantua For you, who have served me so faithfully, I have made such provision that henceforth you will not need to become the servant of another, and I am sure that my father will carry out all my wishes to the letter Now, get you hence, for death, I feel, is near, the poison overcomes me, and every limb grows numb So, do you close the lid of the tomb, and leave me to die by my dear one's side" At these words Pietro felt as if, for very grief, his heart would break All his remonstrances were vain, for there was no remedy against the poison, which now had gained hold of all parts of Romeo's body Taking Julietta in his arms, the lover kissed her unceasingly, and disposed himself to die, while again telling Pietro to shut down the lid

Just then Julietta woke, as the effect of the powder had passed off Feeling herself kissed, she thought it was the friar, who in a moment of carnal impulse was embracing her as he bore her back to his chamber So she said, "Alas! Fra Lorenzo, is this how you prove the trust that Romeo placed in you? Back, I say!" Then, as she struggled to free herself from his grasp, her eyes opened, and she found that he who embraced her was Romeo Although he wore a German dress, she knew him well, and exclaimed "Oh! my dear heart, is it you? Where is Fra Lorenzo? Why do you not bring me out of this tomb? Let us go away, for God's sake!"

At the sight of her eyes and the sound of her voice, Romeo knew of a certainty that Julietta was not dead but verily alive, and he felt at once tremendous gladness and measureless, unspeakable grief Straining her to his bosom, he cried, "Oh life of my life, and dearest heart of mine, what man has ever felt a joy like this which now possesses me? For I firmly believed you to be dead, but behold! I clasp you alive and safe in my arms! Yet what grief may match my grief? What torturing pain can vie with that which fills my heart, as I feel myself reach the end of all my dolorous days, and as life slips from me now, when most I need it? For at the most I can not live more than half an hour! What mortal ever felt at one and the same moment such rapturous joy and such infinite grief? Though, dearest consort, I rejoice unspeakably that you are come back to life, incomparable sorrow covers me as I think that all too soon I may no longer see you, nor hear your voice, nor stay near you to enjoy your sweet company But the gladness at your return to life far exceeds the sorrow at my own approaching death, and I pray the Lord God to give you those years of my hapless youth which now He takes away from me, letting you live long and have a far happier fate than mine, whose life, as I feel, now touches its close"

Then Giulietta replied "What is this, love, that you say? Do you come from Mantua to comfort me with such news? What is it that ails you?" Then Romeo told her how he had drunk the poison, and she exclaimed "Alas! and woe is me! What awful thing is this you tell me? Fra Lorenzo never wrote to you of the plan which he and I had made? He promised me that he would inform you of it all by letter!" And in her anguish the despairing damsel wept and shrieked, being well nigh beside herself, as she told Romeo all that had befallen, and all that she and the friar had arranged.

As thus she grieved, Romeo spied Tebaldo's corpse, and, turning to it, said "Wherever now you be, Tebaldo know this, that I never sought your harm. I joined the fray as a peace-maker and to exhort you to get your men to withdraw, making my folk also lay down their arms. Yet full of rage and ancient hatred, you cared nothing for my words but with dire intent attacked me. Forced thereto, I lost patience never ceding an inch, but, standing on my defence, as ill luck would have it, I slew you. Now, for the harm I did your body, I crave your forgiveness, the more so as I was to have become your kinsman, by marrying this your cousin. If vengeance is what you desired, behold, you have it now. What greater vengeance would you have than to know that he who killed you has now poisoned himself in your presence, and dies here by his own hand, being buried with you in your tomb? Though in life we fought, in death we shall rest at peace in the self same grave."

At these dolorous speeches Pietro, listening became like a statue hewn out of marble. He knew not if he heard aright, or if he dreamed. Then Giulietta said to Romeo "Since it has not pleased God that we should live together, may it please Him at least that I be buried with you in the tomb, for be sure that, come what may, I will never go hence without you." Romeo again embraced her, and, comforting her, besought her to live, that thus he might die happy in the belief that she would remain alive. Many things did he say to her, until, as strength and sight gradually failed him, he grew so weak that he sank down on the ground, and with his eyes turned piteously towards his sorrowing wife exclaimed, "Alas! dear heart! I die."

Now, for some reason or another, Fra Lorenzo did not wish to bear Giulietta to his chamber on the night of her burial, but next night, seeing that Romeo did not come, he went to the tomb with a trusty friar of his order, bringing tools wherewith to open it. He got there just as Romeo sank down in his death agony. Seeing the tomb open, and recognising Pietro, he said "Ho, there! where is Romeo?" Giulietta heard him, and cried "May God forgive you for not sending the letter to Romeo!" "I did send it," replied the friar, "Fra Anselmo took it you know him. Why do you speak thus?" "Come into this place and you shall see," answered Giulietta, weeping bitterly.

The friar entered, where Romeo lay half dead, and he said "Romeo, my son, what is it? what ails you?" Then, with a languid look, Romeo recognised him, and bade him take care of Giulietta, since he was now past all living help or counsel, and, repenting him of all his sins, he craved forgiveness of him as of God. So saying, he feebly beat his breast, and then his eyes closed, and he lay there, dead.

In excess of grief Giulietta fell senseless upon her husband's body, and remained for some while in a deep swoon. The friar and Pietro sought to revive her, and when she regained consciousness, she gave vent to her tears as she kissed the corpse, and exclaimed "Oh fairest home of all my thoughts and of my pleasures! my one and only darling lord, from being sweet how are you now become bitter! You have ended your course while yet in the flower of your lovely and pleasant youth, caring nothing for a life that all others held so dear. You wished to die at a time when others most long to live, reaching that end to which sooner or later all must come. Oh, my lord, you came to die in the arms of her whom most you loved, and who loved you with a matchless love, for, thinking her dead and buried, you of your own free will were for burying yourself with her. Never did you deem that these her tears would fall for you, never did you think to pass over to the other world and not find her there. But soon, love, soon will I come to you, and stay with you for evermore!"

Distressed at her anguish, the friar and Pietro did all they could to comfort her, but in vain, and Fra Lorenzo said at last "My daughter, what is done cannot be undone. If mourning could bring back Romeo from the grave, one and all we would dissolve ourselves in tears, that so we might succour him, but for this thing no remedy exists. Take heart, be comforted, and hold on to life, if you desire not to return to your home, I will find shelter for you in a nunnery, where, in the service of God, you can pray for the soul of your Romeo." However, she would on no account listen to him, but, being resolved to die, she checked within her all her vital forces, and, embracing Romeo once more, straightway expired.

As the friars and Pietro were busied with the dead girl, believing that she had swooned, the sergeants of the watch came along, and, seeing a light in the tomb, they all hurried thither, to seize Pietro and his companions. On being told the sad story, they left the two friars strongly guarded, and brought Pietro before Signor Bartolomeo, the Governor, and told him under what circumstances they had arrested him. Signor Bartolomeo caused the tale of the hapless lovers to be minutely narrated to him, and, as dawn had now come, he rose and went out to view the bodies.

The report of the tragedy soon spread throughout all Verona, so that young and old flocked forthwith to the vault. Pietro and the friars were set at liberty, and the burial of the two lovers took place with great pomp, amid the great grief of the whole city. The Governor desired that they should be buried in the same grave, and this caused a peace to be made between the Montecchi and Capelletti, though it did not last very long.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

(1867-)

LUIGI PIRANDELLO was born at Curgenti Sicily in 1867. He received his education first in Italy and later at Bonn where he took post graduate degrees in philosophy and philology. His subsequent career writes Isaac Goldberg has been devoted to professorship but his permitted him enough leisure in which to produce a veritable library of books. From poetry he progressed to the novel to criticism to the theater.

He wrote an immense number of short stories and short novels of which the title that follows is characteristic. This story appears here for the first time in English by permission of the translator Professor M. J. Hubert.

IN SILENCE

WATI RLOO? Good Heavens, you pronounce it Waterloo?"

"Yes, sir, after St Helena."

"After? What are you talking about? What has St Helena to do with it?"

"Oh, yes, the Island of I Iba."

"No! No! Let the Island of Elba alone, Brei. Do you think a history lesson can be made up on the spur of the moment? Sit down."

Cesarino Brei, pale and timid, sat down, and the professor kept looking at him for a bit, vexed if not annoyed.

That boy, whose diligence and enthusiasm for study had been so praiseworthy in the first two years of his course — that is, since he had put on the uniform of a boarding student in the National Academy, though he was still very attentive to his lessons, like the good pupil that he was — now, look at him. He couldn't even understand the real reasons why Napoleon Bonaparte had been defeated at Waterloo.

What had happened to him?

Not even Cesarino himself could explain it. He sat hour after hour studying, or rather he sat with his books open, staring at them nearsightedly through his thick lenses, but he could no longer fix his attention on them, diverted and distracted as he was by new and confused thoughts. And this not only since he had entered the Academy, as the professors thought, but for some time before. Indeed Cesarino might have said that it was precisely because of these thoughts and certain strange impressions, that he had allowed his mother to induce him to enter the Academy.

His Mother, who called him Cesare, not Cesarino had said to him without looking directly into his eyes, "Cesare, you need a different kind of life you need the companionship of boys of your own age, and a little system and regularity, not only in your studies, but in your recreation. If you don't mind, I'd thought of having you spend this last year of your preparatory course in the Academy. Would you like to?"

He had hastened to answer Yes, without even stopping to think, for during the past few months the sight of his mother had been distressing to him. An only son, he had never known his father, who must have died very young indeed, for his mother could still be called young. She was thirty seven. He himself was already eighteen, that is, just the age his mother was when she married. The figures kept coming back to his mind.

Indeed the fact of his mother's being still young and having married at eighteen, did not necessarily mean that his father must have died so very young because his mother might have married a man older than herself, perhaps even an old man, mightn't she? But Cesare had little imagination. He did not think of this, nor many other things.

Besides there was no picture of his father in the house, nor any evidence that he had ever existed. His mother had never spoken of him, nor had the son ever taken a notion to find out about him. He knew only that his father was called Cesare, just as he was, and that was all. He knew it because in the school certificate the name was written "Brei, Cesarino, son of the late Cesare Brei born at Milan," etc. At Milan? Yes. But he knew nothing of his native town, simply that at Milan there was the Cathedral, the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, and Milanese buns, that was all. His mother, who was also Milanese, had settled in Rome directly after her husband's death and his own birth.

When he thought about it, Cesare almost felt that he scarcely knew even his mother. He almost never saw her during the day. From morning till two in the afternoon she was at the trade school, where she taught drawing and embroidery, after that she went her rounds until six, or seven, sometimes even eight in the evening, giving private lessons in French and piano. She came back tired at night. In the brief interval before supper there were other cares, other domestic duties that the servant could not manage, and immediately after supper she must correct the exercises of her private pupils. Furniture that was more than respectable, all the creature comforts, a well filled wardrobe, a larder plentifully stocked, all these to be sure came from the constant labor of his indefatigable little mother, but what gloom, what silence in that house!

Cesarino, looking back on it from the Academy, felt his heart wrung. When he was at home, as soon as he had returned from school, he had lunched alone wearily, in the little dining-room richly furnished, but almost dismal, with a book open in front of him, propped against the water

bottle, with the white square of the napkin laid out on the old walnut table, then he shut himself up in his room to study, and finally in the evening when they called him to supper, he came out with his mind dulled, clouded, befogged, his nearsighted eyes staring through his glasses. Mother and son exchanged few words as they supped. She asked him what news there was at school, how he had spent the day? Often she reproached him for his manner of living, which was so unyouthful, and urged him to bestir himself. She entreated him to get out more in the open air during the day, to be more sprightly, more of a man. Study was necessary, to be sure, but there had to be diversion, too. It grieved her, indeed it did, to see him so weary, so pale, so lacking in appetite. He gave her brief replies — Yes or No, he promised without enthusiasm and waited impatiently for the end of the supper so that he might go to bed at once. He was in the habit of getting up early in the morning.

Growing up thus alone, he had never been on familiar terms with his mother. He saw her and felt that she was very different from himself, she was so eager, energetic, self-reliant. Perhaps he was like his father, and the void that his father had left so long ago stood between him and his mother, and had grown steadily with the years. His mother, present though she was, always seemed to him a long way off.

Now this impression had grown to the point of causing him an odd feeling of discomfort, when (much later, to be sure, but Cesario you know, had little imagination) as a result of a conversation with two school-mates, the first childish illusions of his soul had fallen away from him, unexpectedly revealing to him certain "shameful" secrets of life hitherto unsuspected by him. Then his mother had as it were leaped to still greater distances away from him. During the last days he spent at home, he had noticed that despite the huge amount of work she handled every day, without resting, from morning till evening, she still remained beautiful, very beautiful and very vivid, and that she took the greatest care of her beauty. She dressed her hair each morning with long and loving solicitude, she wore clothes of aristocratic simplicity, and uncommon elegance. He even felt almost offended by the perfume which she used, of which he had never been so definitely aware.

It was precisely to get away from this curious attitude of mind toward his mother, that he had accepted at once the proposal that he enter the Academy. But had she noticed it? Or what had moved her to make him the proposal?

Cesario thought it over now. Since earliest childhood, he had been well behaved and studious, he had always done his duty without anyone's supervision. He was rather slender, but none the less healthy. The reasons adduced by his mother did not convince him in the slightest degree. He kept struggling with himself to escape certain thoughts that filled him with shame and remorse, the more so because he knew now that his mother was

ill For several months she had not come to visit him at the Academy on Sundays The last time she had come she had complained of not feeling well, and indeed Cesarino had noticed that she was not as robust as before, he had noted on the contrary an unwonted carelessness in her coiffure which had made him feel a more acute remorse for the evil thoughts suggested by the extreme care which she had formerly devoted to it

From the little letters his mother sent him from time to time, asking him whether he needed anything, Cesarino learned that the doctor had ordered her to rest because she had tired herself too much and for too long a time, and that he had forbidden her to leave the house, though he gave assurance that it was nothing serious, and that if she scrupulously followed his orders she would doubtless be cured But the illness dragged on, Cesarino was worried and could scarcely wait for the day when the school year would end

Naturally, in this condition of mind the true reasons conceived by the professor of history to explain why Napoleon Bonaparte had been defeated at Waterloo could not succeed in penetrating his mind, for all the efforts that he made

That same day, as soon as he got back to the Academy, Cesarino was summoned by the principal He expected some serious reproof because of the small profit he had derived from his year of study, but instead, he found the director very kindly and affectionate, and apparently a little worried as well

"Dear Brei," he said to him, unexpectedly putting a hand on the boy's shoulder, "You know that your Mother"

"Is she worse?" interrupted Cesarino immediately, raising his eyes to look at him, almost in terror, his school cap dropped from his hand

"Yes, my boy, it would appear so You must go home at once"

Cesarino remained looking at him, in his suppliant eyes a question his lips dared not utter

"I'm not very sure," said the principal, understanding the unuttered question "A woman came from your house a little while ago, to summon you Courage, my boy You must go now I shall leave the school prefect at your disposal"

Cesarino left the principal's office with his mind in a whirl, he had no idea what he should do, where he should go, in order to get home Where was the prefect? And his cap? Where had he left his cap?

The principal handed it to him, and ordered the prefect to remain at the boy's disposal for the remainder of the day, if necessary

Cesarino ran to the Via Finanze where the house was located A few paces before he reached there, he saw that the great door was ajar, and he felt his legs grow weak beneath him

"Courage," repeated the prefect anew The whole house was upside down, as though death had entered there by violence

Entering precipitously, Cesarino hastened to his mother's room, to the far corner of the room and there he caught sight of her, stretched on the bed. She seemed so tall — this in his bewilderment was his first odd impression of surprise — tall and long, oh God as if death had stretched her out by main force, rigid paler than wax, and already livid in the hollows of her eyes and along her nose. Unrecognizable!

'How? How?' he stammered at first almost more curious than terrified by the sight, hunching up his shoulders and stretching out his neck to stare, as myopic people do.

As if by way of reply, there came from the other room, breaking horribly into that deathly silence, the shrill wail of a child.

Cesarino turned sharply as if the wail had cut into him like a knife penetrating his body, and with a shudder that shook his whole frame, looked at the servant who was weeping silently and kneeling beside the bed.

"A baby?"

'In there,' she answered with a gesture.

'Hers?' he asked in dismay more with his breath than with his voice.

The servant nodded by way of affirmation.

Once more he turned toward his mother but he could not endure the sight. Bewildered by the sudden atrocious revelation which stupefied him and wrung his heart with bitter anguish he hid his eyes in his hands, while from deep within his tortured body, there surged something like a shriek which his throat choked with pain, would not let pass.

In childbirth then? Died in childbirth? But how? And immediately there flashed into his mind the suspicion that yonder in the room from which that infant wail had come, there was *some one*, and he turned a glance of hate upon the servant.

"Who? Who?"

It was all he could say with a hand that wavered, he tried to straighten the glasses that were slipping from his nose because of the tears which, meanwhile, unexpectedly streamed from his eyes.

"Come, come," said the servant.

"No tell me," he insisted.

But finally he became aware that in the room beside the bed, there were other people whom he did not know, who were looking at him with pitying surprise. He said no more and allowed himself to be led by the servant into the little room he had occupied before he went to the Academy.

There was no one there but the midwife, who had just finished bathing the new born infant, still puffing and purple.

Cesarino looked at it with a shiver, and turned once more to the servant.

"No one here?" he said as if to himself "This baby?"

‘Oh, my dear young master!’ exclaimed the servant, clasping her hands, “what can I tell you? I don’t know a thing, I don’t. That’s just what I was telling the midwife here. I honestly don’t know a thing. Not a single soul has even come here, *that* I can swear to!”

“Didn’t she tell you?”

“Never. Not a thing. She never told me a single word, and I certainly couldn’t ask her. She used to cry, you know, oh she cried so much, and in secret. She never went out of the house again after it began to show. You understand me, don’t you?”

Cesarino, shuddering, raised his hands in a gesture which told the servant to say no more. However potent was his need to know, in the dreadful void into which sudden death had cast him, he still did not wish to know. The shame was too great. His mother had died of it, and she was still in there.

He pressed his hands over his face, moving to the window to mull over his suppositions in the darkness of his mind.

Nor could he remember ever having seen, while he was in the house, any man who might have aroused his suspicions. But outside the house? His mother had lived so little at home, what did he know of the life she had led outside? What was his mother, beyond the very narrow circle of the relations he had had with her before, there, during the evenings, at the supper table? A whole life, from which he had always remained apart. She had found someone, to be sure. Who was it? He wept. So this man had abandoned her, because he was unwilling or unable to marry her. And that was why she had shut him up in the Academy, to save herself and him from inevitable shame. But afterwards? He would have been sure to leave the Academy next July, and then? Did she perhaps intend to erase every trace of her guilt?

He unclasped his hands to look at the baby again. There he was, the midwife had wrapped him in his swaddling clothes, and had laid him on the little bed in which he himself used to sleep when he was a child. That little cap, that tiny shirt and the bib. No, of course she intended to keep the baby. It was certainly she who had prepared that layette for him. So when he left the Academy he would have found at his home this little new being. And what would his mother have said to him then? There, there was the reason why she had died! Who knows what tremendous hidden torture she had endured through those months! Ah vile, vile was the man who had inflicted it upon her, by abandoning her after having dishonored her! And she had shut herself up in her house like an animal in its den, to conceal her state, and perhaps she had lost her position as teacher in the trade school? On what resources had she lived throughout those months? On the savings, of course, savings that she had accumulated through so many years of work. But now?

Cesarino suddenly felt the void gaping blacker and vaster all about him. He saw himself alone, alone in life, without any relation, near or distant, alone, with that tiny creature yonder, whose entrance into the world had killed his mother, and who was likewise left alone in the same void, abandoned to the same fate, without a father — like himself.

Like himself? But then, perhaps he, too, — How did it happen that he had never thought of it before? Perhaps he too had been born thus? What did he know of his father? Who had that Cesare Brei been? Brei? But wasn't that his mother's family name? Yes, Enrica Brei. Thus she signed herself, and everybody knew her as Signora Brei, the schoolteacher. If she had really been a widow, would she not have resumed her maiden name when she came to Rome and entered the teaching profession? She might perhaps have added her late husband's name to it? But she had not. Brei was clearly his mother's maiden name, consequently he bore her name alone. And the late Cesare, of whom he knew nothing, of whom not the slightest trace had remained in the house, had perhaps never existed. Cesare perhaps, he had been, but not Brei.

Who knows what his father's name had been! How did it happen that he had never thought of these things before?

"Listen, dear young master!" said the servant, "the midwife has something to say to you — about the little baby."

"Yes, sir," interrupted the midwife, "that child needs milk right now. Who's going to give it to him?"

Cesarino gazed at her in bewilderment.

"It's like this," went on the midwife, "I was just saying that with a birth like this — and because your Mama, poor thing, is no more — and you're a poor boy who couldn't tend to this tot — I was just saying."

"You mean, to send it away?" said Cesare, knitting his brows.

"But look here," the woman resumed, "I am obliged to make a report to the city authorities — I've got to know what you mean to do."

"Yes," said Cesarino, bewildered anew, "Yes — just wait — first I want — I want to see —"

And he looked about him as if he were hunting for something. The servant came to his aid.

"The keys?" she asked him in a low tone.

"What keys?" he said, thinking of nothing at all.

"You want the bunch of keys, to see — I don't know what. Just look, they're in your Mother's room, on the wash stand."

Cesarino started to go and see, but he stopped short at the thought of looking again upon his mother, now that he knew. The servant, who was about to follow him, added in a still lower tone:

"We'll have to provide for so many things, young master. I know you're upset, all alone like this, poor innocent soul that you are."

The doctor came, I rushed to the pharmacy I got so much stuff that wouldn't amount to anything, but now we've got to think of your poor Mama too, haven't we? What shall we do? Look for yourself, won't you?"

Cesarino went to get the keys He saw his Mother again stretched out long and rigid on the bed, and as if attracted by the sight, he approached her Silent, silent now forever, those lips from which he would have wished to hear so many things! She had carried away with her into the horrible silence of death, the mystery of that baby and the other mystery of his own birth But perhaps if he hunted, if he rummaged around Where were the keys?

He took them from the wash stand and followed the servant into his mother's little study

"There Look in there in that chest of drawers "

He found there a little more than a hundred Lire, which perhaps were all that was left of the savings

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing, wait "

He had discovered a few letters in the chest of drawers He wanted to read them at once But they were all three of them from a woman, a teacher in the trade school, addressed to his mother at Rio Freddo, where two years before she had spent the summer vacation with him And the year following, that teacher, a colleague of his mother, had died From the last of the letters all of a sudden there slipped to the floor a little note which the servant hastened to pick up

"Give it here! Give it here!"

It was written in pencil, without heading, without date, and ran thus

Impossible today, perhaps Friday

Alberto

"Alberto?" he repeated, looking at the servant "It is he! Alberto Do you know him? You know nothing about him? Absolutely nothing? Speak!"

"Nothing, young master, as I have told you "

He looked again through the chest, then in the drawers of the dressers, everywhere, turning everything upside down He found nothing That name alone, this information alone that the baby's father was named Alberto And his own father Cesare Two names, nothing else And she, yonder, lay dead And all the furniture in that house, unwitting, impassive And now, without the slightest means of support in that void, with the baby scarcely born, he belonged to no one, he at least had had his mother up till now Could he cast the child aside? No, by no means, poor little thing!

Moved by a powerful feeling of pity, already almost a brotherly tenderness, he felt awakening within him a desperate energy He took out of

the chest of drawers a few of his mother's jewels and handed them to the servant, so that she could borrow some money on them, to tide over the moment. He went into the living room to ask the prefect, who had accompanied him, if he would tend to all that had to be done, for his mother. He went back to the midwife and begged her to find a nurse at once. He hastened to get his school cap out of the chamber of death, and after having made, deep within his heart, a solemn promise to his mother that neither he nor this little infant of hers would die, he hurried to the Academy to talk with the principal.

In the course of a few seconds he had become another being. Without a complaint, he explained his situation to the principal, asking for aid, his manner full of assurance, firm in the conviction that no one could possibly deny him help, because from now on he had a sacred right to it, in the name of all the wrong that had been inflicted upon him, an innocent creature, by his own mother, by the unknown man who had given him life, by that other man who had taken his mother away from him, leaving in his hands a new born child.

The principal who as he listened to the boy, stared at him with open mouth and eyes filled with tears, promptly assured him that he would do everything in his power to get help for him at once, and that he would never abandon him. He clasped him to his breast, wept with him, told him he would come to see him at his house that very evening, and added that he hoped to bring good news.

"All right. Yes, sir. I'll be expecting you."

And he returned home in a mad rush.

The help, none too generous, arrived promptly, and Cesarino was scarcely aware of it because it went at once for the expenses of his mother's funeral, which other people arranged.

He had no thought for anything but the baby, how to save the child and himself, how to get it out of that dismal house into which so much material ease had entered, who knows how, who knows whence, to bring him to confusion, furniture, draperies, carpets, kitchen utensils, the whole array, if not luxurious, at least expensive. He looked upon it almost with rancor, because of the secret nature of its origin. He must get rid of it right away, retaining only the humblest and most necessary objects to equip the three mean little rooms that, with the principal's help, he had rented in a house beyond the city walls.

Desperately he arranged to sell the things to peddlers and dealers in second-hand furniture, whom fellow lodgers recommended to him, because — a strange thing, too — he had the feeling that all these furnishings belonged particularly to the baby, now that his mother had died for its sake, thus making known to everyone the shame attached to this material well being. Tiny and unaware of everything as he was, in

heaven's name let the child have the right not to feel the shame, if someone would only defend his interests, struggle on his behalf

The clothes and furbelows left by his mother he would likewise have sold to a melancholy sickly old clothes dealer, all overflowing with weariness and affectation, had not the woman, mingling soft words with sugary smiles, allowed him to understand the kind of clientele for whom the clothes and trinkets were destined. He drove her away. Ah, these discarded garments, seeming almost as if they were alive, how they retained the fragrance that had so upset him during the last months! Now as he piled them in armfuls to put them back again, he seemed aware, as it were, of the breath of the baby, confirming his strange impression that everything there, belonged to the little creature, washed, powdered, swaddled in the luxurious baby clothes that she had prepared for him before she died. And now that baby appeared to him a dear and precious thing, not merely to be saved, but to be watched over with all the loving care that his mother would have taken, he was happy to feel within himself, thus suddenly reawakened, her fine courageous verve.

He was not aware, as others were, that the easy and lively readiness of his mother seemed like a desperate forced energy when it showed itself in the unfortunate leanness of his own wretched body, that it made him seem hard, suspicious, even cruel. Yes, cruel, as he showed when he sent away the old servant Rosa, who had been so kind to him in all the confusion. But one could not feel ill disposed toward him for what he said or did. After all, it was right that he should dismiss the servant, considering that he had to meet the heavy expense of a nurse for the baby, he might indeed have done it another way, but people pardoned him even that as Rosa herself had pardoned him, because, poor fellow, he could never suspect that he was being cruel to others, he who at that moment was enduring the relentless cruelty of fate. At the most, if compassion had not kept them from it, they might have smiled at him, seeing him thus harried, with his narrow hunched shoulders, his small face, pale and tense and suspicious, his eyes peering nearsightedly through his thick glasses. Breathless, distressed by fear lest he should not arrive on time, he hastened here and there, taking advantage of every opportunity. People helped him, and he didn't even thank them. Not even the principal of the Academy when, after he had moved, that gentleman came to his new quarters with the news that he had found a position for him as underclerk in the Ministry of Public Instruction.

"It isn't much, I know. But you can come to the Academy in the evenings when you get through at the Ministry, and take some of the private lessons we give to the boarding students, in the lower classes. You'll get along, you'll see. You're a good boy."

"Yes, sir, but how about clothes? I can't go to the ministry dressed like a school boy."

"You can put on one of the suits you had before you came to our school"

"No, sir, I can't do that They're all the way Mama wanted them made, with short trousers And besides, they aren't even black"

Every difficulty that arose—and there were so many—irritated and distressed him He wanted to conquer he must conquer But apparently the duty of winning the victory devolved upon others though his inclination to succeed was strong enough And at the ministry if the other clerks, all mature old men, spent their time in idle jesting despite the threats of their superiors that this copying office would be done away with because of the small service it rendered, first he squirmed on his chair, raging, or stamped his foot then he turned sharply around from his little desk to look at them beating his fist on the back of the chair, not that their stupid negligence seemed dishonest to him but because, not feeling any obligation to work with him and, so to speak for him, they placed him in danger of losing his position Seeing themselves thus called back to their duties by a boy it was natural that the men should laugh and take to making fun of him He leaped to his feet He threatened to go and denounce them, and he only made things worse because they promptly defied him to do it and then he was obliged to recognize that if he did he would probably hasten the ruin of the whole group He stood looking at them as if their laughter had torn him to the quick, then he once more bent his wretched shoulders over the desk and went on copying and re-copying as many pages as he could, looking over the few pages copied by the other men, in order to correct their errors deaf to the bantering jests with which they were now pleased to ridicule him Certain evenings, in order that the work assigned to the office might be finished, he did not leave the ministry until an hour after all the rest The principal saw him reach the Academy, breathless, panting, his eyes hardened by a kind of spasmodic stare that came into them at the thought that he might not be strong enough to defend himself from the difficulties and adversities of fate to which there was now united only too closely the malignity of men

"Why, no, no, no" said the principal to him, by way of comforting him, and sometimes he reproached him affectionately

He listened neither to reproaches nor to comfortings, just as he never saw anything in his hasty progress through the streets, in the morning, in order to be punctual at the office, coming as he did from quarters far beyond the walls, at noon, rushing all the way home to lunch, and then dashing back hastily to get to the office at three He always walked, either to save carfare or because he was afraid lest he should be unpunctual because he might be obliged to wait for the car In the evening he was completely done up He was so tired that he hadn't even the strength to stand upright while he held Nanni in his arms He was obliged to sit down first

Sitting on the little balcony, with its rusted iron railing, which had

seemed to him so beautiful in the view it gave of suburban orchards, he would have liked to feel himself rewarded for the labor, the rushing hither and thither, the bitterness of the whole day's work, by the pleasure of holding Ninni on his lap. But the child, now about three months old, refused to stay with him, perhaps because, scarcely ever seeing him during the course of the day, he was not yet familiar with his face, perhaps, too, because Cesarino did not know very well how to hold him in his arms, or perhaps because he was sleepy, as the nurse used to say by way of excusing him.

'Come, give him back to me, I'll rock him a little while, and get him to sleep, and then I'll take care of you and get your supper.'

As he waited for supper, seated on his little balcony in the last chill glow of twilight, gazing — perhaps without even seeing it — at the slim moon already gleaming in the wan empty sky, then as he lowered his eyes to the dirty little street, mean and deserted, flanked on one side by a dry and dusty hedge that skirted the orchards, he felt his soul overwhelmed in its weariness, by a desperate feeling of squalor, but the moment that tears began to tingle in his eyes, he clenched his teeth, took a tight grip on the iron bars of the railing, stared at the single light in the narrow street — a light with two panes of glass broken by the mischievous youngsters of the neighborhood — and began deliberately to think evil things about the young pupils of his school, and even about the principal. For he now felt that he could no longer trust the principal as he had before, since he had become aware that, while the man was doing him good, to be sure, he was doing it mostly for his own sake, to give himself the agreeable feeling that he was being kind hearted, and when he received these benefits, Cesarino felt both embarrassed and humiliated. And those office companions of his, with their dirty talk and sly questions that tried to cover him with shame — "If and how he did it, — whether he had ever done it!" — And now a sudden spasm of weeping came over him at the memory of an evening when, dashing madly through the streets like a blind man, he had collided with a woman of the streets who, pretending to ward him off, had promptly wrapped both arms around him and held him to her, causing him to inhale the very fragrance he had associated with his mother. With a cry of terror he had torn himself away from her and fled. He felt himself still scourged by her scoffing cry "Verginello!" and once more he gripped the railing and clenched his teeth. No, he never, never could do it because he would forever have in his nostrils, filling him with horror, that scent that his mother had used.

Now in the silence he listened to the sharp tapping of the chairlegs on the floor, first the two front ones, then the two back ones as the nurse gently rocked the child to sleep, and beyond the hedge the swishing sound of the water as it issued forth in fanshaped spray from the serpentine hose with which the gardener sprinkled the orchard. He liked this rustle of

water, it refreshed his spirit and he didn't want too much of it to fall on any one spot if the gardener happened to be absent minded he knew at once when that happened, by the dull sound it made when it struck the earth Why did there now come to his mind that tea cloth of damask linen with the sky blue border and the ruffled fringe which his mother used to spread on a little table when she offered tea to a guest on the rare occasions when she happened to be at home at five o'clock? That tea cloth

Ninni's livette his mother's elegance and taste, her scrupulous cleanliness, — and now a dirty cloth spread on the table the supper not yet prepared, his bed yonder not made. If, the child at least were well cared for — but no indeed. His little dress was dirty, his bib was dirty, and if he addressed the slightest reproach to that nurse he was sure to anger her and there was a risk that she would take advantage of his absence to vent her spite on the innocent little creature. Besides she would promptly offer the double excuse that since she had to take care of the baby she had no time either to straighten the house or to tend to the cooling and that if the baby was not properly cared for it was because she was obliged to be both servant and cook. A coarse ugly woman from the country with the air of a rice trunk she now thought she was making herself beautiful by primping and by doing up her hair but at any rate she fed the child well and ill cared for as he was he thrived. Ah, how he resembled his mother! The same eyes and nose, the same mouth. The nurse tried to make Cesario think the child resembled him but that was nonsense. Heaven only knew whom he resembled! At present he was not interested in finding out. It was sufficient for him that Ninni resembled his mother, in fact, it made him happy because when he kissed the tiny face he would see no feature to make him think of that unknown man whom he now had no further wish to discover.

After supper at the same table only just cleared, he began to study with the intention of presenting himself the following year at the examinations for the *licenza*, in order to enter the University, with his fees remitted, if he were fortunate. He would enter the law school and if he succeeded in obtaining a degree, it would stand him in good stead in various secretarial competitions at the Ministry of Public Instruction where he now worked. He wished to rise as soon as possible above his petty and none too secure position as clerk. But certain evenings as he studied he was, little by little, attacked and then vanquished by a kind of dull discouragement. These things that he must study appeared so distant from his present labors! And lost in the feeling of that distance, he got the notion that the labor itself was in vain, that it was not to have an end, that it never could come to an end. The silence of the three nearly bare rooms was so deep that he even became aware of the humming of the oil lamp which he had taken from its hook and placed on the table that he might see better he took his glasses from his nose, with half open eyes he gazed

at the flame, and great tear drops welled from beneath the lids, dropping upon the book held open beneath his chin

But these were passing moments. Next morning he returned to his duties more persistently than ever, stretching from between his rounded shoulders his bony wax-like face, strained and damp, with his smooth sickly hair grown too long in front of his ears, and his powerful glasses that gave an odd glare to his small shining piercing eyes, and which pinched deep into the thin walls of his nose.

From time to time the old servant Rosa came to pay him brief visits. Little by little she too pointed out to him all the misdeeds of the nurse, and to put him on his guard, she reported the various things that the women of the neighborhood were saying about her. Cesarino shrugged his shoulders. He suspected that Rosa was speaking out of spite because, in order not to be sent away, she had proposed to him at the very beginning that it might be well to bring up the child on sterilized milk, as she had seen done by so many mothers, and they had been well pleased with the results. Finally he was obliged to admit that Rosa was right, when he was forced to dismiss the nurse on discovering that she was two months pregnant. Fortunately, the baby did not suffer from the change in diet, largely because of the loving care of the kindly old woman, who was glad to return to the service of these two derelicts.

And now, finally, Cesarino was able to enjoy to the full the sweetness of the tranquillity for which he had so painfully fought. He knew that his Ninni had been entrusted to good hands, and he was able to work and study in peace. When he came home evenings he found everything in order, Ninni fresh as a bridegroom, the supper well prepared, the bed properly made. The first articulate cries, the first graceful tricks of the child, filled his heart to overflowing with joy. Every other day he had him weighed, for fear lest his weight should decrease by reason of the artificial nourishment, for all that Rosa kept on reassuring him.

"Don't you feel that he weighs more than I do? He always has his little trumpet in his mouth!" The trumpet was the nipple of his bottle.

"Come, Ninni, play us a little tune."

Ninni promptly complied. He didn't have to be told twice. It didn't suit him that others should hold his bottle for him; he wanted to hold it himself, there, like the fine trumpeter he was, and he closed his precious little eyes in languid and exquisite pleasure. Both of them gazed upon him in ecstasy, and because the baby often went to sleep before he finished his bottle, they got up very quietly and holding their breath, walking on tiptoe, they placed him in his cradle.

Resuming his evening studies with redoubled vigor, now that he was sure of success, Cesarino at last grasped perfectly the real reasons why Napoleon Bonaparte had been defeated at Waterloo.

Coming home one evening, hastily as usual and all athirst for his Ninni's

kisses, he was stopped at the threshold by Rosa who, in great distress, informed him that there was a gentleman who wished to speak to him, he had been waiting a good half hour

Cesarino found himself confronted by a man of about fifty, tall and square of stature, dressed in mourning his hair gray and his face swarthy, looking dark and serious. He had risen at the sound of the door bell, and was waiting in the tiny dining room

'You wish to speak to me?' asked Cesarino, irresolute and alarmed

"Yes, alone. If you don't mind"

"Come in"

Cesarino pointed to the door of his little bed room and stood aside for the stranger to enter, then, closing the door with hands that trembled, he turned round, his face excited and very pale, his eyes protruding behind his glasses, his brows knitted. He shot out the question

'Alberto?'

'Yes, Alberto Rocchi. I have come...'

Cesarino came close to him, his face convulsed and distorted as if he were about to burst into invective

"What for? Why have you come to my house?"

The other drew back, growing pale and holding himself under restraint

"Let me talk. I have come with the best of intentions"

"What intentions? My mother is dead"

"I know it"

"Ah, you know it? Go away from here at once, or I'll make you sorry for it!"

"But forgive me..."

"Sorry, sorry that you came here to inflict on me the shame..."

"Why, no. Excuse me..."

"The shameful sight of you? Yes, sir. What do you want of me?"

"But pardon me, you don't let me talk. Calm your self!" replied the man, who was now disconcerted, "I understand, of course. But I must tell you..."

"No!" shouted Cesarino, resolute and quivering, his thin clenched hands upraised. "Look here, I don't care to know anything about it! I don't want any explanation! It is sufficient that you have dared to appear before me. Clear out of here!"

"But my son is here..." said the man, thickly, his patience exhausted

'Your son?' screamed Cesarino. 'Ah, that's why you came, eh? Now you remember that your son is here?'

"I couldn't come any sooner than this... If you don't let me explain..."

"What do you mean? Go away from here. Go away from here. You brought my mother to her death. Go away or I'll call for help!"

Rocchi half closed his eyes. He heaved a deep sigh and remarked

“Very well This simply means that I shall have to establish my rights elsewhere ”

And he started to leave

‘Rights? You?’ shouted Cesarino after him, completely beside himself with rage “You miserable wretch! After killing my mother, you think you have rights to establish? You, against me? Rights?”

The man turned a dark look at him, then his lips parted in a smile of mingled scorn and compassion at the slightness of the boy who stood insulting him

“We shall see,” he said

And he went away

Cesarino remained in the darkness, behind the door of the dining room, quivering with the violent shock inflicted on his weak and timid soul by the mingled emotions of anger, shame and the fear of losing his precious darling Calming himself as best he could, he knocked at Rosa’s door The woman had locked herself in, clutching the baby tightly in her arms

“I understood I understood,” said Rosa

“He wanted Ninni ”

“He?”

“Yes, and his rights, do you understand? He wants to establish his rights ”

“He? And who could ever admit that he had rights?”

“He is the father But can he take Ninni away from me now? I drove him out, like a dog I told him it was he who had killed my mother that it was I who made a home for the child and that from now on the child is mine, mine And no one can tear him from my arms! Mine! Mine! I tell you The idea! The miserable mur mur murderer ”

“Why, yes! Yes! Calm yourself, young master,” said Rosa, even more worried and distressed than Cesarino “Even if he uses force, he shan’t come and take the little darling away from you, he shan’t Let him establish his rights if he wants to — I’d like to see anybody take Ninni away from us, after we’ve brought him up this way But don’t you worry, don’t you worry, he won’t appear again, not after the proper reception you gave him ”

Neither these nor the other reassuring words that Rosa kept repeating to him all evening, availed to restore Cesarino to a state of calm The following day at the Ministry he endured real torture, torture unending At noon he rushed home, trembling, his heart in his mouth He was unwilling to start back to the office, where he was due at three in the afternoon But Rosa persuaded him to go, promising that she would keep the door tightly barred, that she would open it to no one, and that she would not allow Ninni out of her sight even for a minute So he went But he returned at six, without going to the school for the-usual evening lesson with the younger boys

Seeing him act like one benumbed, stupefied and bewildered, Rosa tried in every way to stir him up. But it was in vain. Cesarino had a presentiment that gnawed at his soul, and gave him no peace. All night long he did not close his eyes.

The next day he did not come home at noon for lunch. Old Rosa could not understand why he failed to appear. Finally, towards four o'clock, she saw him coming, breathless, livid, a ferocious glare in his eyes.

"I have to give Ninni to him. I was summoned to the questor's office. He was there too. He showed my mother's letters. He is his."

He spoke thus, in little jerky phrases, without raising his eyes to glance at the baby whom Rosa held in her arms.

"Oh, my little sweetheart!" exclaimed the woman, clasping Ninni to her breast. "But how can he? What did he say? How can justice —?"

"He is the father! He is the father!" replied Cesarino. "Therefore the child is his."

"And you?" asked Rosa. "What will you do?"

"I? I shall go with him. We're going together. To his house. To his house!"

"Oh, that's the way it is? The two of you together, eh? Then that's all right. You won't have to give him up. And how about me, Signorino? How about poor old Rosa?"

Cesarino, in order not to give a direct answer, took the baby in his arms, clasped him to his breast, and began tearfully to talk to him.

"Poor old Rosa, Ninni? Shall we take her with us? It isn't fair to leave her. We can't do it. We'll just have to leave everything here to poor Rosa. The few things we have. And we were getting along so nicely together, just the three of us, weren't we, Ninni mine? But they wouldn't let us. They wouldn't let us."

"Well," said Rosa, choking down her sobs, "you're not going to begin worrying and distressing yourself about me, young master. I'm old. I don't count any more. God will take care of me. If only you two are happy. And besides, I'll be able to come and visit you once in a while, won't I? Just to see my little darling? Surely they won't drive me away if I come? After all, why shouldn't it be this way? After the first little while is over, perhaps it will be a good thing for you, too. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," said Cesarino. "In the meantime, Rosa, you must get everything ready, at once. Everything we have got for Ninni and my things, and yours, too. We're leaving this evening. They expect us for dinner. Listen, I leave everything to you."

"What do you mean, master? What an idea!" exclaimed Rosa.

"Everything. Everything I have with me. In the way of money."

I owe you so much more, for all the affliction. Hush, hush now. We'll say no more about it. You know it, and I know it. And that's enough. And this bit of furniture too. We'll find another whole house there.

You may do anything you like with this Don't thank me Just get every thing ready, and we'll leave You first I can't go away, leaving you here Then to-morrow you can come and see me, and I'll leave you the keys and everything "

Old Rosa obeyed, without answering Her heart was so full that if she had opened her mouth to speak, sobs and not words would certainly have come forth She got everything ready, including her own bundle

"Shall I leave it here?" she asked "Because, if I'm to come back to-morrow

"Yes, of course," replied Cesarino, "Now, come here and kiss Ninni Kiss him, and say goodbye "

Rosa took in her arms the little creature, who looked at her in some dismay — but at first she was unable to kiss him she was obliged to give way to her pent up feelings, remarking as she did so

"It's a silly thing, to be weeping because to-morrow Here he is master take him And cheer up, won't you? A kiss for you too Till to-morrow "

She left without once looking around, choking her sobs in her handkerchief

At once Cesarino barred the door He passed his hand through his hair, which seemed to be standing, stiff and erect. He carried Ninni to the bed and set him down he put the silver watch in his hand, to keep him quiet Very hastily he scribbled a few lines on a sheet of paper a deed of gift, making over to Rosa all his trifling household goods Then he went into the kitchen — very quickly, he prepared a good charcoal fire — he carried it into the bed room — he closed all the shutters and the door And by the light of the lamp which old Rosa always kept lighted in front of an image of the Madonna, he stretched out on the bed beside Ninni The latter promptly dropped the watch on the bed, and, as usual, raised his hand to take the glasses off his brother's nose Cesarino, this time, let him take them off He closed his eyes and held the baby tight to his breast

"Hush, Ninni darling, hush Let's go to sleep, my precious, let's go to sleep "
